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Second Volume

Songs of the Hebrides.

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Collected and Arranged
for
Voice and Pianoforte

With Gaelic and English Words

by

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser

and

Kenneth Macleod

BOOSEY & CO.
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To Scots and other Celts
throughout the world,
this racial music,
as faithfully preserved by the
Gaels of the Western Isles.

Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.
Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser
Kenneth Macleod.

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GAELIC PRONUNCIATION.

SOME GENERAL RULES FOR SINGERS.

Vowels:—

A E I O U = mainly the Italian vowel sounds, but "a" more French than Italian.

ia, io } Italian "i" prolonged, the "a" and "o" mere vanish vowels. Examples: piob = peep, cian = keen.

ua, uai, ui } Italian "u" prolonged, the "a," "ai" (Ital. é), and "i," vanish vowels. Examples: uair = uhr (German), luaths = loose, luib = loop, but with a ghost of the vanish vowel before the final consonant.

eo, iu } "o" and "u" are here prolonged, the initial vowels very short. Examples: ceol = kyawl, ciurr = cure.

oi, ai } Italian oi, ai; but ai has also other sounds: ai = French à in Marie = Mairi, and

ai, eu, ei } = Italian é. Examples: air, aig, speur, fein = English, air, ache, spare, fain.

ea Italian è (and frequently ya). Examples: fear = fer, in ferret; eala = yala.

ao, agh } = French œu in "cœur." English u in "curl."

Final double n and double l affect vowel sounds thus:—

anns = English "ounce."
thall = ,, "howl."
rinn = ,, "Rhine" (but cinn = "keen," sinn = "sheen").
tonn = ,, "town."
seinn = ,, "shine," and
trom = German "traum."

Consonants:—

r trilled, but on breath only, without tone.
m = English m.
n = ,, n (sometimes more liquid).
c final, chd ,, } like German or Lowland Scots chk.
c and g = English k.
b ,, p = ,, p, but p, t, c slightly more explosive than b, d, g.
d ,, t = ,, t, but somewhat softer.
d before or after i or e like English t in "tune."
t ,, ,, ,, ch in "cheer."
s = English s in "so." Exceptions: Gaelic *so* and *sud* like English "show" and "shoot."
s before or after i or e = sh. Exceptions: is (and), and is (verb) followed by a consonant = iss.
l before e and i like English L, but in certain cases more liquid.
,, a, o, u, to be pronounced with a relaxed tongue.
Double n or double l, liquid, like Ital. gn and gl, or English l and n in "million" and in "pinion."
rt = rst.
n after c, g, m, generally pronounced r.
Between the consonants lm, lg, lbh, rm, rg, rbh, rc, and nm a distinct drawl (a vowel sound) is introduced, as falbh = falav.

---

h like English h.

h associated with other consonants affects them thus:

bh and mh = v.
th = h, except in "thu," when both consonants are silent.
fh = h, often silent.
dh and gh = German final g; before e and i = English y; final dh and gh, silent.
ph = English f.
sh = h.
ch = German or Scots in "loch."

mh has nasal effect upon adjacent vowel.

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FOREWORD.

OF all the fountains of the passions and beliefs of ancient times in Europe, the Celtic alone, says W. B. Yeats, has been for centuries close to the main river of European literature. These fountains of living tradition still flow in the Gaelic-speaking Isles of Scotland, and from them we have filled the pages of this book.

"Skulls are harder than consonants, and races lurk where languages slink away," wrote William Sharp,[1] and to many of us Celtic Scots the language of our ancestors is a sealed book. Yet still, in the music of our race, we find ourselves; in these racial musical survivals the very character and spirit of our forebears is distilled. "C'est le grand révélateur des forces créatrices d'une nation," says a French writer. And the perfervid feeling of the Scot, though it smoulder like the dull embers of a peat fire, needs but the breath of an old song to make it leap again into flame. And such surviving fragmentary human documents seem to tend to drift ever westwards before the advancing tide of cosmopolitanism; to the remote Western Isles, therefore, one must go to-day to find still unrecorded types of this racial self-expression. And gladly one goes to the West!

"Who has not felt the glamour of the Western Sea?" says Kenneth Macleod, our island poet collaborator. And wrote Nicolson of Skye:—

"Good is the smell of the brine that laves
Black rock and skerry,
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves
Down in the green depths."

The glamour of the Western Sea, the lure of the Isles and the snare of the elusive song-quest—these have drawn us time and again into their charmed circle. And that even although during the long summer days, when we frequent the isles, the winds sometimes blow for weeks together, and the sea shows itself in dangerous moods. The fisher-crofters, who get their living from the sea—"their treasury of Mary"—and, in so doing, have a "life-long struggle with something greater than themselves," are yet fully alive alike to its seduction and to its cruelty. "The sea," says Kenneth Macleod, "has cast her spell upon the impressionable Celt—her generosity, her might, her playfulness, her frequent cruelty, are felt, but what really haunts the Celtic mind is her awful mysteriousness." Yet they love their boats, these Islesmen, and in a seaman's love song to his boat[2] this personal temperamental bond between Islesman and Birlinn gives us one of the most beautiful songs in the collection. In the curves and leaps of the tune, indeed, can we not see the vessel, its[3] "white fillet of foam under its brows," "white its shoulders cresting sea-foam."

The sadness and the restlessness of many of the airs again reflect the sadness and the restlessness of the sea,[4] that mysterious, rhythmical, relentlessly pulsating sea, which everywhere encompasses the Hebridean Celt. And the wind too, the never-ceasing wind, makes itself heard in the weird, vowel-threaded rising and falling "motives" that link together the chanted phrases of many an old bardic lay. Only those whose ears have been filled for days and weeks together with the moan of the sea, and of the wind round one of those rocky isles, can realise how much there is of their haunting mystery reflected in the music of the race. But, and if there be sea-sorrow, there is also sea-rapture. And "music's laughter" is ever met with in the love-songs and joy-songs of the Gael. Laughter this that is not mockery nor scorn, not "Le Rire" of Bergson, but the laughter of rapture, Carpenter's "Exultancy of Resurrection." "The roadway of excess," wrote Blake,[5] "leads to the palace of wisdom."

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[1] The writer who, as *Fiona Macleod*, wrote many original tales of the Hebrides. His *Immortal Hour* has been set to music by Rutland Boughton, music inspired by and largely founded on our first Vol. of Hebridean Songs. Of this work Ernest Newman has written that it contains some of the loveliest music of our day.

[2] Page 51. "The Birlinn of the White Shoulders."

[3] Conrad's "Mirror of the Sea."

[4] It is lake water, says John Kelman, that sounds the undertone in Yeats' Irish Poetry, "always night and day I hear lake water lapping."

[5] Blake is akin to the Hebridean Gaels, his name was of right O'Neill.

And out in those remote isles, perhaps just because one still finds life on the material side as simple as at the earlier stages of social organisation, one finds a people "hindered by physical conditions from producing a material civilisation, the more free of their emotions and imagination."[1]

"Many a poor, black cottage is there
Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
Purest blue incense."[2]

Incredibly hard are the physical conditions on some of the smaller isles. Into the rocky hollows a little sandy soil is wind-drifted, and here the self-same crops are grown year after year, the drifting sand probably bringing with it afresh each season the needful supply of vital elements. And is it not possible that the physical hard conditions, the small holdings—the only possible allotment of such saucersful of sandy soil—depriving the *men* of the chance to develop constructivè and organising faculty, may have contributed to the development of the personality of the *women* and to the creation of a civilisation of the hearth, a social order symbolised in the beautiful figure of Bride,[3] the foster-mother of Christ. The ancient social order—"an age-long communism"—which has left us this heritage of song, was held together by ties of blood relationship, and was, in a manner, free from wage labour. Even to-day in the isles, if you cannot cut your own peats, you cannot easily secure *hired* labour to do it. Yet if the sands of that ancient civilisation are fast running out, its tale of folk-art, "folk-art the oldest of the aristocracies of thought, the soil where all great[4] art is rooted," still yields the flower of its ideals.[5] Neglect of such racial tradition, says Yeats, makes for spiritual poverty. From our music we Gaels may learn that we are not only "music-makers and dreamers of dreams," not only of those that "take up harp and sorrow and the wandering road," but of those also that "take up spears and die for a name."

There is no diet so life-giving and so life-preserving, says Villiers Stanford, the Irish music-maker, as the natural outpouring of the songs of the soil. And it is in the belief that the material we collect is of genuine value racially that we continue the quest begun in 1905. In the years that have intervened since we published our first volume of "Songs of the Hebrides" and the later album, "Sea Tangle," my daughter and I have worked almost exclusively in collaboration with Kenneth Macleod, and largely in his native island of Eigg. Eigg and Benbecula indeed have furnished two-thirds of the material here presented, the remainder hailing from our earlier hunting grounds, Barra, Eriskay "of the dark nooks," Isla, the Uists, Skye, and the Lewes.

Low-lying, watery Benbecula of the sea-fords and the lochs and the mirage-like illusions yielded us a great crop of labour lilts and some interesting and valuable Ossianic forms of chanting. I had been attracted to the island in 1911 by the fame of Calum Barrach as a singer of sacred songs. I looked for incantations and hymns and tunes, such as those collected, translated, and published by Dr. Alex. Carmichael in his "Carmina Gadelica." What was my astonishment to find that Calum's repertoire, and it was a very large one, consisted entirely of ancient, rhymed, heroic tales of pagan origin, just such Ossianic fragments as Macpherson found here in the 18th century when covering this self-same ground in search of materials for his great epic.

When Macpherson's poems founded on this fugitive, fragmentary, orally transmitted lore appeared, all Europe reverberated to the strains of his Ossian. Macpherson died in 1796, but long before his death the Ossianic poems had become, according to William Sharp, one of the most vital influences in literature.

To reach Benbecula we had to land from the little steamer at Lochboisdale in South Uist and drive northwards the length of the island through bogland, lower at times than sea-level, lit slantwise by the afternoon sun glinting on long chains of water-lily lochs.

In the Isle of Eriskay, where we worked earlier, there are also water-lily lochs. One in an uncanny corner of the isle is said to be the haunt of the water-horse. Its peaty, fern-clad banks are undermined by the dark water which is said to be of unmeasured depth, and the loch itself is closed in by a precipitous horse-shoe of boggy hills which have an awesome air even at noon. But the great white lilies that grow in the loch are

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[1] Padraig Colum in "Love Songs of Connaught."
[2] Alex. Nicolson.
[3] Pronounced Breedya.
[4] Yeats.
[5] The eminent biologist, Prof. Arthur Thomson, remarked of the "Death Croon," in our first volume, that it was "the high water-mark of civilisation."

the lovelier for their dark setting, and when you escape from these haunts of the *each-uisge* out to the open shore, the blue gentians, the purple orchids, and great yellow irises of the bright green island-knolls seem refreshingly human again.

The drive to Benbecula ended in the crossing of one of the dangerous sea-fords, which serve to cut off the isle effectively from the outside world. The north ford, which we crossed later, covers five miles of treacherous sand, and on this trackless stretch travellers, at times, overtaken by a mist which obscures distant land-marks, unwittingly and fatally turn toward the swiftly incoming tide.

Fishing is not followed in Benbecula owing to the dangerous shallowness of the waters round its coast. Cattle-tending and weaving occupy the folk—cattle-tending the men, spinning and weaving the women. For 70 years (he was then 87) Calum Macmillan had tended his cattle on the *machar*[1] and chanted his tales of the heroes. He was out in the rain herding when we drove over one day, but he came with us to his cottage and courteously ushered us in to the cheerful kitchen. Carding, spinning, and weaving were going busily forward, but at our entrance the guidwife laid aside her carding brushes, her son's young wife her spinning wheel, and the daughter of the house her weaving shuttle to welcome us. To the priest we owed our introduction here, and, indeed, all the success that followed our song-quest in the isle. Father Ian Macmillan was a daily visitor at Calum's thatched cottage, which stood just beside the presbytery glebe, and on our visits there he drew for us from the old folk the best they had of Hebridean lore.

From the goodman we heard only Ossianic tales and lays. And ancient custom, we found, did not sanction an easy transition from these to lighter lilts. At one seance, indeed, attention might be given only to the stuff of heroic tradition, recited and listened to in reverent mood. These fugitive literary remains of the Gaelic Homer have long been sacred to the Islesman. Pre-medieval, pre-Christian, these feats of Fionn[2] and the Fayne,[3] heroic, romantic, wild, fantastic maybe, held up for imitation as a model, Fionn, "truest, wisest, kindest, gentle to women, generous to men." This chivalry of Celtic myth created, indeed, medieval chivalrous romance, and imposed its ideals on Christendom.

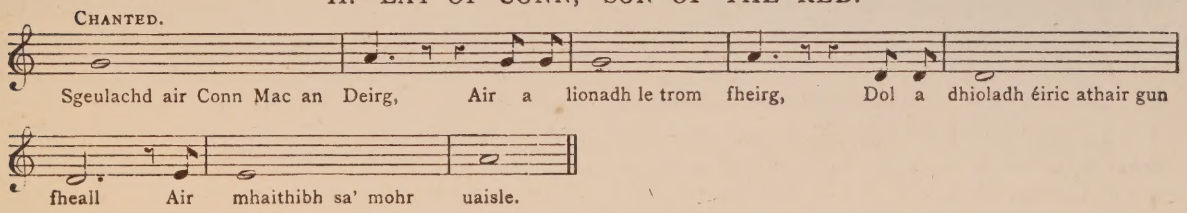
Besides these Ossianic tales proper, the tales of Cuchullan, of the Great Fool (Parsifal?) of Deirdre,[4] tales of suffering, of quest, and of high courage are still recited orally by the folk around the peat fires.

This lore was not spoken, it was chanted, and of the forms of chanting used by Calum Barrach, we give one or two specimens, thus:

I.—LAY OF CAOILTE.[5]

Is mu - lad - ach mi'n deigh Chaoil - te Nach mair - ionn luchd mo chon - traon - aidh, Lion
mu - lad mi, cradh, is goir - teas, 'N am sgar - ach - duinn dhomh ri m' cho - dhal - ta.

II.—LAY OF CONN,[6] SON OF THE RED.

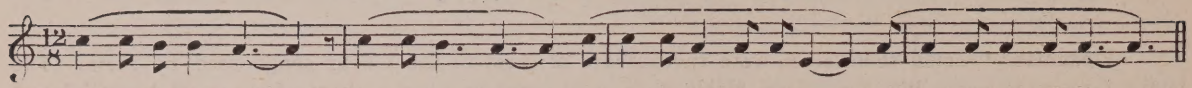

CHANTED.
Sgeulachd air Conn Mac an Deirg, Air a lionadh le trom fheirg, Dol a dhioladh éiric athair gun
fheall Air mhaithibh sa' mohr uaisle.

[1] Grassy stretches of sandy shore.
[2] Pronounced "few"-n.
[3] "The comely people of yellow wreathed hair, who were never touched with fear, nor hatred, nor change."
[4] The Helen of the Gael, her story dramatised by Synge and by Yeats.
[5] The "Thin," swiftest of the heroes of the Fayne.
[6] "Who was like a whirlpool, or the ebb of the sea 'gainst strong waves."

and thus, to descending phrases within the compass of a sixth:

III.—LAY OF THE SMITHY.[1]

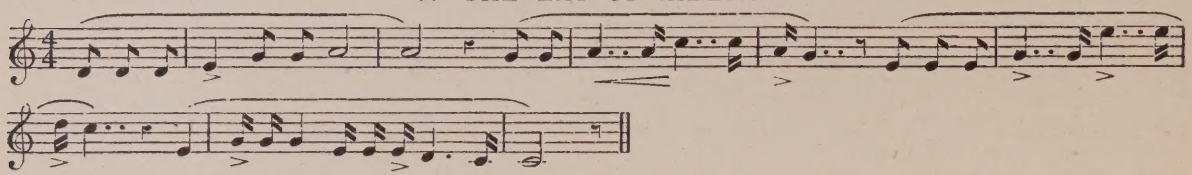
Not too definitely musical—with a speech inflection.



and these more defined tunes:

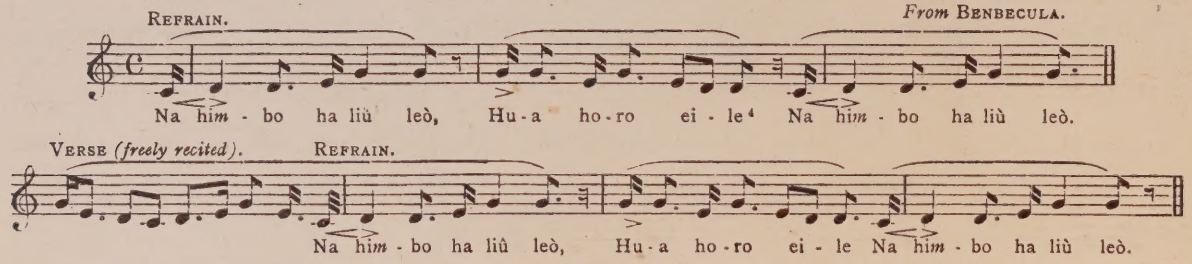
IV.—MAC RIGH BOLAIBH.

V.—THE LAY OF AILLTE.[2]



From the guidwife we got labour lilts *guleor*, with intoxicatingly rhythmic refrains, among them the airs to which we have set the "Benbecula Bridal," the "Grail Galley," and "Ruari, Ruari." These were mostly *waulking* songs, sung at the shrinking of the home-spun web. As this process of fulling the cloth was long and heavy, the songs used for it were correspondingly stimulating. And many ancient airs are still preserved in Benbecula just because the work of weaving still goes busily forward there. A much larger crofter community than that of Eriskay—there were some 1,300 folk in the Isle of Benbecula—hardly a day passes that is not marked by a waulking. And where there are many waulkings there will survive the greater number of varied and complex labour-song refrains. For at these gatherings[3] the singing is the attraction, and the tedious work of tossing, dumping, and circulating the moisture laden cloth is completely forgotten in the intoxicating swing of the body to the rhythmic refrain. The refrains are sung by the whole company, but there is interest also in the verse lines, which are given by the leader only, and which may be either old classics or topical improvisations. A simple yet typical example is here given:

REFRAIN. *From* BENBECULA.


Na him - bo ha liù leò, Hu - a ho - ro ei - le[4] Na him - bo ha liù leò.
VERSE *(freely recited)*. REFRAIN.
Na him - bo ha liù leò, Hu - a ho - ro ei - le Na him - bo ha liù leò.

[1] The Magic Smith was a Celtic Cyclopean figure, tall, one-legged, with one eye in his forehead, wearing a darksome helmet of skin. Spells put he on the Fayne that they should try to discover his Magic Smithy, where seven smiths were joyfully at work, each with seven hands, seven tongs, and seven hammers, knocking out sparks. For Gaelic words to be chanted to this air, see Campbell's *Waifs and Strays*, Vol. IV., p. 71.

[2] This lay is found with Gaelic and English words and pianoforte accompaniment at page 81. The story is a love tale of the flight of the Queen of Lochlann with Aillte, a young hero of the Fayne. Sung by Ossian to Patrick, "of the sweet-sounding psalms."

[3] Mr. Otto Anderson, a musician from Finland, who paid me a hasty visit in my music room in Edinburgh, told me that the Finns still chant their Kalevala epic to a bodily movement that resembles that of Hebridean waulking. "The Finns are the only other race in modern Europe that has preserved to the present day an heroic epos reaching back into a far-distant past."

[4] Pronounce as in Italian with the exception of eile, which rhymes with daily. In syllable *him* prolong the *m*, not the vowel.

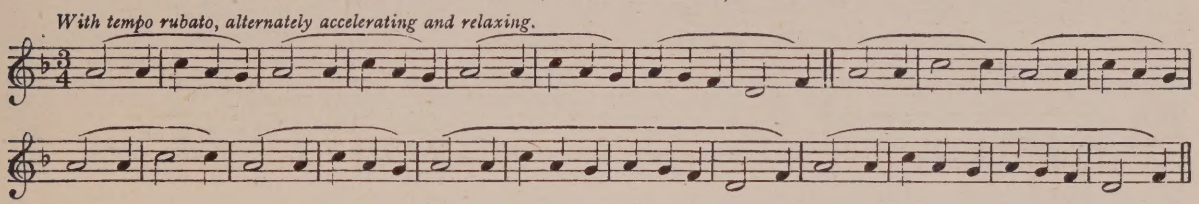
To this the workers, seated in opposite rows at a long, improvised table, rhythmically swing the cloth, tossing it on the boards to the pulse of the song.

The stirring vocables of the refrain have here no meaning. This reduction of the text to mere vocalising syllables is not necessarily deterioration. Indeed, a higher level of purely musical sense and homogeneity of mood may thus at times be attained.[1]

Presumably women themselves were the authors of most of the labour songs used by them. The Island Greeks, it seems, like the Island Gaels, also owe to women a large share of the most beautiful and touching of their songs, and Greek women, like Hebridean, it is said, improvise in the outburst of grief.

Many songs go to the shrinking of one web, and these vary in character and speed with the progress of the work. Here is a lilt used for the alternate speeding up and relaxation of effort.

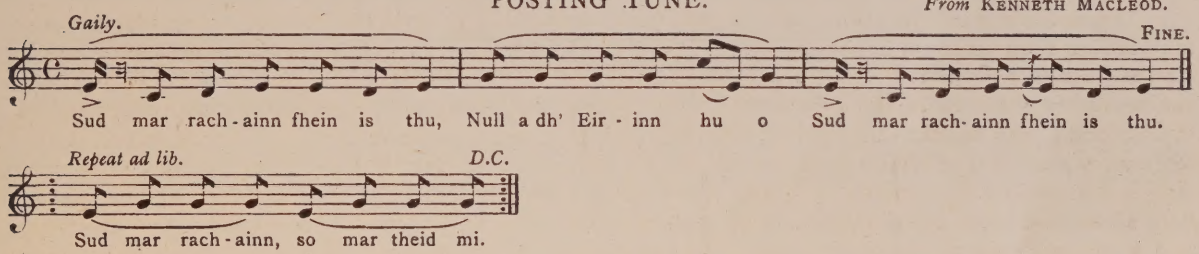
WAULKING (TIGHTENING) SONG.



and here another for the "posting" or washing of the web after the shrinking has been completed:

POSTING TUNE.

From KENNETH MACLEOD.


Gaily.
FINE.
Sud mar rach-ainn fhein is thu, Null a dh' Eir-inn hu o Sud mar rach-ainn fhein is thu.
Repeat ad lib.
D.C.
Sud mar rach-ainn, so mar theid mi.

The naïve pattern of four repeated notes in this last would seem to be Scandinavian rather than Celtic in character. A dainty example of it is the Milking Song (p. 70 of the first volume of Songs of the Hebrides). Here are two others:

Briskly.
From BENBECULA.
Hu ru ru bhi hu-o, Hu ru ru bhi, Ho leò, Hu ri ri bhi il al Gabh an rathad Fhionnlaidh.
VERSE.
Tha cao-raich a-gam o sheachduin ri fas-gaidh an Sgum-bain.[2]
Gracefully.

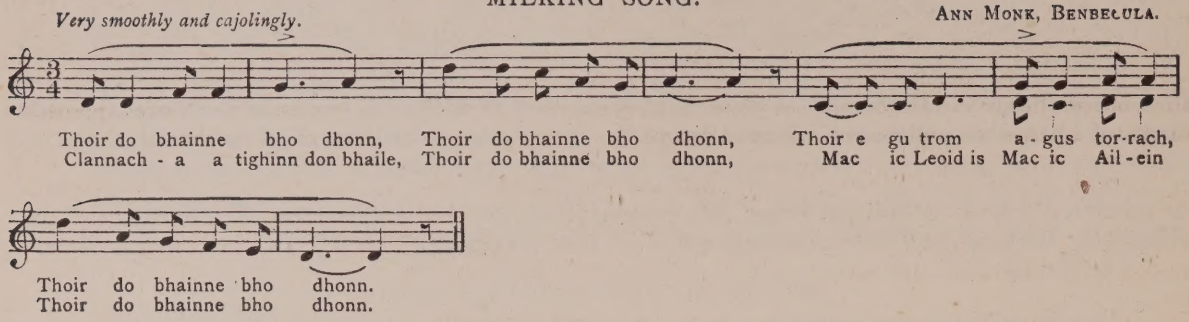
[1] In certain classical Hindu songs, the Alaps for instance, the text consists solely of vocalising sounds.
[2] A hill in Barra.

Milking songs were of course numerous in a land of cattle-tending.

MILKING SONG.

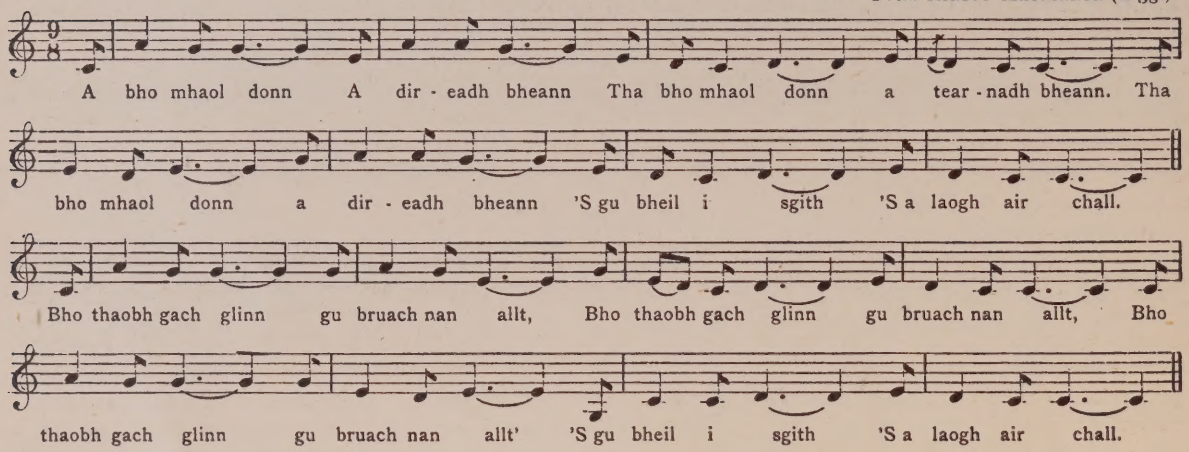
Very smoothly and cajolingly.

ANN MONK, BENBECULA.


Thoir do bhainne bho dhonn, Thoir do bhainne bho dhonn, Thoir e gu trom a-gus tor-rach,
Clannach-a a tighinn don bhaile, Thoir do bhainne bho dhonn, Mac ic Leoid is Mac ic Ail-ein
Thoir do bhainne bho dhonn.
Thoir do bhainne bho dhonn.

MILKING CROON.

From KIRSTY MACKINNON (Eigg.)


A bho mhaol donn A dir-eadh bheann Tha bho mhaol donn a tear-nadh bheann. Tha
bho mhaol donn a dir-eadh bheann 'S gu bheil i sgith 'S a laogh air chall.
Bho thaobh gach glinn gu bruach nan allt, Bho thaobh gach glinn gu bruach nan allt, Bho
thaobh gach glinn gu bruach nan allt' 'S gu bheil i sgith 'S a laogh air chall.

Herds of cattle in the grazing islands stand for wealth, and in a nursing song from Coll[1] the nurse sings to the little one "Wooers fine will come courtin', but to nane will I gi'e thee, wantin' herds o' cattle."

In the most precipitous of the high-cliffed rocky isles, life was wont to be supported solely by the snaring of wild sea-fowl, and in these isles a rope symbolized wealth. The real need, however, was shown forth in the ordeal through which a young man was required to pass who would take unto himself a wife. Led to the highest pinnacle of rock overhanging the wild sea that surged against it, he was required to balance himself on the extreme edge of the cliff on the heel of his left foot, outstretch the other, and finally throwing out both arms, return safely to surer footing.

But Coll and Benbecula are flat islands, and in craggy Coll and Benbecula of the lochs, herds of cattle, as far as the community had a say in the matter, ensured a young man a wife.

While we were seated in Calum's cottage listening to the songs, Father Macmillan kept watch through the little gable window that gave on the *machar* southwards. He was expecting a bridal party. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Here they come," and straightway carried us all off to his little church, and, after the ceremony, to the little presbytery, where we assisted, in the nine-foot-square vestibule, in a festal reel, the piper and the onlookers craning their necks from the adjacent parlours to take part in the fun. After the reel, the customary gunshots were fired, and the bridal party formed up, with a piper at its head, to recross the *machar*, making straight across country some five miles to the bridegroom's house. And as we drove back in the misty moon-

[1] Page 15.

light, by the high-road, we could follow the track of the bridal procession by the sound of the pipes across the moor, and the signalling gunshots that came from each lamp-lit, low, thatched cottage as the bridal party approached and passed. It was a strange scene. Veils of mist were rising from each little tarn, and the moon hung low from the middle of the sky like a great golden lamp. But there are strange traveller's tales of atmospheric illusions in Benbecula. A grove of trees appeared to one in this treeless isle. Nearer approach suggested a hedgerow, still nearer inspection proved the illusory grove to be a row of potato shaws!

Benbecula is one of the outpost isles and is surrounded by a "shoaling sea, the lovely blue playing into the green." From the sheen-white sands of its western shores, one looks out on an unbroken stretch of the Atlantic, as did the Gaels of yore, sensing a land of heart's desire, *Tir nan og*, and "catching a glimpse against the sunset of its summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

The isle of Eigg, which lies close to the mainland geographically, is yet quite remote spiritually. Half Protestant, half Catholic, it is still, in its heroic tales and songs, wholly pagan. In Eigg, indeed, the love of the old heroic lore so overflows that it tides over all minor differences. "God is all the nearer," says Yeats, "because the pagan powers are not far away."

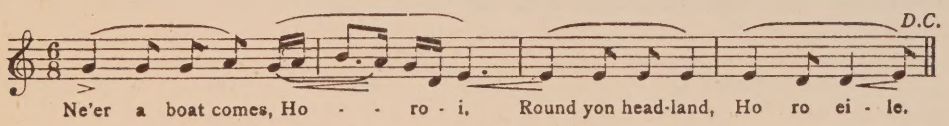
Eigg is a very beautiful little island. Than the outlook from the white curves of Laig[1] Bay westward to the blue altar peaks of Rum,[2] one could not find anywhere a more impressive scene. Rich in rank green undergrowth and gay with wild flowers in summer, a rivulet running into Laig[1] Bay bears a vivid green border of water-cress that recalls the island love-song, "Like watercress gathered fresh from cool streams, thy kiss, dear love, by the Bens of Jura."[3]

In Eigg Kenneth Macleod was born, and there cradled in Celtic lore. He had for nurse a singer reputed the best in the island, and his aunt, Janet Macleod from Skye, was one of the hereditary conservers of the traditions of the Macleods. These gifted women found a receptive and retentive mind in young Kenneth, and at the age of thirteen, influenced by MacBain of Inverness, the Celtic scholar, he became a conscious collector, much of what he gathered into the honey cells of his memory being deposited finally in our joint first volume of Hebridean songs. In Eigg with him we had an easy task as collectors—merely to appreciate, phonograph and notate the material he brought to light. The old people, who all knew and loved him, not only gave him freely what they could recall, but from himself they heard so many half-forgotten lines and quaint tunes and refrains that, from the deeply disturbed depths of their lore-laden minds, songs and tales re-emerged that neither they nor their neighbours had thought of for years. And thus, besides the tale and song of Cuchullan (a saga already becoming obsolete, we are told, in the days of Columba), and "The Lay of the Great Fool" (Amadan Mor), we got the "Song of St. Donnan of Eigg," "The Wild Swan," "Altar Isle of the Sea," "Heart of Fire-Love," "Heartling of my Heart," "The Fate Croon," the lull song to the Cradle Lord of the Isles, the "Peat-fire Smooring Prayer," and the tales and croons of St. Bride.

The singers from whom in the main we collected in Eigg, were three women—Widow Macdonald (who was over ninety) and two others, also widows, Ishabel Macleod and Kirsty Mackinnon.

"Canals are straight, Rivers twist and turn, Nature is crooked," says Yeats, and this Sea-keening, chanted to us by the oldest dame, meandered freely, nature-wise, yet ever within certain prescribed tonal limits:—

SEA-KEENING.



Caoineadh-mnara.

1. Cha'n'eil bata thig o'n rudha
   Nach tig rughadh 'nam gruaidh.
2. No long thig bharr a 'chaolais
   Nach caochail mo shnuadh.
3. Gur a mise tha fo mhulad
   Air an tulaich lom fhuar.
4. Tha do leaba 'na h-onar
   Anns an t-seomar ud shuas.
5. Ciamar theid mi ga caradh
   'S tusa ghraidh cho fad uam.
6. Goirt leam diol do chuil stendaich
   'S e 'ga reubadh 'sa chuan.

Literal translation.

1. Never boat comes from the headland
   But the blood rushes to my cheek.
2. Never ship comes through the narrows
   But my colour will change.
3. I am the woman of sorrow
   On the knoll bare and cold.
4. Thy pillow is in loneliness
   In the chamber up yonder.
5. How can I go to smooth it
   And thou, O love, so far away?
6. Sore on me the hurt to thy ringleted hair
   And it being a-torn in the sea.

Singing adaptation.

1. Never boat comes—Round yon headland
   But that ever—Flame my pale cheeks.
2. Never ship comes—Thro' the narrows
   But sudden—Change I colour.
3. I a woman—Under sorrow
   On bare knoll—Bare, cold.
4. Lonely—Thy pillow
   In thy chamber—Up yonder.
5. How care I—E'er to smooth it
   And thou—Far from me.
6. Ah, my wound—Soft thy brown curls
   Sea-tossed—Sea-torn.

One of the simplest forms of crooning or keening, the very short refrain here cuts remorselessly into each verse-line. From Widow Macdonald also we learnt the electrifying "Reiving Ship" (p. 45). Strange that the old women should have sung to us these virile pirate chants! The "A ho hi! Hirm bo!" of its refrain is a rapturously reiving cry, and the ship in her course in Kenneth Macleod's English:

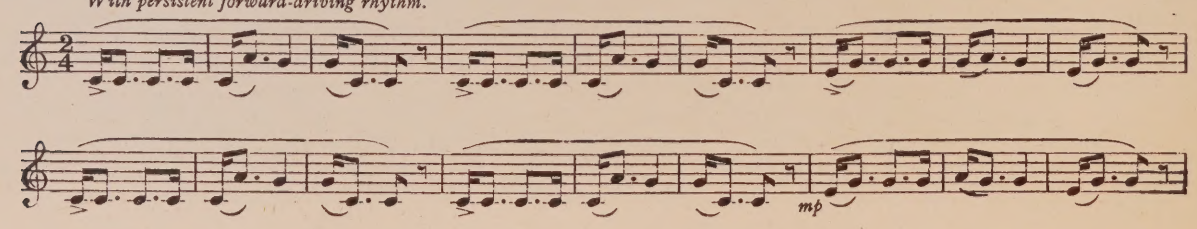
"Grinds beneath her gray-blue limpets,
Crunches curving whelks to sand-drift."

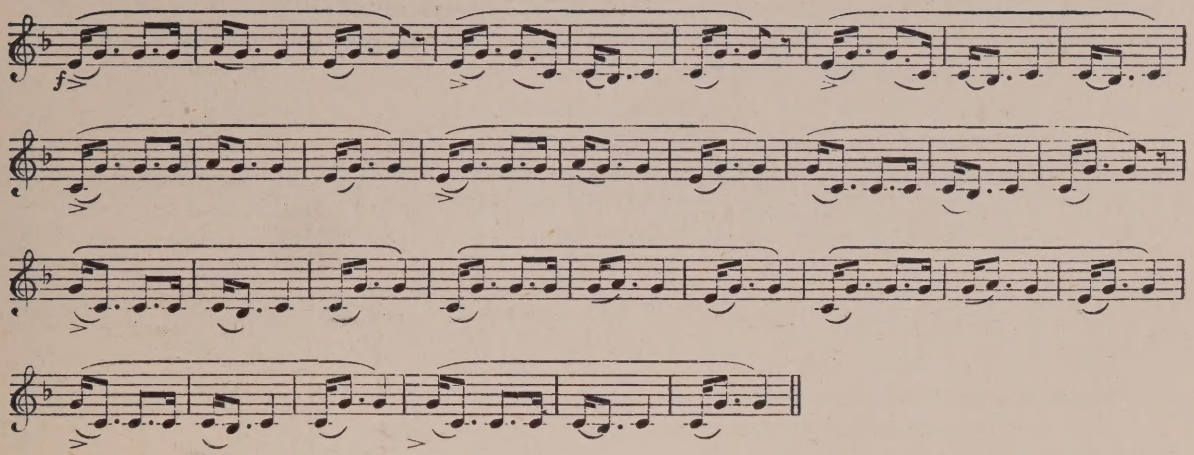
then,

"Speeds she gaily Moola's waters,
Kyles and Moyles, to fair green Isla.
Leaps her way to Isles of daring—
Gleaming Isles of blades and laughter.
A ho hi!"

Of the other two singers, one of the gayest we had met in the Isles was Ishabel Macleod, and it was a pleasure to see her beaming in her doorway as we scrambled up from the shore to greet her. To an uncommonly strong resonant voice she added a good repertoire of songs, and from her we learned the passionately pathetic "Heartling of my Heart." She danced and sang to us also an exhilarating "port-a-beul" (mouth music), used for foot-waulking in the days when blankets were shrunk by dancing on them!

With persistent forward-driving rhythm.





But our main source of supply in Eigg was the cottage where Kirsty Mackinnon lived with her brother. Kirsty had a voice of peculiar charm and a rare memory for the old tunes. Her brother had a like memory, fortunately, in his case, associating itself with the words. I shall never forget my first sight of Mackinnon as he quietly approached from the kitchen end of the cottage to the "ben" room in which we were seated. He carried himself with the unconscious rhythmic bearing and far-away look of one of the heroes of his own ancient tales. Lured by our love of the lore and aided by Kenneth Macleod's skill in stirring the pools of memory, brother and sister re-united for us the floating fragments of a fast-disappearing tradition. Yet, who shall say? Perhaps William Sharp was right when he averred that Celtic paganism lies profound still, beneath the fugitive drift of Christianity and civilisation, as the deep sea beneath the coming and going of the tides. And is it not possible that Kirsty's two boys, rapt listeners to the old lore, may in their turn be of those who are "not divided from images and emotions which carry the memory backward thousands of years."

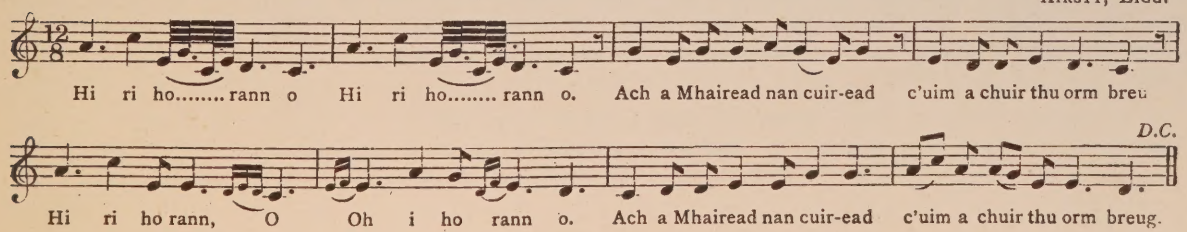
From Kirsty we got the air used for St. Bride's Cleansing Croon, a croon that recalls that other Celtic cleansing from Uist:—

"I bathe thy palms
In showers of wine,
In the lustral fire,
In the seven elements,
In the juice of the raspberries,
In the milk of honey."[1]

Kirsty's contributions to the present volume are too many to catalogue here. Most of them find place in the body of the book, but this ornate little labour lilt, attributed to the 17th century poetess and singer, Mary Macleod, does not appear later:

A MARY MACLEOD WAULKING SONG.

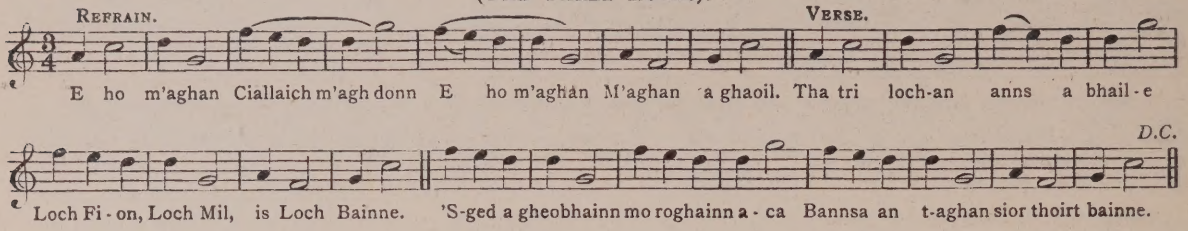
KIRSTY, EIGG.


12/8
Hi ri ho..... rann o Hi ri ho..... rann o. Ach a Mhairead nan cuir-ead c'uim a chuir thu orm breu
D.C.
Hi ri ho rann, O Oh i ho rann o. Ach a Mhairead nan cuir-ead c'uim a chuir thu orm breug.

[1] Carmichael's Carmina Gadelica. Song to a young bride.

Kirsty had real skill as a vocalist, and gave the little grace-groups in her songs with the precision of a practised instrumental performer. But not from the women alone did we collect in Eigg. This Milking Song, for example, was sung to us by Piper Macleod:

MILKING CROON.
(THE THREE LOCHS).


REFRAIN.
VERSE.
E ho m'aghan Ciallaich m'agh donn E ho m'aghan M'aghan a ghaoil. Tha tri loch-an anns a bhail-e
D.C.
Loch Fi-on, Loch Mil, is Loch Bainne. 'S-ged a gheobhainn mo roghainn a-ca Bannsa an t-aghan sior thoirt bainne.

Translation of "The Three Lochs":—

REFRAIN.	VERSE.
E ho, my heifer,	There are three lochs in the township:
Soothe my brown heifer;	Loch Wine, Loch Honey, and Loch Milk;
E ho, my heifer,	Should I get my choice of the three,
My heifer, my love.	Dearest the heifer, ever flowing the milk.

Eigg has been richly endowed alike by nature and by tradition, and has for some an extraordinarily mystic charm; the charm of [1] "moving waters in their priest-like task of pure ablution round earth's human shore"; the charm of its groves, [2] "Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare"; the charm of its small community [3] "bound together by imaginative possessions, stories and poems that have grown out of its own life."

Did Christina Rossetti know the Eigg legend of St. Bride's Coracle when she wrote:

Three little children on a wide, wide sea,
Motherless children, safe as safe can be
With guardian angels."?

Sure, the mystical and spiritual love of beauty is a central fact in the Celtic genius. The Celt truly feels with R. L. Stevenson, (who strangely enough in his portraits shows the type of the Iberian Hebridean,) "the beauty and terror of the world." An elderly woman, elderly in 1856, when talking to Miss Frances Tolmie[4] about the beauty of the world, confessed to having gone down on her knees to a magnificent cloud overhead. "Beauty, like sorrow," says Ben Jonson, "dwelleth everywhere," and there seems a large measure of both in the life of the Western Isles.

Celtic lore would seem to have a common mythological groundwork with that of the Hindus and the Greeks, although it is notable that women seem to have taken a higher place in ancient heroic Celtic legend than in the Greek tales from which Homer derived inspiration. The passionate nature of the Hebridean woman's love-songs surely bespeaks at least free scope of choice. Note Deirdre's frank instantaneous expression of love to Naoise at first sight. And yet "no other race," says Renan, "has carried so much mystery into love. No other has conceived with more delicacy the ideal of woman, nor has been more dominated by her. . . . . Woman here appears as a sort of vague vision. . . . . No other literature offers anything analogous to this. . . . . The ideal of sweetness and beauty set up as the supreme object in life is Celtic."

Recurrent waves of Celtic inundation seem to have swept into and over Europe, probably from the East, in early days of racial migrations. And partly Oriental in character the Celts remain, in the mountain

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[1] Keats.
[2] Meredith.
[3] Yeats.
[4] See Miss Tolmie's contribution to Hebridean Lore, Vol. IV., No. 16, of Folk Song Society.

Drawn by PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER from a recumbent Celtic cross in the Isle of Eigg.

fastnesses and remote Isles[1] and peninsulas, where a remnant are still to be found faithful to the old memories and the old tongue. Hindu and Byzantine carving certainly shows affinity with that of Iona, and there are traces also in Celtic airs of kinship with Greek and Arabian.

For me, these sea-chants of the Isles are always accompanied (in the mind's ear) by nature sounds. Conrad speaks of "the deep bass-like chant of the sea," and of the "shrill pipe of the wind played on the sea-tops," and "the occasional punctuating crash of a breaking wave." These are ever behind all the croons we heard in the Isles, and we cannot do full justice to the Hebridean songs if we attempt—away from the sea—to sing them unaccompanied. The accompaniments, therefore, have not been provided merely for the "amusement of a lay public," and although such subjective treatment has been accused of being "more artistic than documentary," yet, on the other hand, the bare statement of a melody in notation does not convey its full significance, and phonograph records even give but a rhythmically emasculated version of many of the finest songs.

To Granville Bantock, the Anglo-Celtic orchestral tone-poet, belong the settings of five songs in this volume: "The Birlinn of the White Shoulders"; "The Smugglers' Song"; "Bloweth the West Wind"; "Sea-Longing," and "A Tiree Tragedy."

In setting the airs we have in no case altered the melodies. We have tried merely to set them in a harmonic and rhythmic framework of pianoforte wrought-metal, so to speak, as one would set a beautiful stone, a cairngorm or the like, and have tried by such setting to show the tune the more clearly —have tried to bring out its peculiar character.

In the chorus of humanity, it has been said, no race equals the Celtic in penetrative notes that go to the heart. A passionate pungency, a rhythmical *elan* these "penetrative notes" have. And yet these floating fragments of the ancient music-lore of Gaeldom we bring not merely as something quaint, archaic, having peculiar and perhaps fascinating local colour and character, but as racial records that yet strike to the roots of all life, wherever and whenever found. We bring them as an elemental, basic, far-reaching expression of life.

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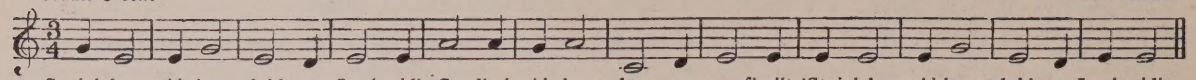
[1] The romantic dark (pre-Celtic?) Iberian type, to which R. L. Stevenson, by his appearance, would seem to have belonged, is in evidence in the Outer Isles, especially in the rocky islets to the south.

OF THE MELODIES.

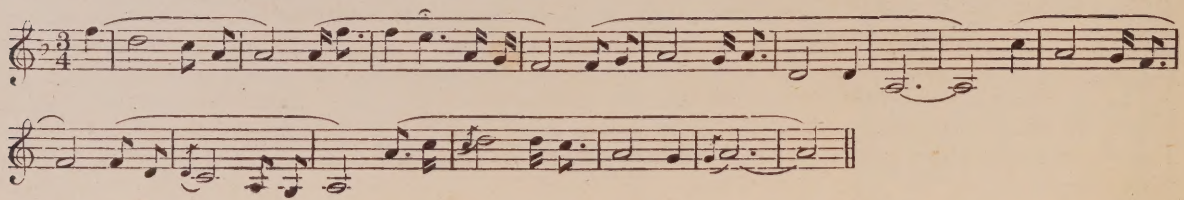
Cradle Croon. *From* Eigg.



The particular field of folk-music research here dealt with offers undoubtedly peculiar advantages. Nowhere else in Europe probably can the labour song and the heroic chant be thus studied from the living specimen. And these still living specimens date probably from many widely divergent stages of melodic development, the simplest forms and the most highly developed coming up, so to speak, in the same dredging net. Much of this music, again, is not necessarily unsophisticated. That it was unwritten (dating, probably, from pre-notation days) is no argument against conscious art. The Hebrideans have phenomenal memories—that of Lord Macaulay, whose grandfather was a Hebridean Churchman, is a case in point—and this, with their strong musical sense and their "compelling sense of style," has enabled them to retain and pass on a rich and varied repertory, alike of words and of airs. The Hebrideans, at one time, under the Lords of the Isles, an independent, powerful, and cultured people, expressing a logical subtlety in the interlaced work of the old sculptured stones of Iona, and missals, such as the Book of Kells (said to have been carried from Iona to Kells in Ireland, in order to save it from the ravages of the Norse invaders), were surely a consciously artistic race. Romilly Allen, the well-known authority, defines Celtic art as "a local variety of the Lombardo-Byzantine style," but adds that "borrowed materials were so skilfully used in connection with native designs, that the result was an entirely original style, the like of which the world has never seen." Whatever the sources from which Hebridean melodic art has drawn inspiration, it also is individual, distinct alike from that of the Irish Gaels and that of the Scandinavians. And a perfect melody is in itself a perfect and complete work of art. Yet it is notable that the Island melodic formulæ—component entities, out of which the complete tunes are fashioned—lend themselves with amazing elasticity to the more extended forms of modern polyphonic music, as proved by their consummate use by Granville Bantock, in his Hebrides [1]Symphony.

As I write, I am on a short visit to the American Middle West, and Dvořák's use of negro melodies in his New World Symphony comes to mind. The Celts, alike of Scotland and Ireland, claim no inconsiderable share in the best of the so-called negro melodies of America, Hebridean younger sons, among others, becoming planters in the South two centuries ago, and taking with them Gaelic nurses with Celtic croons. And the negroes learnt not only the croons but also the Gaelic tongue. And a woman of the Isles arriving in the South, it is told, had the fear on her that day, for did she not think that the blackness of the Gaelic-speaking negro was the blackness of the sun on one of her own folk!

Certain critics have contended that the narrow compass of some of these croons reflects the restricted life and emotion of an isolated people! Rather does it show that as artists they economised their means. The extreme compass, for instance, of this passionate 17th century lament, by the famous poetess, Mary Macleod,[2] is typical of their wider sweeping melodies:—



As to the hypnotic croons, it is in their very nature that they move within a small compass, and that

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[1] The themes developed in the four movements of the Symphony are mainly from our first volume. They are "The Sea-gull of the Land-under-Waves," "Kishmul's Galley," "Harris Love Lament," "Sea-Reiver's Song," "Love-Wandering," "Hebrid Seas," and "Sea Tangle."

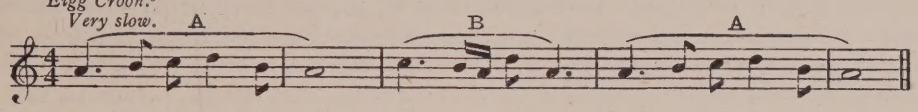
[2] Mary Macleod was a fine example of the independent character of the Hebridean woman. As a poet, she was one of the most original, the mother of assonance, and a breaker from tradition.

they "have no ending." Living, moving, rhythmical germs, they have a mesmeric, wheel-like pulsation, which ceases only with the emotional exhaustion of the singer.[1] Monotony is a quality inherent in these, monotony of obsession, of infatuation, of grief, or maybe one born of the "majestic monotony of the sea."

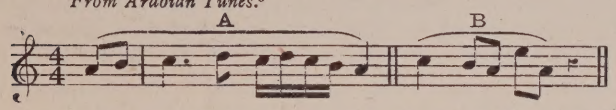
Kinship with the ancient music of other races is traceable in the traditional tone-patterns and phrases which, persisting for generations, yet seem to be freely re-distributed in the order of their setting by the individual singers who receive them and pass them on, "building with stones not of this building, but of an older architecture." [2]

A case in point is the little soothing croon from Eigg, included in our first volume, the two phrases of which are found in two Arabian airs from Tunis:—

Eigg Croon.[3]

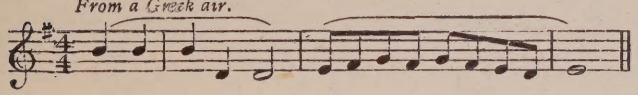


From Arabian Tunes.[3]

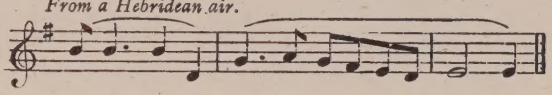


And, here again, in the next illustration, we find a Hebridean air that has two motives in common with a Greek tune from Ducoudray's collection.

From a Greek air.

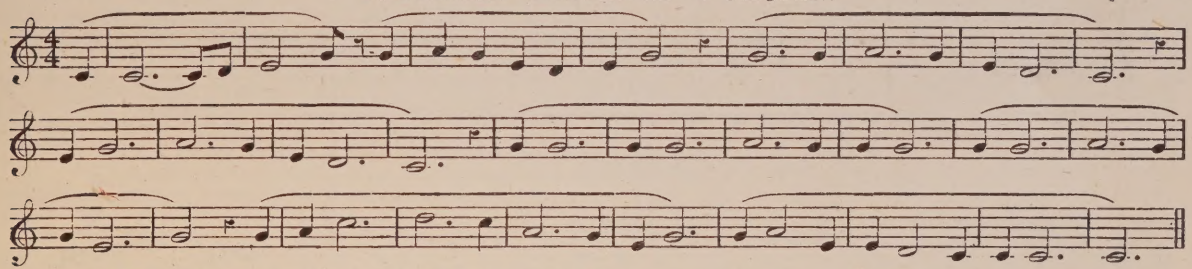


From a Hebridean air.



[4] Villiers Stanford, apropos of the supposed Oriental origin of the Celt, points to the similarity between Gaelic and Hungarian music. The favourite Hungarian rhythm is, of course, quite familiar in Scots music, the air to which Burns[5] wrote his "Whistle o'er the lave o't," being an example. And here is a tune from Barra, which in its last cadence is suggestively Hungarian:—

IUBHRACH BHALLACH A CHUAIN.



But if the Celts came from the East, the Hebridean group were for long closely in touch (or was it in clash) with the "Summer Sailors," the Norse Vikings, and one looks for traces of northern kinship in the tunes. The Norse petty kings, on the assumption by Harold Fairhair, in the 9th century, of sovereignty over the whole of Norway, left their own country, and some of them, settling first in the Hebrides, there married Celtic women. Later, with their Hebridean wives, they wandered Icelandwards. The women must have carried with them Celtic croons. But it is strange to find, on the north-eastern shores of Greenland, an isolated people with a musical idiom strangely reminiscent at times of that of Barra and Mingulay. Although

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[1] Singers should note, in this rhythmical music, the need for self-surrender to the curve of the melody, and to the onward sweep of the rhythm.

[2] Matthew Arnold.

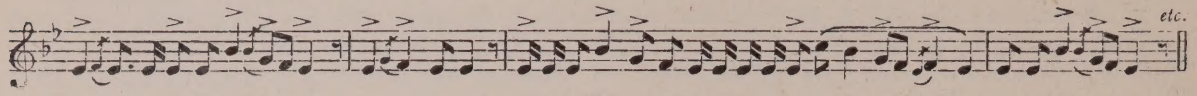
[3] Some of the admirers of Bantock's work have thought it strange that he should have turned from the Orientalism, which so strongly attracted him, to work in the field of British (?) folk music. That the Oriental and the Hebridean may be but two sides of the same shield is suggested by the fact that Bantock used the above motive in his Omar Khayyam, as a quotation from the East, before he had any acquaintance with our Hebridean collection.

[4] In the Musical Quarterly, Boston Music Co., April, 1915.

[5] In the geography of the soul, says William Sharp, Burns' natal spot must be sought in the fortunate Isles of Celtdom.

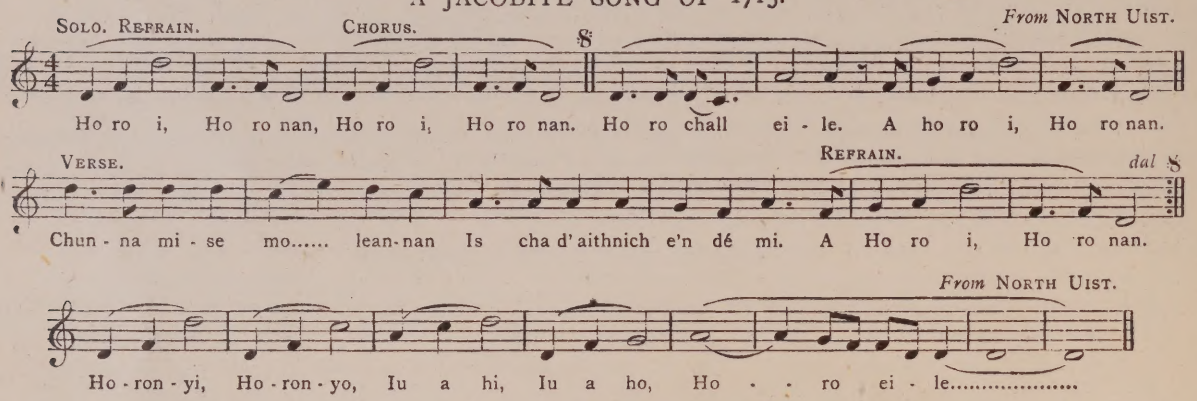
be it said that the Barra music is a fully developed melodic art, while that of the Greenlanders is much less advanced.

EAST GREENLAND SEAL HUNTER'S SONG.

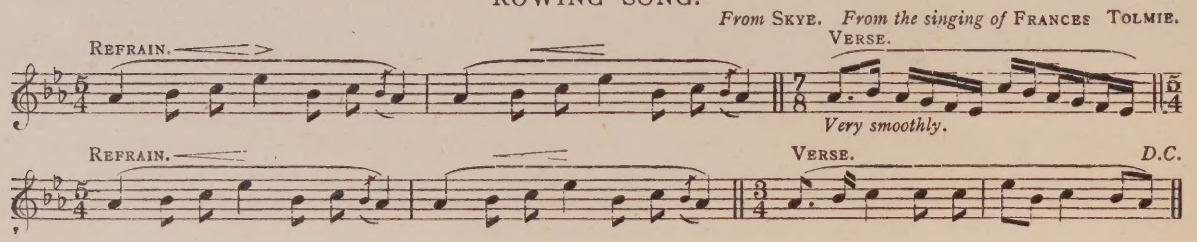


Again, if Mingulay musical mannerisms be but survivals of an ancient and widespread northern sea-faring musical idiom, we can easily account for its leavening European music in the 19th century, through the music dramas of Wagner, who proves, by his ballad of the "Flying Dutchman," and his use of the idiom in his later works, how he must have been drenched in it on his well-known three-weeks' stormy voyaging in the North Sea. A [1] characteristic descending pentatonic passage he uses with great fitness in the "Valkyrie," in the music surrounding his Icelandic heroine, Brunhilde. The recurring high note, again, characteristic of Senta's ballad in the "Flying Dutchman," is found in many an old Scots air. Take, for example, the tune collected 100 years ago by Alex. Campbell for his "Albyn's Anthology of Highland and Island Airs," and made famous through Sir Walter Scott's ballad, "Jock o' Hazeldean," and compare this with the music of Senta's ballad. Also note the recurring high notes in "In Hebrid Seas," "The Silver Whistle," and "The Fairy Plaint," in our first volume of Hebridean Songs; "The Reiving Ship," "Sea Tangle," and "Mingulay Sea Rapture," in this volume; and again these :—

A JACOBITE SONG OF 1715.


Solo. Refrain.
Chorus.
From North Uist.
Ho ro i, Ho ro nan, Ho ro i, Ho ro nan. Ho ro chall ei - le. A ho ro i, Ho ro nan.
Verse.
Refrain.
dal 8
Chun - na mi - se mo..... lean-nan Is cha d'aithnich e'n dé mi. A Ho ro i, Ho ro nan.
From North Uist.
Ho - ron - yi, Ho - ron - yo, Iu a hi, Iu a ho, Ho - - ro ei - le.....

ROWING SONG.



In this last air, in the connecting verse portions, the loosening of the reins of the refrain rhythm is characteristic. In this temporary escape from the tyranny of a rhythm, the islefolk show their sensitiveness to its hypnotism.

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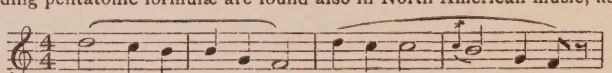
[1] The oft-recurring descending pentatonic formulæ are found also in North American music, as for example :—

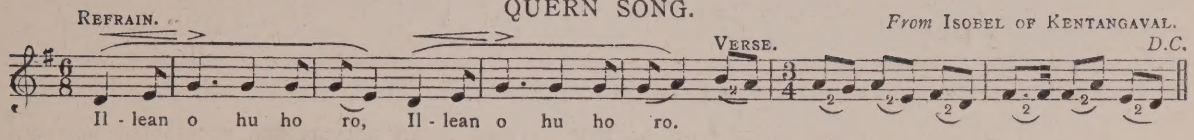


which will be easily recognised as identical with part of the well-known Hebridean (South Uist) tune, "Tha tighinn fo'm," in Albyn's Anthology, and later in the "Songs of the North."

Here is another example of such momentary escape :—

QUERN SONG.

From ISOBEL OF KENTANGAVAL.



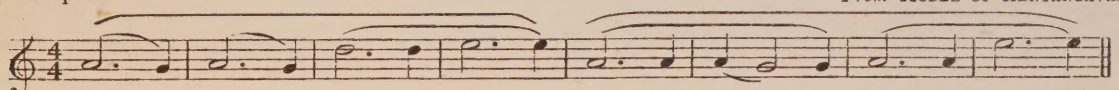
Returning again to Senta's ballad, note the introductory strain. In my earliest collecting in Barra I got so many airs on the phonograph that I misconstrued at first the occasional presence of vocalized *introductory* bars. These appeared sporadically, so to speak, on the phonograph, and I, having concentrated attention on the regularly recurring air, had regarded them as accidental. I now know by experience that they are essential. Here are examples from Barra :—

Sailing poem of the Isles, from Eigg :—

The above serves further as an example of a melody built up of repetitions (with slight alterations) of a five-bar sentence.

Another Barra Croon, illustrative of the simplest form, is a fragment of a version of the Dunvegan Cradle Spell :—

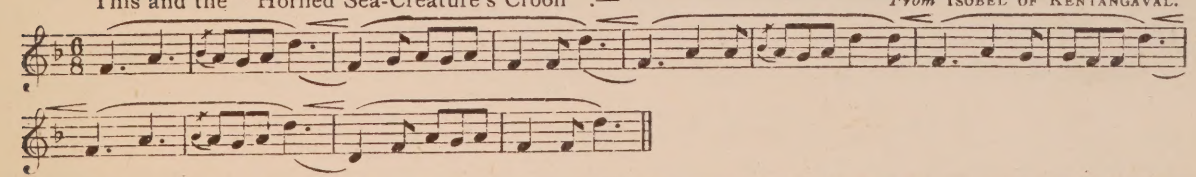
From ISOBEL OF KENTANGAVAL.



"Cota gearr caiteanach uaine
Air do ghuala 's gile leine."

This and the "Horned Sea-Creature's Croon" :—

From ISOBEL OF KENTANGAVAL.



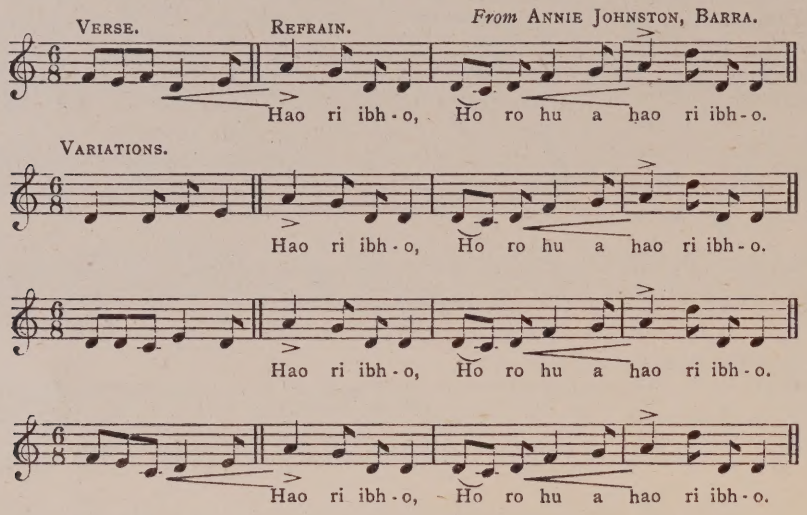
[1] These two airs are here noted in the original low keys in which they were sung by the women of the *outer* Isles.

were sung to us in Kentangaval, Barra, by Ishabel Macneil, a direct descendant of the once feared and far-famed pirate chiefs of Barra. Very old, seated in the dark interior of her little cottage, her head bound in a cachemire shawl of ivory and Arab red, she had a far-away look in her eyes and a waxen smoothness, as of death, on her finely chiselled features. Beyond our reach she seemed, but with the crooning of an old song she was recalled to life, and her mind, reawakened, leapt out to the life behind her, and, when we reluctantly bade her good-bye, she was still excitedly crooning to herself.

Shuffling and rearranging the order of the traditional formulæ or "motives" of the tunes seems to have been characteristic of the free improvisation on themes practised by the hereditary singers, as was also melodic variation within a given framework, thus:—

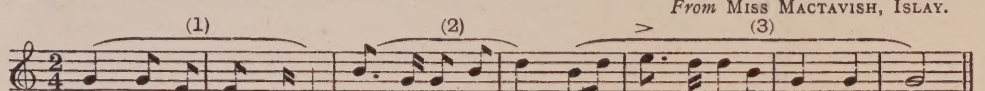
WAULKING SONG (*with variants on verse*).

From ANNIE JOHNSTON, BARRA.

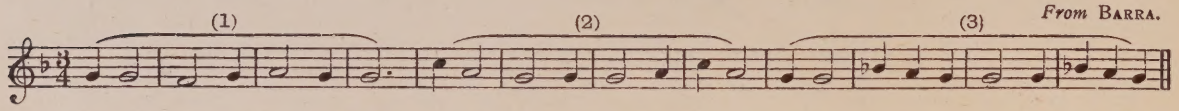

VERSE.
REFRAIN.
Hao ri ibh - o, Ho ro hu a hao ri ibh - o.
VARIATIONS.
Hao ri ibh - o, Ho ro hu a hao ri ibh - o.
Hao ri ibh - o, Ho ro hu a hao ri ibh - o.
Hao ri ibh - o, Ho ro hu a hao ri ibh - o.

In literary form the Gaels were partial to groups of three, and many of their tunes and musical refrains are swung together in phrase-loops of three, thus:—

From MISS MACTAVISH, ISLAY.



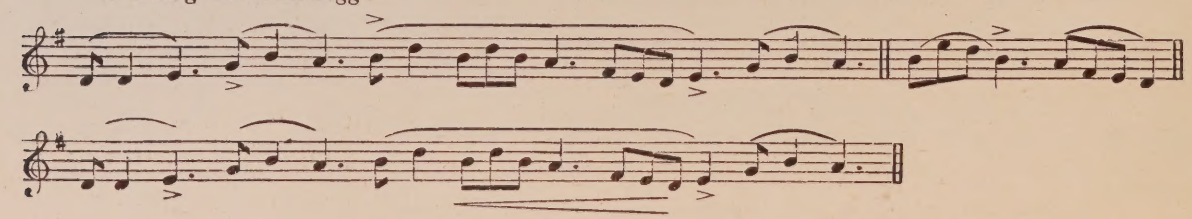
From BARRA.



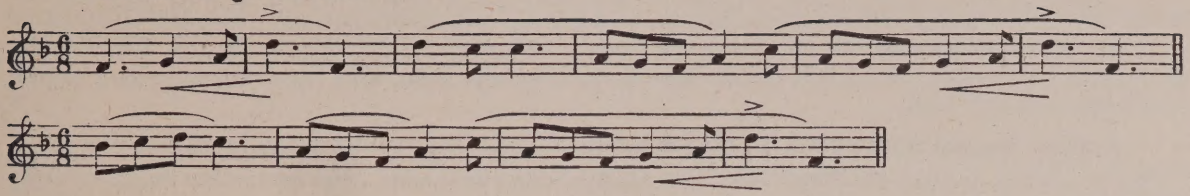
Such ternary form will be found in evidence also in certain sections of the two following songs, with their gracefully curving phrases:—

A SWEETHEART'S DEFENCE.

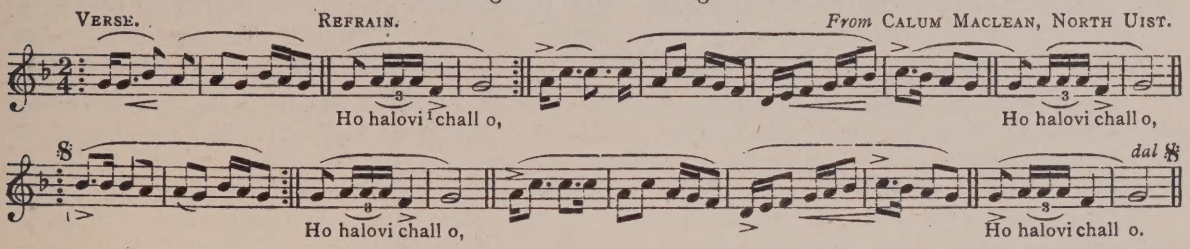
Waulking Lilt from Eigg:—



A Macneill Song from Barra :—

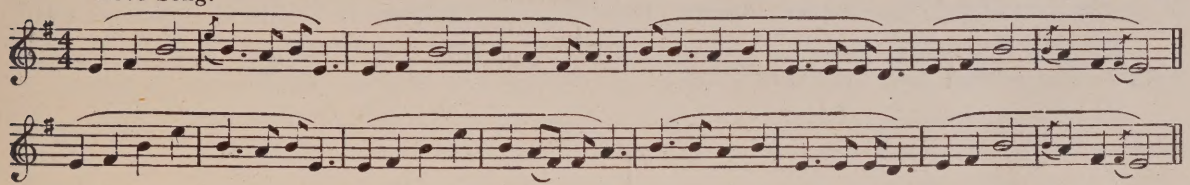


Sometimes the refrains consist of a single forceful recurring motive as in this remarkable air :—



More hauntingly elusive surely these than squarely-built melodies of four or eight lines. Yet there are many beautiful examples of the latter also :—

Love Song. *From* North Uist.



The tunes in this volume were recovered over a wide area, and where several tunes were found associated with the same text, we have used them in succession, as in Sea-Tangle and Seathan. Where again a single air used undergoes modifications in the repetitions, as in the "Peat-Fire Smooring Prayer," these are faithful to the phonographed original.

That the old songmakers could make expressive use of the tonal opportunities of their scales was felt in the Seal-Woman's Croon and others in our first volume. In the present, the Tiree Tragedy calls for comment as exhibiting a poignant use of alternations of the major and the minor third. And in the Sea-Longing,[2] in the second line of the two-phrase verse portion (which links together the repetitions of the three-phrase refrain), we note the awesome effect of the descent to the F natural.

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[1] "Chall," pronounced like English word "howl."

[2] For the instrumental framework to these two songs, we are deeply indebted to Granville Bantock, as also for the fine settings of three of the Sea-Rapture Songs.

Note.—M. Duhamel, the successor to Ducoudray in the Breton branch of Celtic research work, values very highly our Hebridean material, and has published an interesting brochure on the subject. In the introduction to our first volume we suggested that there may be twelve scales traceable in Hebridean music. M. Duhamel claims that this number should be increased. He classifies them not only as 5-note and 7-note scales, but also definitely as including an ordered series of 6-note scales.

M. Duhamel very ingeniously systematizes the tonality of the Celts on the basis of a certain restricted series of fifths related thus:

Fa, do, sol, re, la.

These taken in close position he ranges thus:

Fa, sol, la, do, re.

and from these five tones he builds five distinct pentatonic scales thus:

(1) Fa sol la do re
(2) Sol la do re fa
(3) La do re fa sol
(4) Do re fa sol la
(5) Re fa sol la do.

His latest suggestion, however, is that it may prove possible to postulate a still earlier system founded on four of these related fifths thus:

Fa do sol re

Over a wide area of research, and through many years, the work of gathering and restoring the Celtic literary material here presented has been skilfully, courageously, and loyally pursued. Valuable texts had to wait years until missing fragments, found here and there, at odd times, by Kenneth Macleod, in Isles that lie remote from one another, were finally pieced together by him; and these, thus restored, form here a unique contribution to Gaelic lore.

Kenneth Macleod has preached to the folk of the Western Sea, by the shores of Mull and Morven, Gigha and Mallaig, Kintyre and Benderloch, Skye, the Uists, and the Lews. And some of the songs and lays, with missing words and lines, lay for years among his papers, until some lucky tide of old lore came carrying, in its wreckage, the very words and lines waited for. Such are the heroic chant to the Lord of the Isles; the Cradle Croon to his heir—the Child of Isla; the Lament of the Druid of Colonsay.[1] Of these, some verses only, from much longer poems, have been here selected, with the needful fierce economy, for singing purposes.

Other famous and typical lays and poems also, each the best of its kind, and also in part restored in the same painstaking fashion, are here given, such as: Cuchullan's Lament for his Son; The Glen of Spells—Amadan Mhor; Seathan, the death-keening of a hero of pagan times; The Lay of Aillte, one of the heroes of the Fayne; The Isle of St. Donnan and the Rune of Columcill; the St. Bride Croons; famous Clan Songs, as the Cradle Spell of Dunvegan; the Raasay Lament; the passionate Clanranald bardic eulogy, "Heart of Fire-Love"; and purely domestic themes and scenes as "Heartling of my Heart," which brings us into touch with the strong sympathetic bond that united the folk and their cattle.

Domestic tragedies there are also, as the Sea-Tangle (in psychology and in objective setting somewhat akin to the tales of the Island Greeks); and the Tiree Tragedy—a pendant to "Helen of Kirkconnel Lea."

Domestic farce is not wanting, as witness the *Bodachan*, the little hungry old man who came home irate at e'en to a supperless house. And Sea-Reiving and Sea-Sorrow songs there are and Labour Lilts galore.

For these, to all the good folks of the Isles who helped us, our warmest thanks are due. And may the collection itself be a memorial of their faithful guardianship of our common racial lore.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

6, CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH,
April 16th, 1917.

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[1] Regarded as unique by the late Professor Mackinnon, of the Edinburgh University Celtic chair.

arranged scalewise thus:

(1) Fa sol do re (3) Do re fa sol
(2) Sol do re fa (4) Re fa sol do

and proof of this he hopes to find eventually from among our Hebridean *trouvailles*. However that may be, in pursuance of his original thesis, the evolution of the scale stepwise by fifths, he passes from the 5-tone (pentaphonic) to the 6-tone (hexaphonic) scales by annexing the next in order in the upward stepping series of fifths, thus:

Fa do sol re la mi

and from this again derives a series of only five six-toned scales thus:

(1) Fa sol la do re mi (4) Do re mi fa sol la
(2) Sol la do re mi fa (5) Re mi fa sol la do
(3) La do re mi fa sol

And thus he arrives in due time and by a continuance of the same process at a 7-tone (heptatonic) scale:

Fa do sol re la mi si

ranged in close position thus:

(1) Fa sol la si do re mi (4) Do re mi fa sol la si
(2) Sol la si do re mi fa (5) Re mi fa sol la si do
(3) La si do re mi fa sol

Note that he still finds the scale tonics only on the original *five* tones, holding that the more recently reclaimed and adopted mi and si were never promoted by the Gaels to the dignity of tonic or chief of the scale clan! Duhamel's classification is ingenious and helpful, and is based upon an enormous amount of original research work. But when we attempt to apply it and to diagnose the scales from which particular tunes arise, it is not an easy task since the scales are affected by modes. These modes, according to Duhamel, will be found to divide the scales variously by (*a*) a fifth and fourth, (*b*) a fourth and fifth, and (*c*) a sixth and third. These modes complicate the question and launch us into a sea of troubles. M. Duhamel takes safe anchorage on the final note of a tune, from which note he builds his scale upwards. But can this apply in the case of "circular" tunes, whose aim is just exactly *not* to close, never to achieve a satisfactory final note, but ever to lead the expectant ear back to the beginning of the tune?

THE SPELL OF THE SINGER.

THERE was a woman in the Isle of Sōa for whose singing the people had great love. It is said that she would be seeing things; the men and women who had made the songs, and the men and women who had suffered what the songs tell. One day there was great feasting in Dunvegan Castle, and the harpers and the pipers and the bards were all into the music. "Is it not the beautiful thing to be in Dunvegan Castle?" said the listening one. Then it was put to the woman who would be seeing things if she, too, would sing a song. And she sang. "I must arise now," said the listening one, with a start, "sure, there is the long way before me to Dunvegan Castle."

K. M.

ONE WHO SANG "THE CRADLE SPELL OF DUNVEGAN."

"WHAT is yon music which I am hearing, if it is hearing it I am?" said the Lady of Macleod to herself, as she sat in her hall, spinning the wool. And she arose and made for the music, and whither drew it her but, step by step, to the sleep-chamber of her baby son. What saw she there but the Little Woman of the Green Kirtle swathing the child in a silk banner of many colours, and singing over him a cradle spell.

"Ho-ro veel-a-vok, Bone and flesh o' me,
Ho-ro veel-a-vok, Blood and pith o' me.
Skin like falling snow, green thy mail-coat,
Live thy steeds be, dauntless thy following."

"God sain us!" cried out the Lady of Macleod, "It is I who am the mother to yon child." And at the sound of the Good Name she vanished, the Little Woman of the Green Kirtle.

But the Cradle Spell remained; the Banner, likewise; and, together, they made of a clan the something more than a clan. The women nursed the children and crooned the songs and did the day's work, with a thought somewhere in the heart of each that on a day of days she might be called to Dunvegan Castle to sing the Cradle Spell over the young heir. And the men, going forth to battle, fought in the hope that now was the day on which the Banner would appear at their head, putting rout on the enemy. Outwardly, at any rate, the luck was mostly with the women. Baby heirs came often; the Banner came but twice. The end of the tale is not yet, however. "What came twice will come thrice," say the Islesfolk, "and on a day to be, it is the Fairy Flag, going forth for the last time, that will be overcoming the world for us, Gaels." Which may well be, if one remembers that its first burden was a little child, its first victory a song, and its weaving not of the flesh.

There is a bidding to which the Gael is never false, the bidding which puts him under the spells. And an Islesman is under spells both to his heart and to his head to give love to Mary Macleod, the most fascinating figure in Gaelic poetry from the beginning of the seventeenth century to a century on which fate has not yet put a name. A woman not of the schools but of herself, and fond of taking her own way when her own way seemed the best, she broke, for love of her gift, with such of the old metrical conventions as had hitherto hobbled the bard. Judged by the few poems which are known for certain to be hers, she holds, if not the first place among Gaelic poets, a place at any rate among the first, for sheer artistry and for beauty of rhythm. And if all the songs that are said to be hers are really hers, or even a tithe of them, her place, as a Gael would put it, is at the very head of the table. One may think of her, then, whether in her poetry or in her life, as by no means least in the procession of great Celtic women which began with Deirdre and St. Bride and has, perhaps, not ended with Flora Macdonald.

An Isleswoman from Rōdel of Harris, Mary Macleod, or Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, as she is better known to the Gaels, was, for the genius of her, chosen out of many gifted ones to sing the Cradle Spell to the baby heir of Dunvegan. But no handed-down lullaby, howsoever strong, could express all that the nurse felt towards the little one, and it was song on the song with her, praise on the praise, and rapture on the

rapture, be the hours canonical or not. Ruairi, the Chief of Dunvegan, shaking his head, flung at her the herdman's saying:

Bheir an t-anabarr molaidh an t-anabarr dosgaidh.
The overmuch praise bringeth the overmuch loss.

And, sure enough, the loss came[1]—once, twice, thrice. After which, by every rule and by every thought of the Isles, it had to be exile for Mary Macleod; the place of her strangerhood, as the Gaelic has it, being the little Island of Sgarba, in the Southern Hebrides. And there the wonder of the Gael came upon her. "Is it not on me the wonder is," cried St. Columba, "to be here in Alba, and to be looking on Moola from Iona." "Great is the wonder on me," said Flora Macdonald, "to be looking on the boiling of the Connel from Dunstaffnage, instead of looking on the Outer Sea from the machair of Uist." And Mary Macleod:

[2] On the knoll I am sitting,
Sore-thinking in silence,
The wonder upon me
Why gaze I on Islay;
Little thought I aforetime,
Till yore took its cantrip,
Fate ever should lure me
To gaze on Jura from Sgarba.

In those days, there being no fast mail-boats to cause delay, a whisper travelled from isle to isle, if not in the mouth of the wind, at any rate on its heel; and in due time Mary Macleod's plaint reached Dunvegan in Skye and Rōdel in Harris, and the many places where *Siol Tormaid*, the Seed of Norman, grew. And on a day of days the galley of Macleod cast anchor off Sgarba, having aboard the glad news that Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, was to return home to Dunvegan; only, she was to make no more songs. Make no more songs? As if she wanted to make any more! Sure, her music-of-laughter would henceforth be the croon of the soft Dunvegan voices—and there and then Mary forgot that she was no longer a bard. "Is it a song I am hearing?" asked the steersman. "It is only a tune, O man of my heart"; but to that same tune went words fresh as the breeze that was even then speeding the galley homeward to Dunvegan. "Is it a song I am hearing?" asked the Chief himself another time, after the young heir, [3]unlike his three elder brothers, had recovered from a serious illness. "By your leave, it is only a croon," said Mary Macleod, "and it comes fresh and warm from a glad heart." She was never again forbidden to make a song. Perhaps *E-fein*, Himself, as the Chief was known among the clansfolk, remembered a story which even the Church had never banned. In the days of long before, as a woman of the Isles lay dying, a young [4]mavis went into lilting on a rowan-tree in front of the door. "Chase him away," whispered one of the keening women. "Let him alone," said the dying one, "it is my share to find death, it is his share to sing the song, and with the Good Being only is the knowledge of the furthermore."

The tradition of the Isles, as handed down in the ceilidh,[5] gives a picture of Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, which must surely be her very self.

> By the look of her, it is not the creel of peats you would be wishing to put on her back, though, indeed, there was the good marrow, too, in her, whether for the hill or for the sea. It is two tartan plaids she would be having on; a little one round her head, with the white frill of the mutch showing through; and a large one, a *tonnag*, draped round her shoulders, and fastened in front by a *braisde*, a silver circlet. It is of silk her gown would often be, as befitted one who might go in by the front door of Dunvegan Castle. In her right hand she would have a staff, with a silver head on it, and in her left a silver mull; and people would be saying that never a foot of her would go on a journey without having in her wallet a silver quaich, out of which folk of name thought it an honour and an obligation to drink. And the eyes of her were so living! And when they would be in the laughter as well, themselves and her share of wrinkles together, you would never wish but to be looking at them.

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[1] See also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. IV., p. 262. [Miss Frances Tolmie.]
[2] In Gaelic poetry, assonance rather than rhyme is used.
[3] See Mary Macleod's *An Cronan*, verse 2.
[4] Thrush. [5] Kay'lee.

One can imagine, then, the thrill in the ceilidh when, on a memorable night, up would go the door latch, and there would appear, not the usual late neighbour, but the very woman whom the Islesfolk would be wishing to look at. There would be the curtsey for her, did she allow it; but already, no doubt, her upraised hand would have put the artist's silence on such as, panting to give her the glad welcome, would thereby interrupt the teller of the tale or the singer of the song. And then it would be, "Man of my heart, do not give the last word to Patrick the cleric. Never was Ossian, the bard, without the ready answer and the sore word. Teller of the tale, we are listening." Or, "Woman over yonder, is it finishing the song thou art? If only thou wert beginning!" But the folks of the ceilidh would know their luck. Patrick and Ossian, what remained of them, lived in the township; Mary Macleod might be in the other township by sunset, to-morrow. So—"Sit ye down, gentles and semples; sit ye down, each as he may; and sit ye down, arrow-maker." And sometime after midnight, the youth who was feeding the fire regardless of the hole in the peat-stack, would, if he saw older eyes upon him, declare as though on oath, "By the soul of me, myself would never be wishing to [1]smoor the fire when Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, is at the ceilidh; but, indeed, myself would be wishing to smoor the sun." Such a night, however, would have put feyness even on a slug, let alone a youth of the Isles.

Mary Macleod, if one may judge by the events she sang and the people she knew, must have gone through nearly fourscore years and ten of ceilidh and song; her full age, according to tradition, being fivescore years and five. In days when people grew old long before their time, she became a pilgrim of song when far beyond middle age, going on foot from clachan to clachan, and by boat from isle to isle, throughout the years. And not even Ruari, the Chief, was wont to meet with a prouder welcome among the Islesfolk than was the little old woman with the lit eyes and the tangle of crowsfeet. Into the various festivities of the various clachans there came in those days a new fascination, the certainty that Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, would be somewhere, and the hope that it would be here rather than there. And if the waulking was here, and the wedding or the harvest-home there, it is here she would be, sure enough, and not there. Only once, it is said, did she hear the laughter of a waulking and pass by. But the fulling women understood; likewise, all who smiled at the quaintness of her blessing upon the little child that was being christened in Rōdel of Harris.

Tri beannachdan an t-sagairt,	The three blessings of the priest,
Seachd beannachdan an t-sluaigh;	The seven blessings of the people;
Cha'n fhaodar cur ris an tri,	One may not put to the three,
'S mur mìomhadh cur ris an t-seachd,	And if it be not rude to put to the seven,
Mo sheachd fein ri seachd an t-sluaigh.	My own seven to the seven of the people.

But if Mary Macleod, at the christening, put her own seven blessings to the seven blessings of the people, it was herself she put, blood and bone and heart of her, to the folk life of the Isles, through the waulking of many a clachan. But few realise, perhaps, how much artistry there went to the fulling music of even one web of cloth. Each stage of the work needed its own special kind of song; old words had to be adapted to new tunes, and old tunes to new words; ancient fragments, almost forgotten, had to be eked out by additional verses, while songs not made for labour, such as the heroic ballads, had to be taken to pieces and inserted into a chorus; all of which called for literary and musical skill of a kind which suggests, not so much the folk, as a genius now and again among the folk. In the seventeenth century that genius was Mary Macleod. While the web was still in the loom, a woman, wandering by sea and by land, was busy weaving the songs which in due time would go to the fulling of that same web. The loom, says the Gael, weaves nothing that lasts, save the song which it weaveth not.

Mairi, Daughter of Alastair Rua, sleeps, face downward,[2] by the Church of St. Clement, in Rōdel of Harris, the Iona of her clan. "Not on the clouds would my eyes be, O kinsfolk," said she in the parting, "but on Rōdel of Harris." Her thought was, perhaps, the thought of St. Bride, the Foster-mother, even as her blood was the blood: Beautiful the cloud on high, my children, but more beautiful still the shower which falleth, giving growth to the corn and milk to the cattle, for little children.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

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[1] A Scots form of *smother*.
[2] See also Dr. George Henderson's Introduction to *Dain Iain Ghobha*.

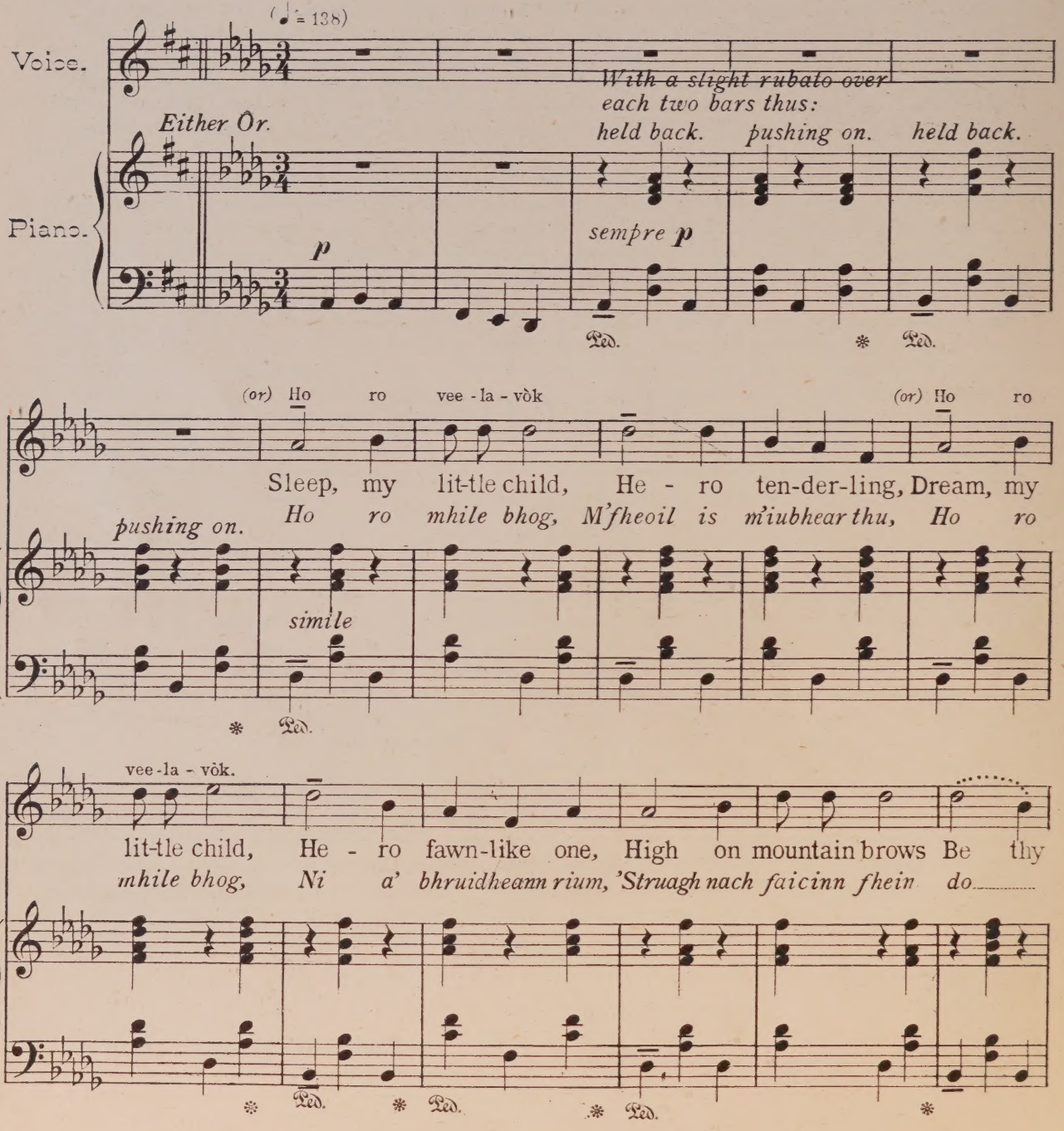
SONGS
OF THE
HEBRIDES.
VOL. II.

CRADLE SPELL OF DUNVEGAN.

Taladh an Leinibh Leoidich.

Collected at Eyemouth by KENNETH MACLEOD,
and M KENNEDY-FRASER from
BELLA MACDONALD,
Berneray, Lewis.

Ancient Gaelic Words from Neil Macleod, the Skye Bard,
English translation by Kenneth Macleod.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


(♩ = 138)
Voice.
Piano.
Either Or.
With a slight rubato over each two bars thus:
held back. pushing on. held back.
p
sempre p
Ped.
(or) Ho ro vee - la - vòk
(or) Ho ro
Sleep, my lit-tle child, He - ro ten-der-ling, Dream, my
Ho ro mhile bhog, M'fheoil is m'iubhear thu, Ho ro
pushing on.
simile
vee - la - vòk.
lit-tle child, He - ro fawn-like one, High on mountain brows Be thy
mhile bhog, Ni a' bhruidheann rium, 'Struagh nach faicinn fhein do

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(or) true aimed ar - rows
stag-tryst, Speed thy yew ar - rows straight antler-wards.
bhuail' ard, Co - ta gearr u - - aine mu d' ghuala ghil.
riten.
a tempo.
Ped.
(or) Ho ro vee-la-vòk
Sleep, my little child, He - ro gen-tle bred,
Ho ro mhile bhog, M'ul - tach iubhair thu,
with slight rubato as before.
Ped.
(or) Ho ro vee-la-vòk
Dream, my lit-tle child, He - ro bat-tle bred, Skin like fall-ing snow,
Ho ro mhile bhog, Shult-mhor reamhar thu, Cha 'n ann o Chloinn,
Ped.
Green thy mail-coat, Live thy steeds, Daunt - - less thy following.
Chuinn mo lean-abh, Cha 'n ann o Chloinn, Duibhn' mo leanabh beag.
poco rit.
Ped.

(or) Ho ro vee-la-vòk
Sleep, my lit-tle one,
Ho ro mhile bhog,
a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
(or) Ho ro vee-la-vòk
Bone and flesh o' me, Dream, my lit-tle one, Blood and
Siol bu do-cha leam, Ho ro mhile bhog, Siol bu
Ped. Ped. * Ped. *
pith o' me, Dream thy hero dream, Thro' thy child-sleep, Hang thy
do-cha leam, Siol Leoid nan long, nan lann, nan lùireach, Loch-lann do
Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. *
shield, Loch - lann-like, Heaven-wards. Ho ro
dhearbh dhùth - chas, mo leanabh beag, Ho ro
p
pp
pp
Ped. * Ped. both pedals *

†vee-la-vók, Ho ro *ai - ly, Ho ro vee-lavok, Ho ro
mhile bhog, Ho ro ei - le Ho ro mhile bhog, Ho ro
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ten. ten.
ai - ly, Our clan gal-ley sail, To thy dreamland, Through thy
ei - le, Ho ro mhile bhog, 'Glac nan luireach, M'fheoil is
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall. p
child- sleep, Ho ro ai - ly. Sail
m'iubhear thu, Ni a' bhruidheann rium M'fheoil
rit. tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
thro' thy child - sleep.
is m'iubhear thu.
rall. pp a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * both pedals.

Cradle Spell of Dunvegan.

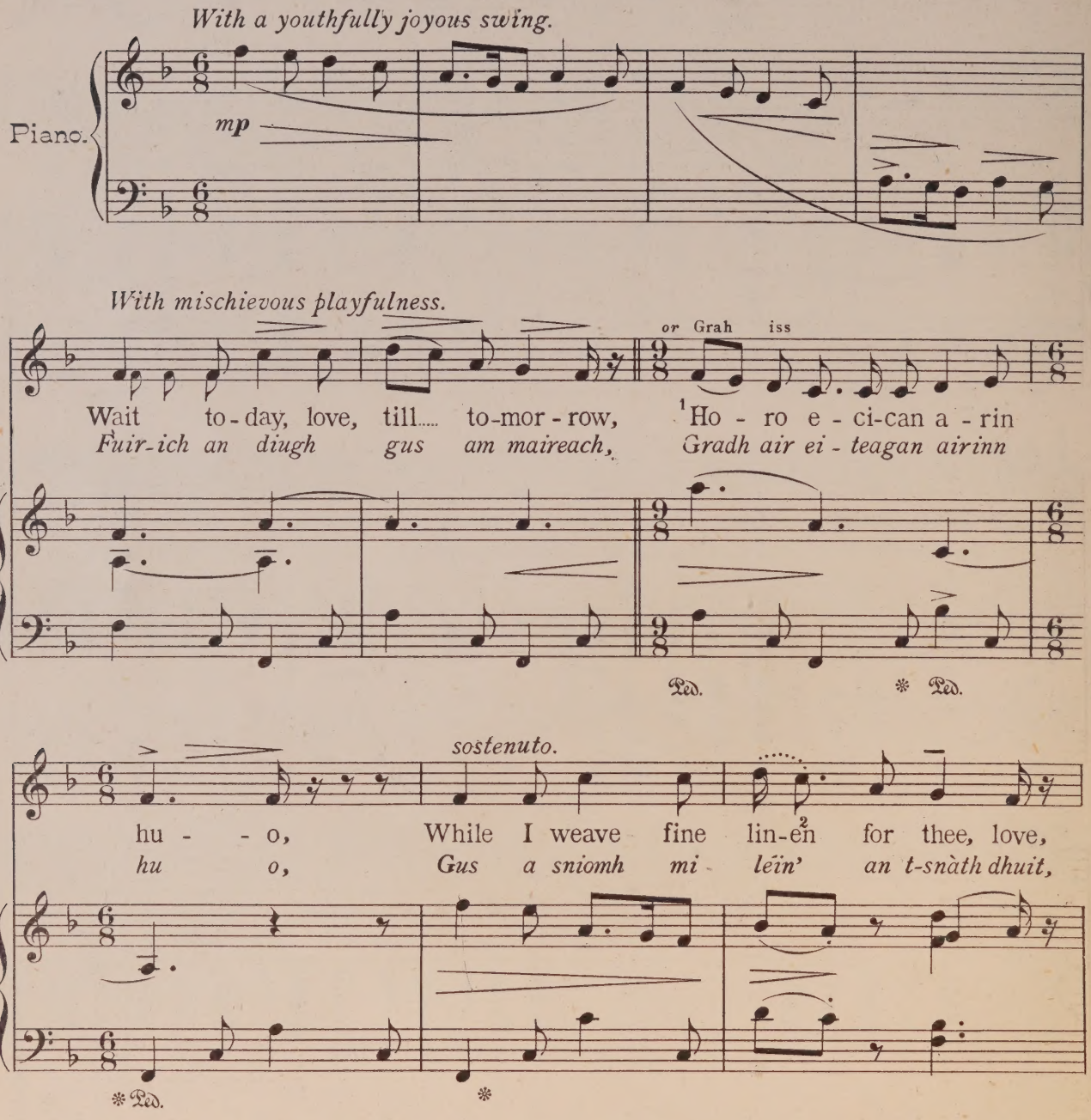
†Honey love. *Pronounce as in English word "Daily"

WEAVING LILT.

A' Bheairt-Fhiodha.

Air and Gaelic Words from
MALCOLM and ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER
and KENNETH MACLEOD.


With a youthfully joyous swing.
Piano.
mp
With mischievous playfulness.
or Grah iss
Wait to-day, love, till..... to-mor-row, [1]Ho - ro e - ci-can a - rin
Fuir-ich an diugh gus am maireach, Gradh air ei - teagan airinn
Ped. * Ped.
sostenuto.
hu - - o, While I weave fine lin-en[2] for thee, love,
hu o, Gus a sniomh mi - leïn' an t-snàth dhuit,
* Ped. *

[1]Refrain syllables Italian pronunciation, or e-ci-can may sound like the naming of the English letters "h," "e," followed by the word "can"

[2]Prolong the N in this final syllable, not the vowel.

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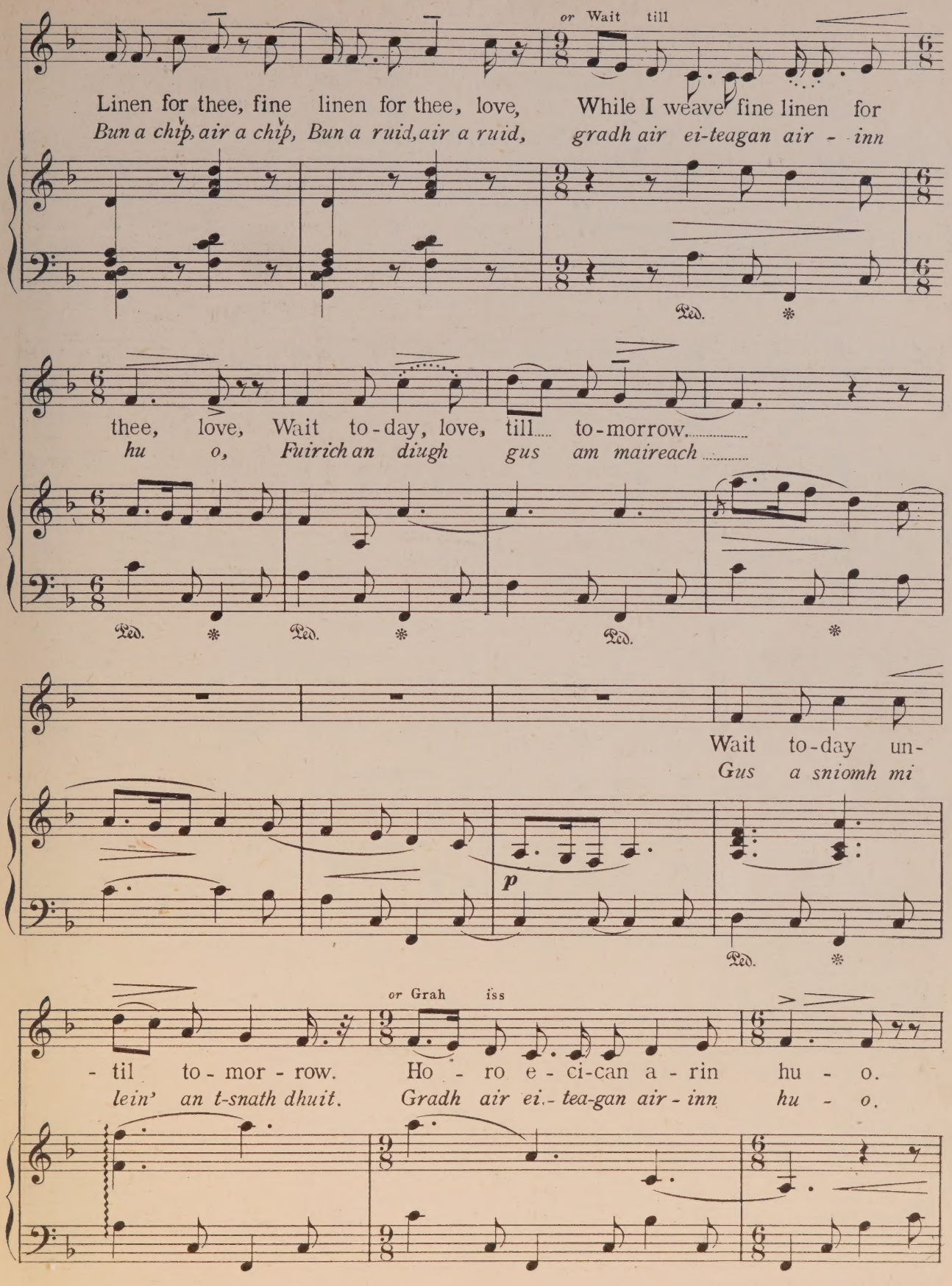
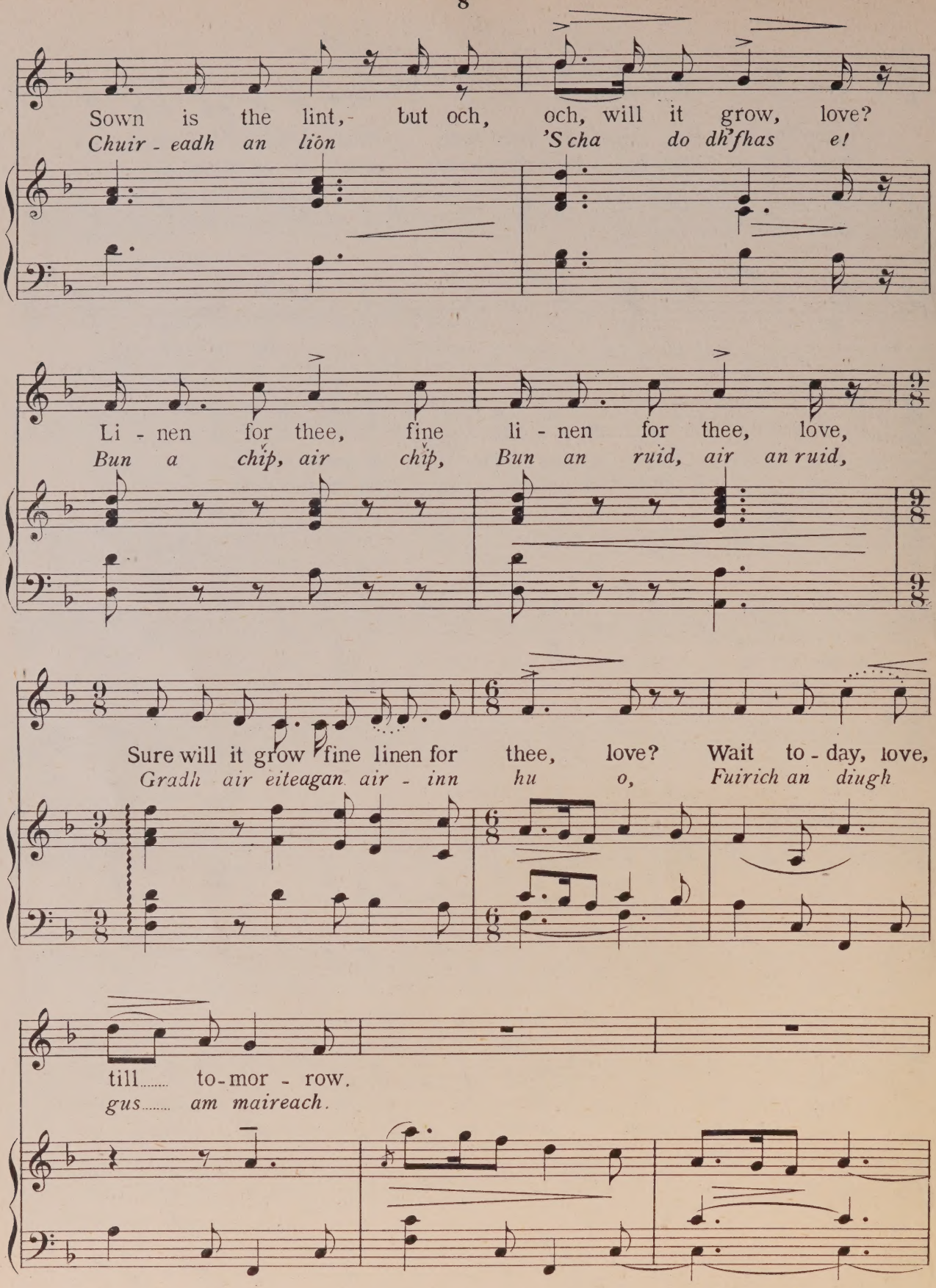
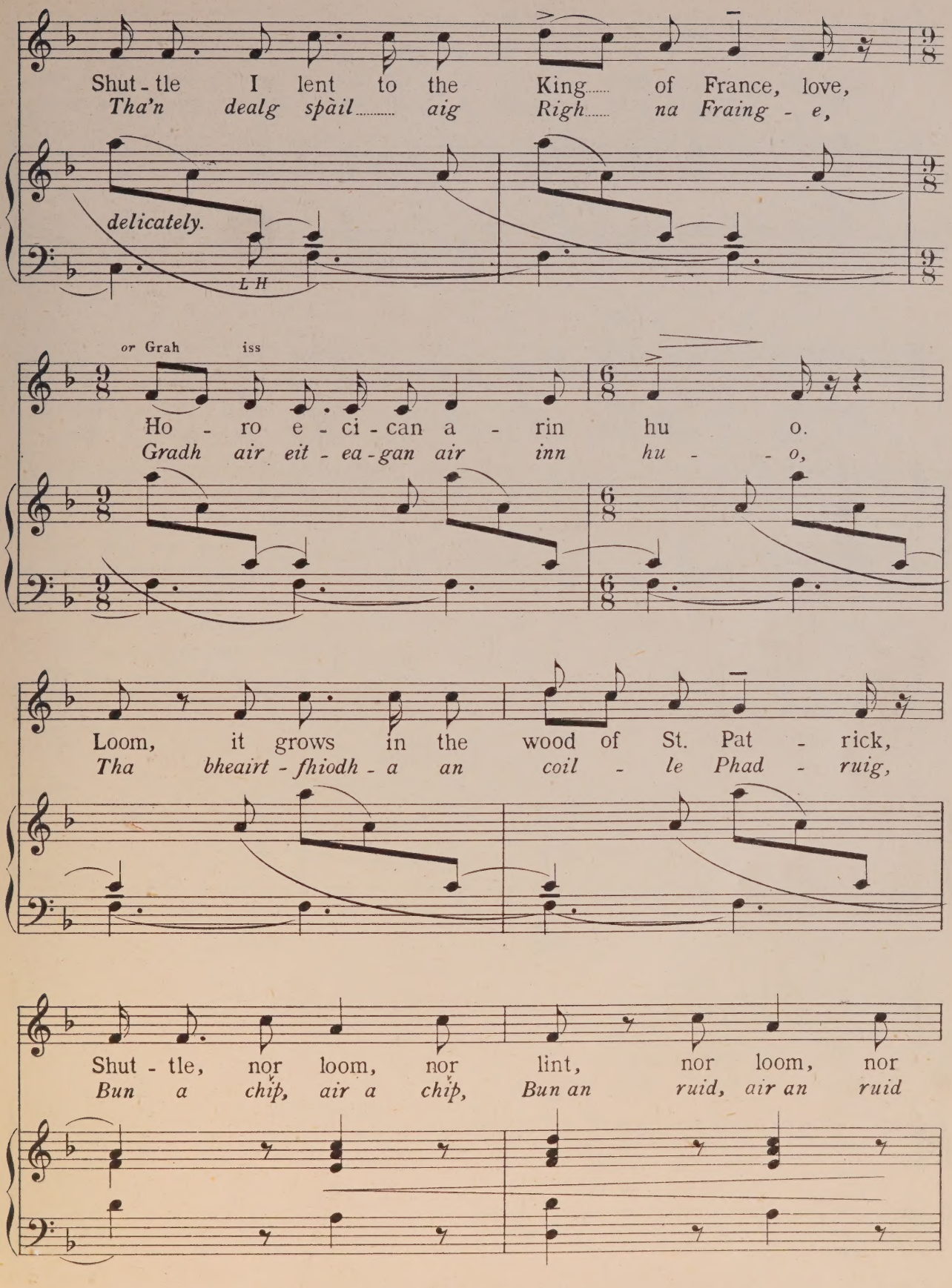

or Wait till
Linen for thee, fine linen for thee, love, While I weave fine linen for
Bun a chip, air a chip, Bun a ruid, air a ruid, gradh air ei-teagan air - inn
Ped. *
thee, love, Wait to-day, love, till to-morrow.
hu o, Fuirich an diugh gus am maireach
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Wait to-day un-
Gus a sniomh mi
p
Ped. *
or Grah iss
- til to-mor-row. Ho - ro e - ci-can a - rin hu - o.
lein' an t-snath dhuit. Gradh air ei.- tea-gan air - inn hu - o.


Sown is the lint,- but och, och, will it grow, love?
Chuir - eadh an liòn 'S cha do dh'fhas e!
Li - nen for thee, fine li - nen for thee, love,
Bun a chip, air chip, Bun an ruid, air an ruid,
Sure will it grow fine linen for thee, love? Wait to - day, love,
Gradh air eiteagan air - inn hu o, Fuirich an diugh
till..... to-mor - row.
gus..... am maireach.


Shut - tle I lent to the King..... of France, love,
Tha'n dealg spàil..... aig Righ..... na Fraing - e,
delicately.
L H
or Grah iss
Ho - ro e - ci - can a - rin hu o.
Gradh air eit - ea - gan air inn hu - - o,
Loom, it grows in the wood of St. Pat - rick,
Tha bheairt - fhiodh - a an coil - le Phad - ruig,
Shut - tle, nor loom, nor lint, nor loom, nor
Bun a chip, air a chip, Bun an ruid, air an ruid

shut-tle, nor loom, have I to weave, Nor lint, nor loom, nor
Ian beag air a nid, Seinnidh e lamh riut, Beinn dubh, seinn dubh,
f
or (Have. I to
shut-tle, nor loom, Yet wait till I weave fine linen for
O ho ro lon dubh, Gradh air eiteag-an air-inn
thee, love. Wait to-day un-
hu o, Fuirich an diugh
p
Ped
til to-mor-row
gus am mair-each
p
*

THE SACRED WILD SWAN.

Long ago, before the days of the Red Flood, the Moon shone with such brightness that you could have seen the bristle in a man's foot, if bristle were there. Did not this put great anger on the Sun, as he lay on his back in the Outer Sea? I will arise, he said, and put shame on yon shameless Moon. And he arose.

Ever since, the Moon is paler than she ought to be, if ought were; save when the corn, ripening, puts the glow on her face. And her daughter, the Wild Swan, stately and silent under the Sun, is sweet-voiced, even if sad, under the Moon. And no good Islesman would put taunt or hurt on that same Wild Swan, although evil men once did both, leaving a woman-lord to keen over her mate:

Swan of the West,
  Mate of my heart,
Westward I'd fly toward Jura.

K. M.

THE WILD SWAN.

Eala fo leòn.

Air and words memorised by
KENNETH MACLEOD.
In the Isle of Eigg.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

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On night of stars, Strangewards I'd fly,
Oidh - che nan reul, Siubh-laidh mi céin,
West - ward fly toward Ju - - ra.
Siar is céin a Dhiu - - ra.
Swan o' the
Diobh-ail am
West, Mate o' my heart, Would that with
dhêidh, Siubh-laidh mi céin, Far nach bi

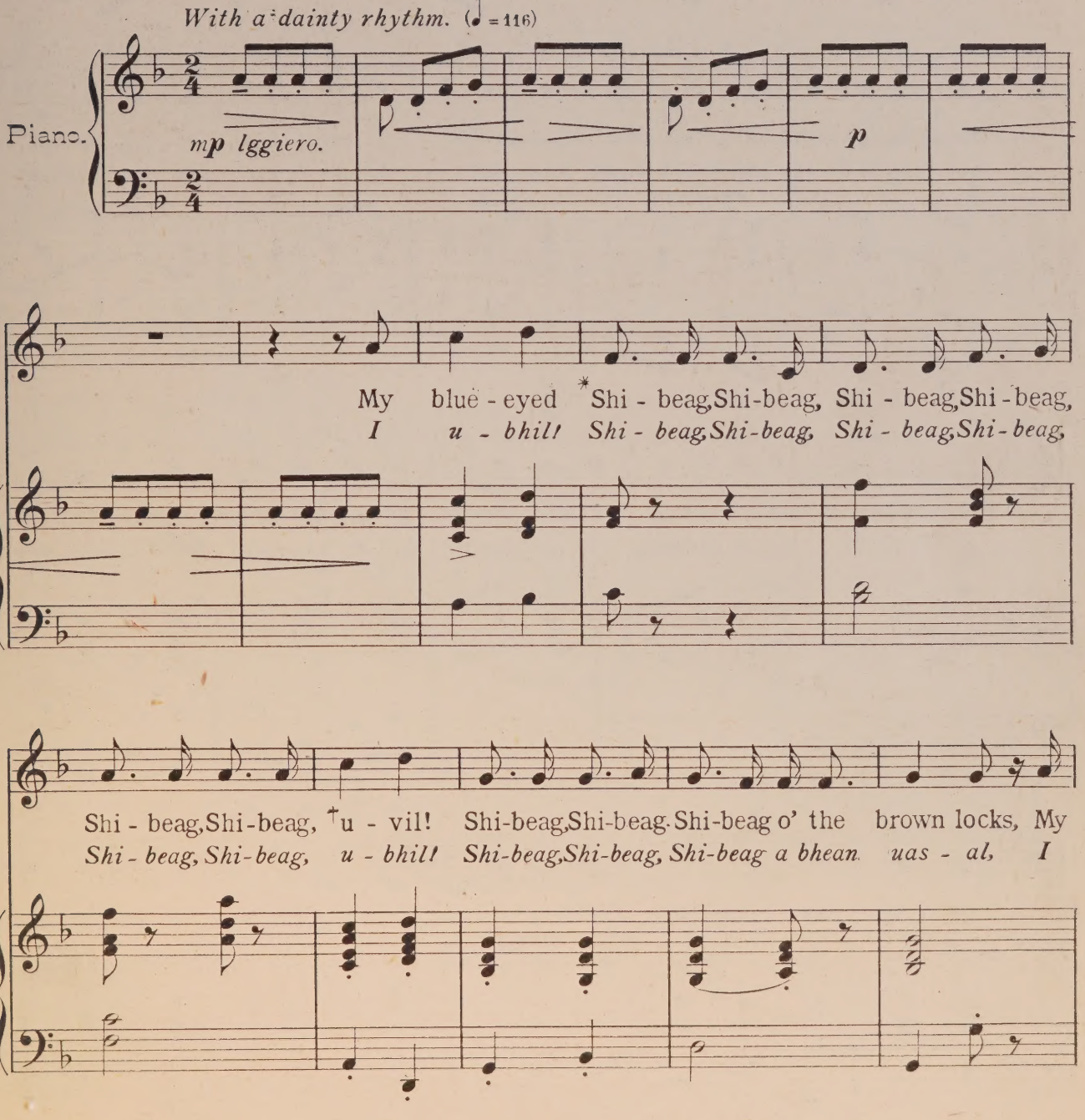
thee.... toward Ju - - - - ra,
On night of stars,
léirsgrios no tur - - - - sa,
Oidh - che nan reul,
Ped.
Far might I ; fly,
West - ward fly toward Ju - -
Siubhlaidh mi céin,
Siar is céin a Dhiu - -
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
- ra.
- ra.
morendo.
dim poco a poco.
ppp

COLL NURSE'S LILT.

SHIBEAG, SHIBEAG.

Collected by
MISS FRANCES TOLMIE.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With a dainty rhythm. (♩ = 116)
Piano.
mp leggiero.
p
My blue-eyed *Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,
I u-bhil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,
Shi-beag, Shi-beag, †u-vil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag. Shi-beag o' the brown locks, My
Shi-beag, Shi-beag, u-bhil! Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag a bhean uas-al, I

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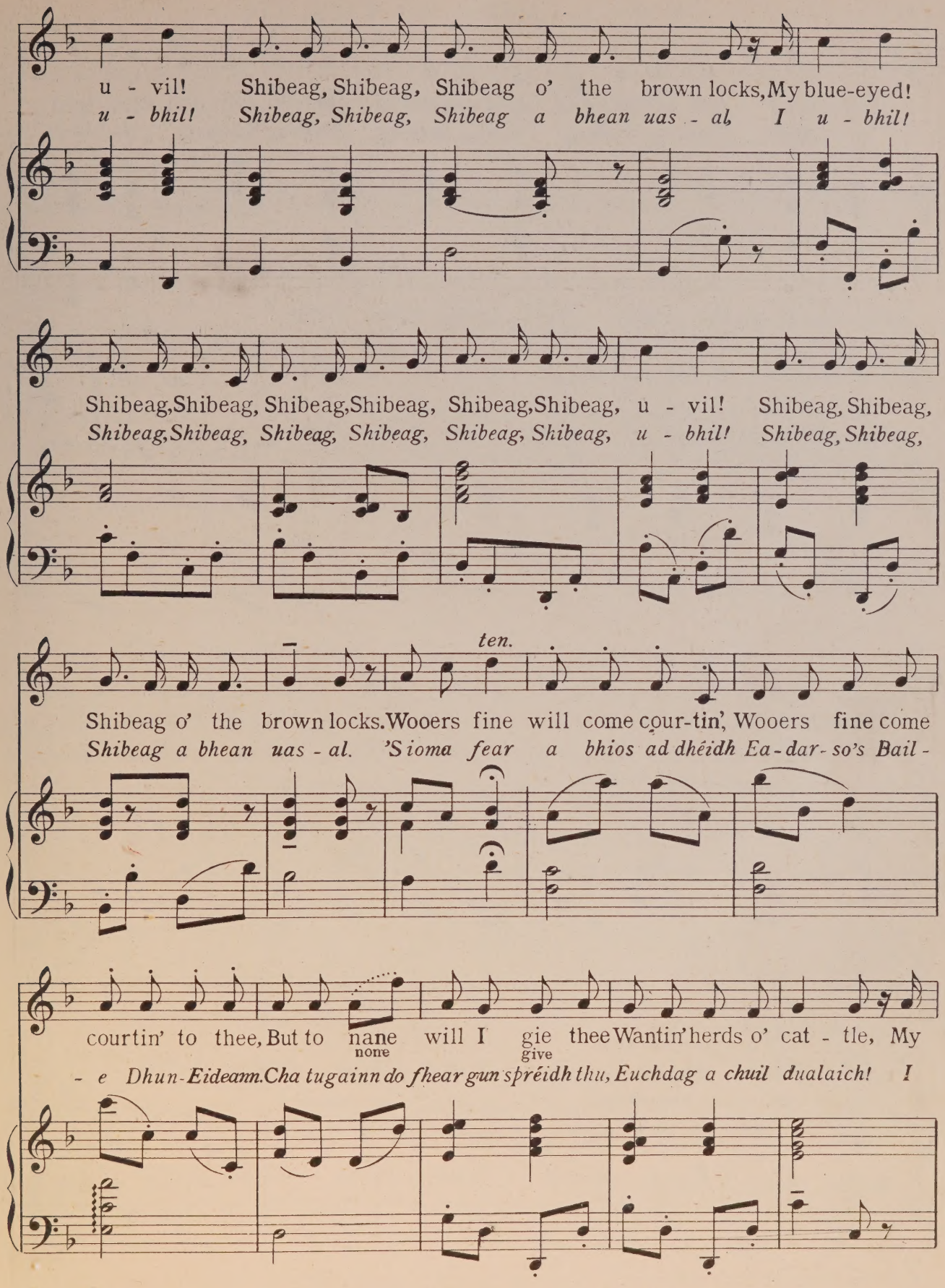
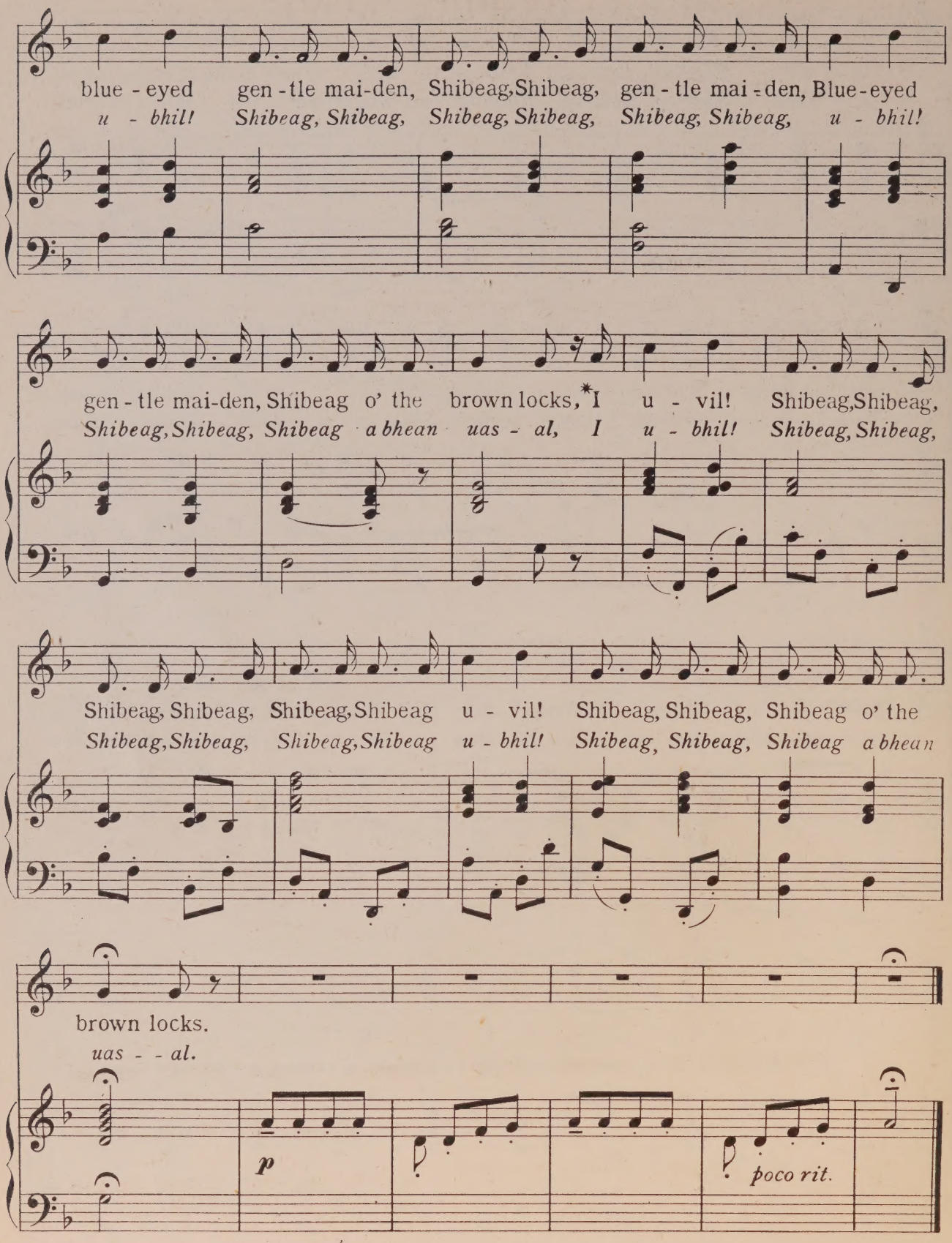
*A child's name, pronounced *eepak*.

† Italian pronunciation

blue - eyed Shi - beag, Shi-beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi-beag, u - vil!
u - bhil Shi - beag, Shi-beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi - beag, Shi-beag, u - bhil!
Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag o' the brown locks! I will dance at thy bri-dal,
Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag a bhean uas - al! Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais!
Blythely dance at thy bri-dal, I will dance at thy bri-dal, Auld wife tho' I
Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais, Ni mi danns' aig do bhanais: (Old) sean a bhios mi'n
be syne. My blue-eyed Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi - beag, Shi-beag, Shi - beag, Shi-beag,
(then) uair sin. I u - bhil, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi - beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag, Shi-beag,


u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag o' the brown locks, My blue-eyed!
u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil!
Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag,
Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag,
ten.
Shibeag o' the brown locks. Wooers fine will come cour-tin', Wooers fine come
Shibeag a bhean uas - al. 'S ioma fear a bhios ad dhéidh Ea - dar - so's Bail -
courtin' to thee, But to nane will I gie thee Wantin' herds o' cat - tle, My
none
give
- e Dhun-Eideann. Cha tugainn do fhear gun spréidh thu, Euchdag a chuil dualaich! I


blue - eyed gen - tle mai-den, Shibeag, Shibeag, gen - tle mai - den, Blue - eyed
u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, u - bhil!
gen - tle mai-den, Shibeag o' the brown locks, *I u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag,
Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean uas - al, I u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag,
Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag u - vil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag o' the
Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag u - bhil! Shibeag, Shibeag, Shibeag a bhean
brown locks.
uas - - al.
p
poco rit.

Coll Nurse's Lilt *Italian i

HEART O' FIRE-LOVE.

Hail to Clanranald

M'eudail, M'eudail Mac 'ic Ailean.

Gaelic words
and translation contributed by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by Kenneth Macleod
and M. Kennedy-Fraser
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.
Arrangement for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Ecstatically.

* This phrase in each verse moves forward, not reaching its climax till the beginning of the third bar with the word Heart again. Therefore a slight acceleration *rubato* must be used towards the climax which is then leant upon.

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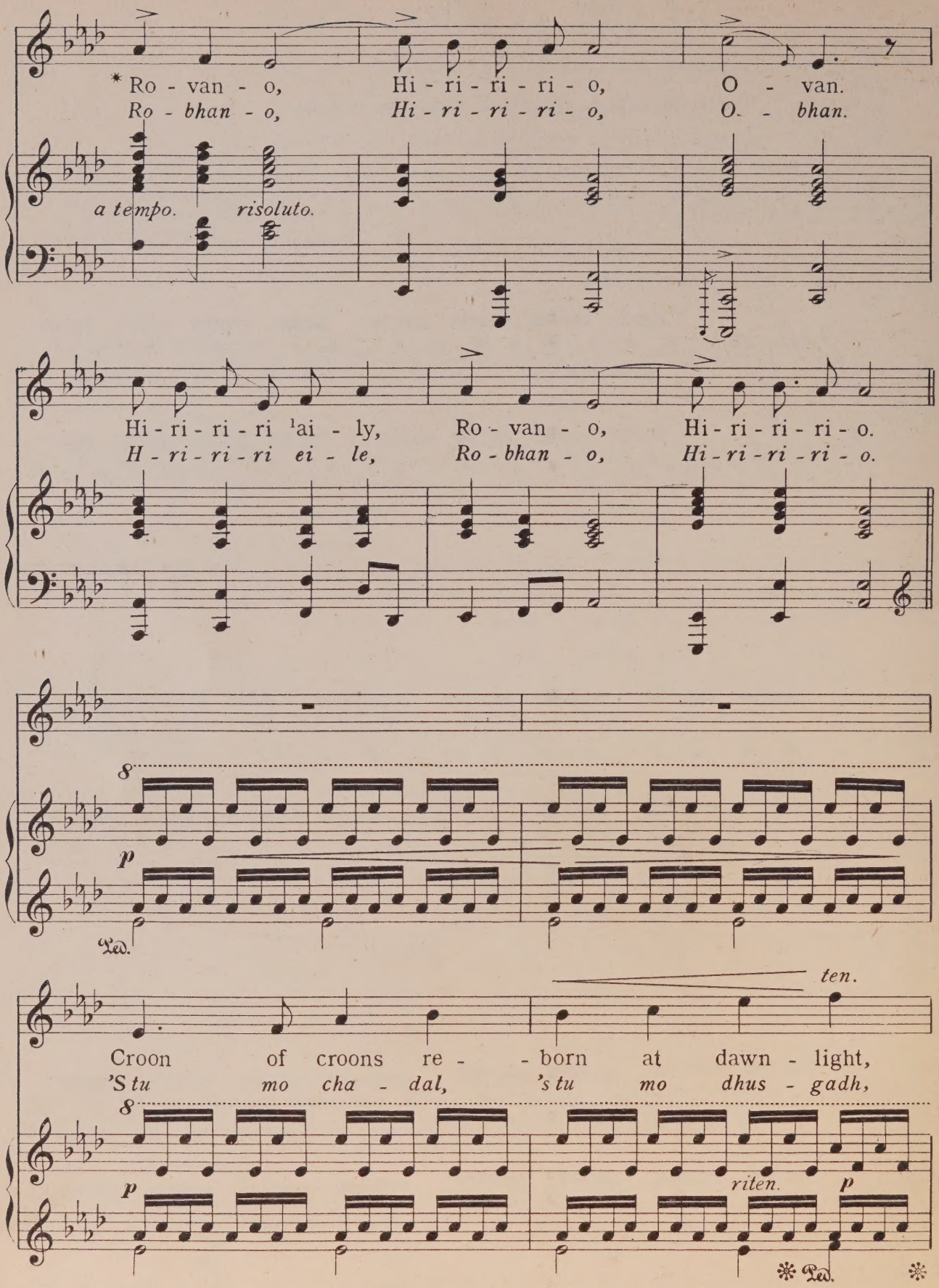
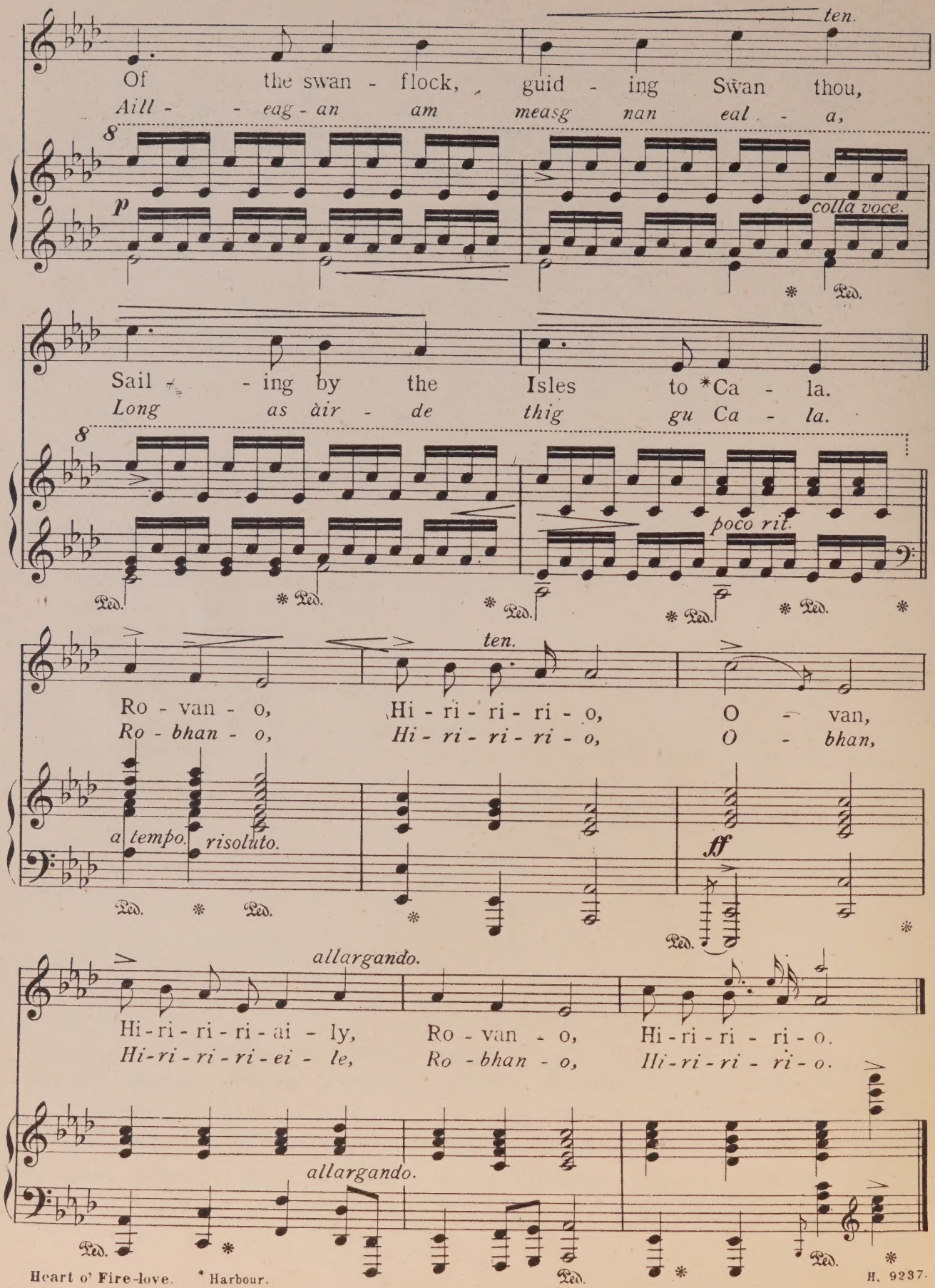

* Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - van.
Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - bhan.
a tempo. risoluto.
Hi - ri - ri - ri [1]ai - ly, Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
H - ri - ri - ri ei - le, Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
8
p
Led.
ten.
Croon of croons re - - born at dawn - light,
'S tu mo cha - dal, 's tu mo dhus - gadh,
8
p
riten.
p
Led.

Heart o' Fire-Love. *Italian vowel sounds [1]To rhyme with daily

Thou'rt my dream - ing, Thou my wa - king.
Anns a' mha - dainn S'tu'n sgeul ur domh.
8
p
poco rit.
Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - - van,
Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - - bhan,
a tempo. risoluto.
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ai - ly, Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ei - le, Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
8
p


ten.
Of the swan - flock, guid - ing Swan thou,
Aill - - eag - an am measg nan eal - a,
8
p
colla voce.
Ped. * Ped.
Sail - - ing by the Isles to *Ca - la.
Long as àir - de thig gu Ca - la.
8
poco rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ten.
Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - van,
Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o, O - bhan,
a tempo. risoluto.
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
allargando.
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ai - ly, Ro - van - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ei - le, Ro - bhan - o, Hi - ri - ri - ri - o.
allargando.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Heart o' Fire-love. * Harbour.

CUCHULLAN AND HIS SON.

First in time and first in prowess among the heroes of the Gael, Cuchullan is the sun arising.

Trained to the skill of arms, in the Isle of Skye, by Queen Sgathach and her warrior women, he went forth to the wars of Erin, nor remembered that he had left wife and child behind him. In red anger, Aife the Dour put her son under the spell, "In the day of thy manhood, meet him thou shalt in the deadly combat, nor tell who thou art." In the hour of fate, father and son met. The son, knowing, sent his spear shaft foremost. The father, not knowing, sent his spear point foremost. And the son fell.

Under a solitary tree, many hills away, the father, knowing, kept the death-watch over his only son :

Woe is me! my son a-keening.

And for days no bird dared perch on that tree. But one day a raven perched. And the folk said : Cuchullan is dead.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

*CUCHULLAN'S LAMENT FOR HIS SON.

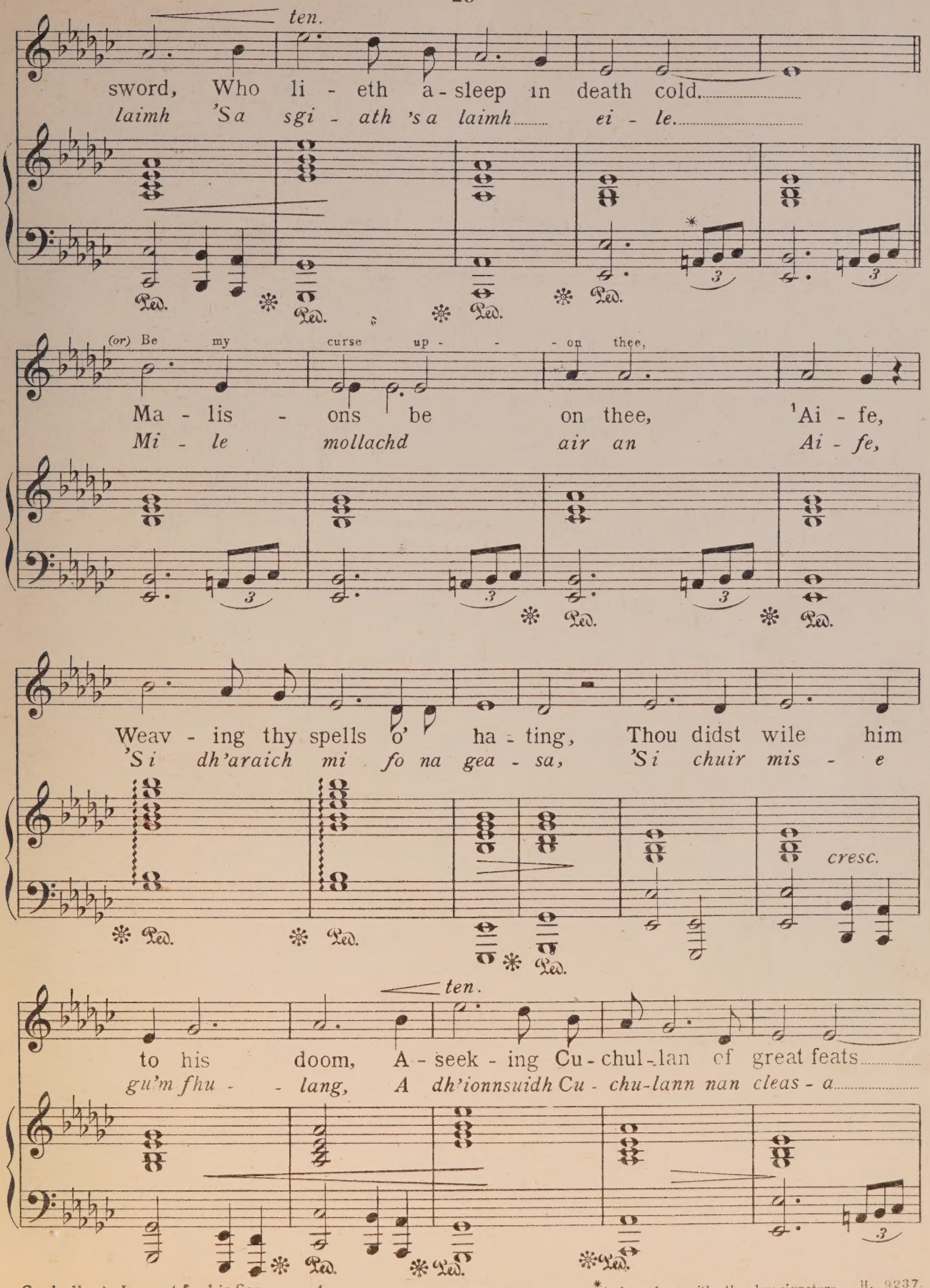
Cuchulann 's a Mhac.

Air and words from Duncan Maclellan, Eigg,
Collected and translated by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Maestoso e passionato.
Voice.
Piano.
Woe is
Och nan
col Ped.
me! My son a - keen - ing! Loud o'er the moor my
och is och ei - re! Trom mi ri siubh - al
Ped.
wail - cry, Clang-ing thy shield and flame-keen
bein - ne, Arm mo mhic 's an da - ra
Ped.

*Pronounced Coo-hoolan. † or it may be taken with key signature


ten.
sword, Who li - eth a - sleep in death cold.
laimh 'Sa sgi - ath 's a laimh ei - le.
(or) Be my curse up - - - on thee,
Ma - lis - ons be on thee, [1]Ai - fe,
Mi - le mollachd air an Ai - fe,
Weav - ing thy spells o' ha - ting, Thou didst wile him
'Si dh'araich mi fo na gea - sa, 'Si chuir mis - e
cresc.
ten.
to his doom, A - seek - ing Cu - chul - lan of great feats
gu'm fhu - - lang, A dh'ionnsuidh Cu - chu-lann nan cleas - a

[1] The wife of Cuchullan. Pronounced I-fa. *A sharp here with other key signature

Woe is me! My son a - keen-ing!
Och nan och, is och ei - re!
Loud o'er the moors my wail - cry, Cu - chul-lan has
Trom mi ri siubh - al bein - ne, Arm mo
ten.
slain Cu - chul-lan's son, now ly - ing a - sleep in
mhic 'san da - ra laimh 'Sa sgi - ath's a laimh
colla voce.
death cold.
ei - le.
p a tempo
pp
Ped.
both pedals.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of Monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This from the Sleat Seanachie and from the two Books of Clanranald, the Red and the Black:

THE age of the world at the time the Sons of Milé came into Erin, 3500. And here are the names of the Sons of Milé of Spain, to wit, Ir and Eremon and Eber the Fair, Arannan, Colpan of the Glaive, and Emergin White-Knee, the poet; he was poet and seanachie and judge unto them; likewise, the first Gaelic author. From the race of Eremon, aforesaid, through Conn* of the Hundred Battles and through Coll the Noble, are the Lords of the Isles; to whom pertained a big house and the half of Alba; whose likeness was Cuchullan and he the sun arising; and to whom is the headship of the Gael, as it is but right to proclaim.

Donald of the Isles, son of the Good John, son of Angus Og, son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ranald, son of Somerled, the noble and renowned high chief of the Hebrides. He it was who received the sceptre from his brother, Ranald, at the Cill of St. Donnan, in the Isle of Eigg.† And this is the manner in which a Lord of the Isles was crowned: There was a square stone, seven feet long, and the tract of a man's foot cut thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his fathers, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. He was clothed in a white habit, to show his innocence and integrity of heart, and that he would be a light to his people, and maintain the true religion. Then he was to receive a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity. Then he received his forefathers' sword, signifying that his duty was to protect and defend his people from the incursions of their enemies, in peace or in war, as the obligations and customs of his fathers were. The ceremony being over, mass was said after the blessing of the bishop and seven priests, the people pouring their prayer for the success and prosperity of the new created Lord. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter; and gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards and musicians.

Of Donald of the Isles, aforesaid, there are many exploits and deeds written in other places. He fought the Battle of Harlaw against Duke Murdoch of Scotland in defence of his own right; and he gave lands in Moola and in Islay to the Monastery of Iona; and, likewise, made a covering of gold and silver for the relic of the hand of Colum-cille. He afterwards died in Islay. And this is the manner in which a Lord of the Isles would die: Monks and priests being over him, and he having received the Body of Christ, and the Holy Oil having been put upon him, his fair body was brought to Iona of Colum-cille. And the abbot and the monks and the vicars came forth to meet him, as it was the custom to meet the body of the King of the Isles; and his service and waking were honourably performed during eight days and eight nights; after which, his full noble body was laid in the same grave with his fathers, in the Reilig of Oran.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

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* For Conn and Coll see the heroic lullaby, "The Cradle Lord of the Isles." *p.* 149.

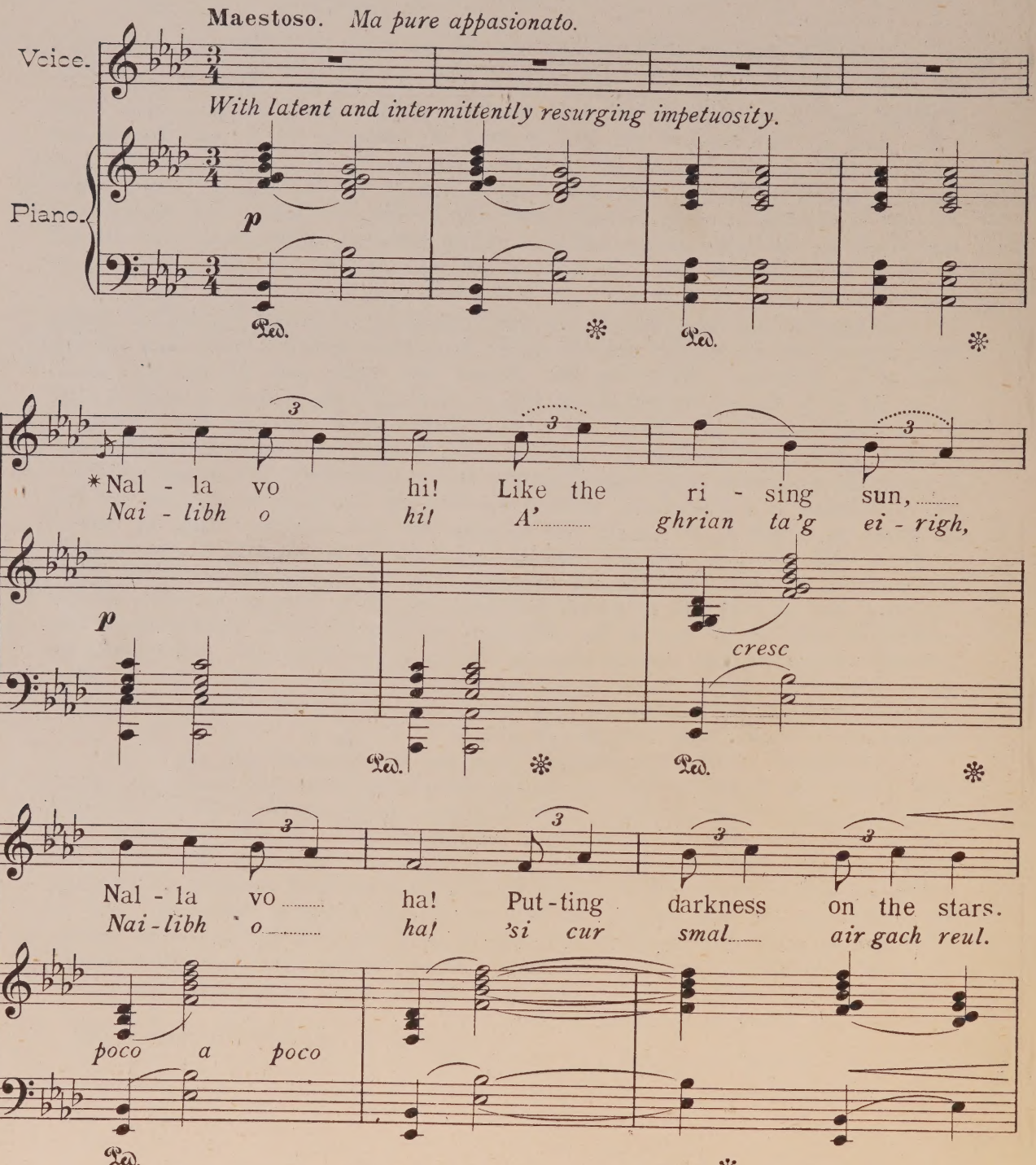
† Towards the end of the 14th century. The processional, "To the Lord of the Isles," is said to have been sung at the Eigg crowning. Finlaggan in Islay was the usual place of crowning.

TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

BUACHAILLE NAN EILEAN.

Air and words from the traditional singing of
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Noted and arranged for voice and piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY—FRASER.


Maestoso. Ma pure appasionato.
Voice.
With latent and intermittently resurging impetuosity.
Piano.
p
Ped.
*Nal - la vo hi! Like the ri - sing sun,
Nai - libh o hi! A' ghrian ta'g ei - righ,
cresc
Nal - la vo ha! Put-ting darkness on the stars.
Nai-libh o ha! 'si cur smal air gach reul.
poco a poco

* N. B. Slightly intone the "N" on the grace note indicated before proceeding to the vowel.
* Italian pronunciation.

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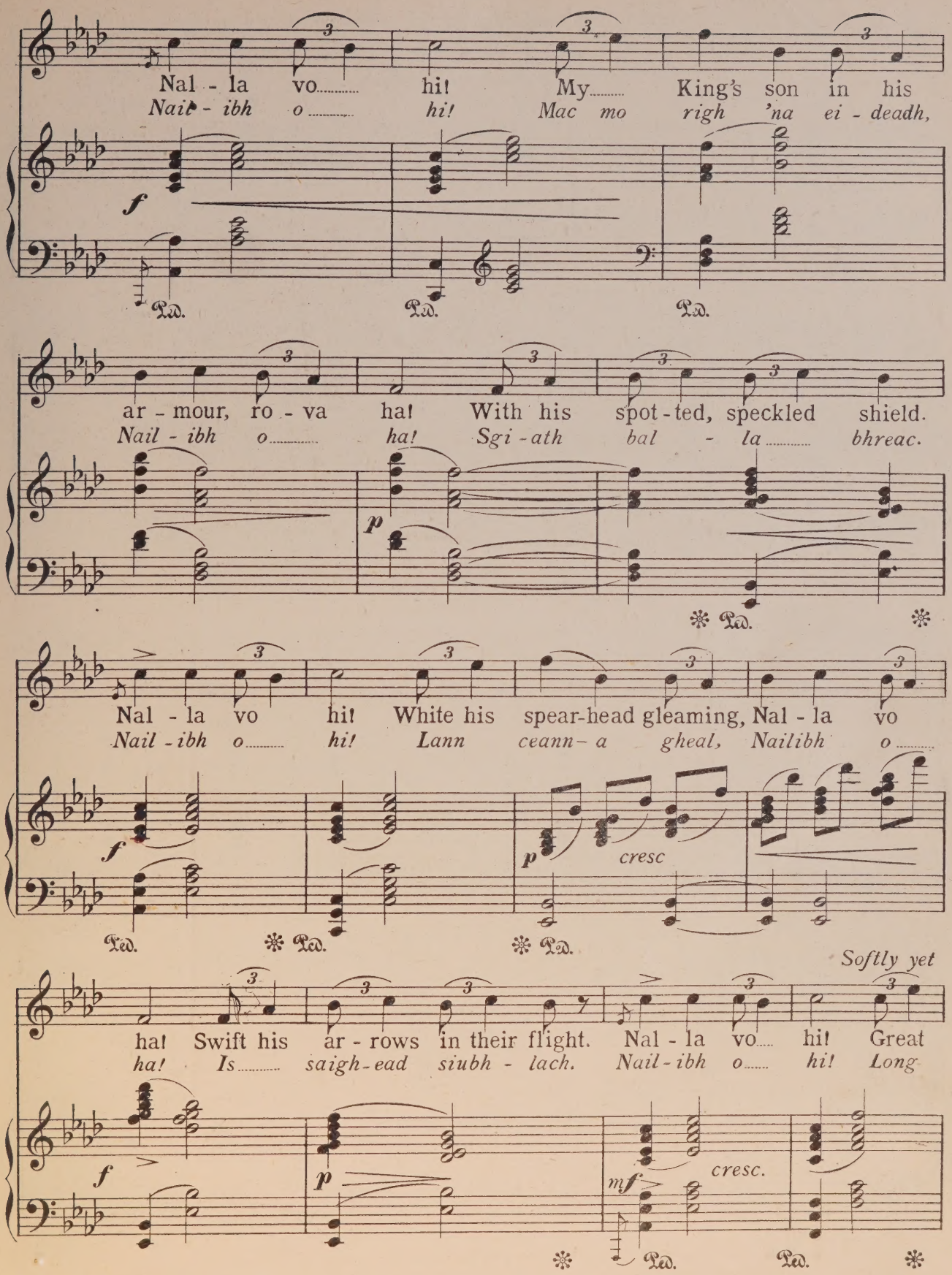
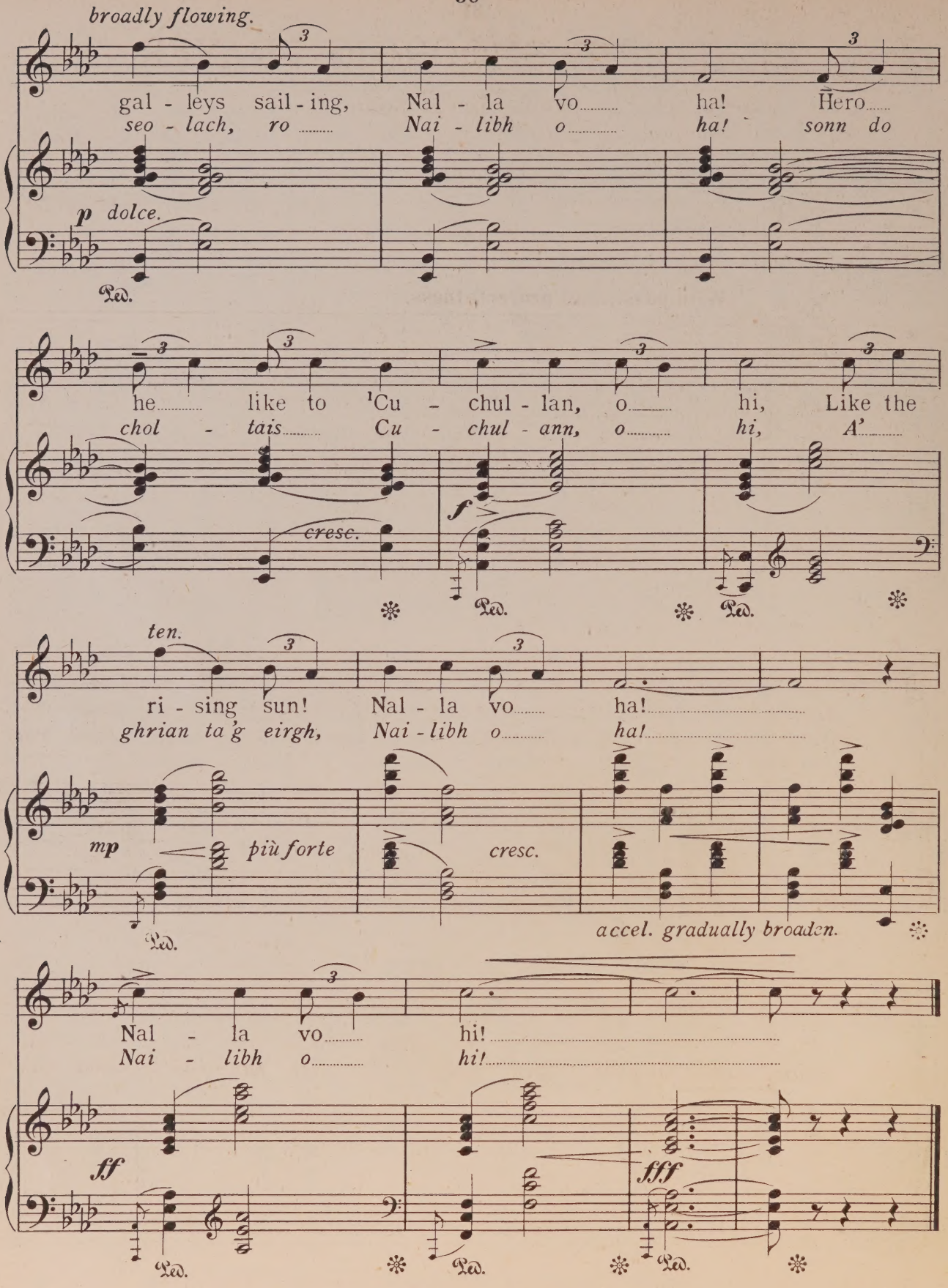

Nal - la vo..... hi! My..... King's son in his
Nail - ibh o..... hi! Mac mo righ 'na ei - deadh,
f
Ped.
ar - mour, ro - va ha! With his spot - ted, speckled shield.
Nail - ibh o..... ha! Sgi - ath bal - la..... bhreac.
p
Nal - la vo hi! White his spear-head gleaming, Nal - la vo
Nail - ibh o..... hi! Lann ceann - a gheal, Nailibh o.....
f
p
cresc
Softly yet
ha! Swift his ar - rows in their flight. Nal - la vo.... hi! Great
ha! Is..... saigh - ead siubh - lach. Nail - ibh o..... hi! Long
f
p
mf
cresc.


broadly flowing.
gal - leys sail - ing, Nal - la vo..... ha! Hero.....
seo - lach, ro..... Nai - libh o..... ha! sonn do
p dolce.
Ped.
he..... like to [1]Cu - chul - lan, o..... hi, Like the
chol - tais..... Cu - chul - ann, o..... hi, A'.....
cresc.
f
Ped. Ped.
ten.
ri - sing sun! Nal - la vo..... ha!.....
ghrian ta'g eirgh, Nai - libh o..... ha!.....
mp più forte cresc.
Ped.
accel. gradually broaden.
Nal - la vo..... hi!.....
Nai - libh o..... hi!.....
ff
fff
Ped. Ped. Ped.

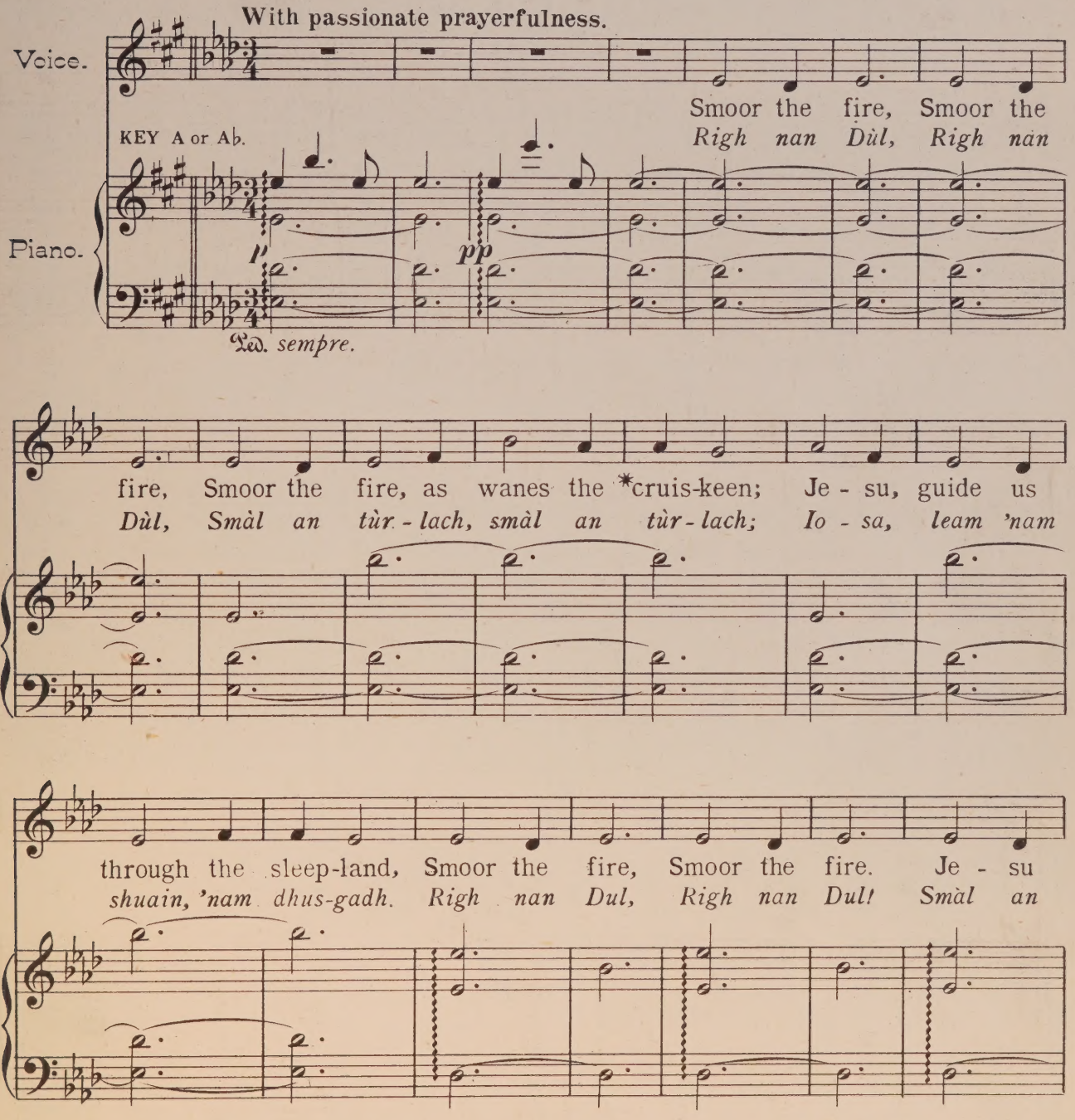
[1] Pronounce Coo-hoolan.

PEAT-FIRE SMOORING PRAYER.

Smàl an Tùrlach.

Air from ISHABEL MACLEOD, Eigg,
Old fragment arranged and translated by
KENNETH MACLEOD

Arranged for Voice and Piano or Clarsach by.
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With passionate prayerfulness.
Voice.
Piano.
KEY A or Ab.
p
pp
Ped. sempre.
Smoor the fire, Smoor the
Righ nan Dùl, Righ nan
fire, Smoor the fire, as wanes the *cruis-keen; Je - su, guide us
Dùl, Smàl an tùr - lach, smàl an tùr - lach; Io - sa, leam 'nam
through the sleep-land, Smoor the fire, Smoor the fire. Je - su
shuain, 'nam dhus-gadh. Righ nan Dul, Righ nan Dul! Smàl an

*small lamp

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Lord, and drown wi tears Fires o' rage where sleep lies wounded,
tùr - lach's bàth le deoir Fàd na còmh - raig - e 's na *cuar-taich.
p
Ped. sempre.
Fires o' rage where sleep lies wounded, Ra - ging fires, Ra - ging
Fàd na còmh - raig - e 's na cuar-taich, Bàth le d'dheoir, Bàth le d'
fires. God the Fa - ther, guard my child, Where meet swords, where
dheoir. Righ nan Dùl! bi dìon mo phais-de, Moch is ana - moch
death is keening, Hear my cry! Hear my cry! Ma - ry
anns an àr ud, Righ nan Dùl! Righ nan Dùl! Mha - thair

*Frenzy or fever.

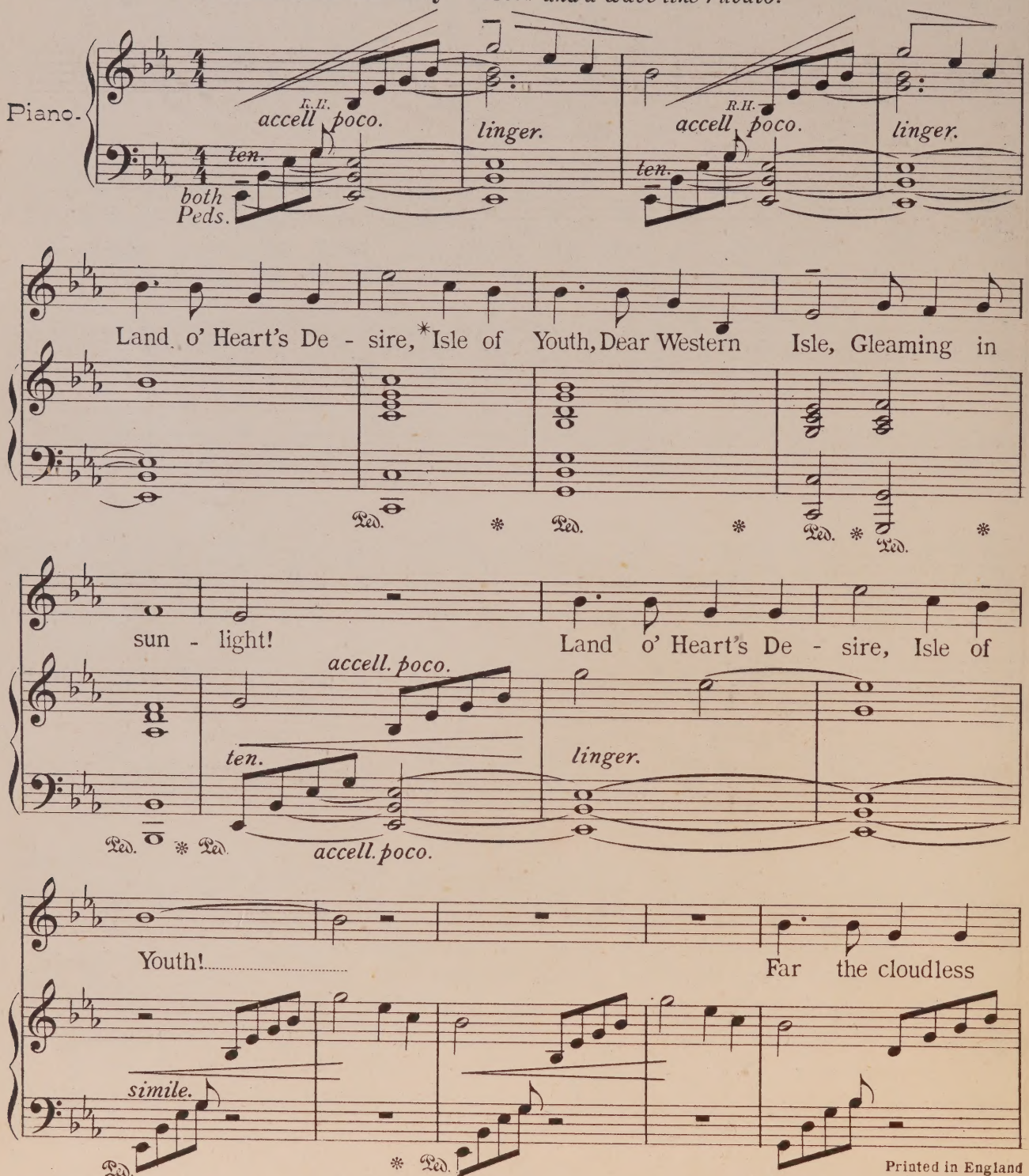
Mo - ther, hear my cry! On thy knee a child was coo - ing,
Mhoir - e, Mhathair ghaoil, Mha - thair ghaoil thug glun do phais - de,
Ped. sempre.
On thy knee a child was coo - ing, Hear my cry! Hear my
Cum do shùl air ceum mo ghraidh-sa, Mhath - air ghaoil, Mhath - air
pp
cry! Arm 'o' smi - ting, Sword o' wounding, Stay thou the hand, stay
ghaoil, Làmh a leòn - adh, Làmh a chiurr-adh, Bac fein an lamh, Cuir
thou the wound, Ma - ry, hear a mo - ther's prayer.
stad 'san lann, Mhath-air ghaoil, tha math'r fo leon.
*

LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

Set to English words by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by Frances Tolmie in N. Uist.
Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With ecstatic serenity. (♩=120.) *and a wave-like rubato.*



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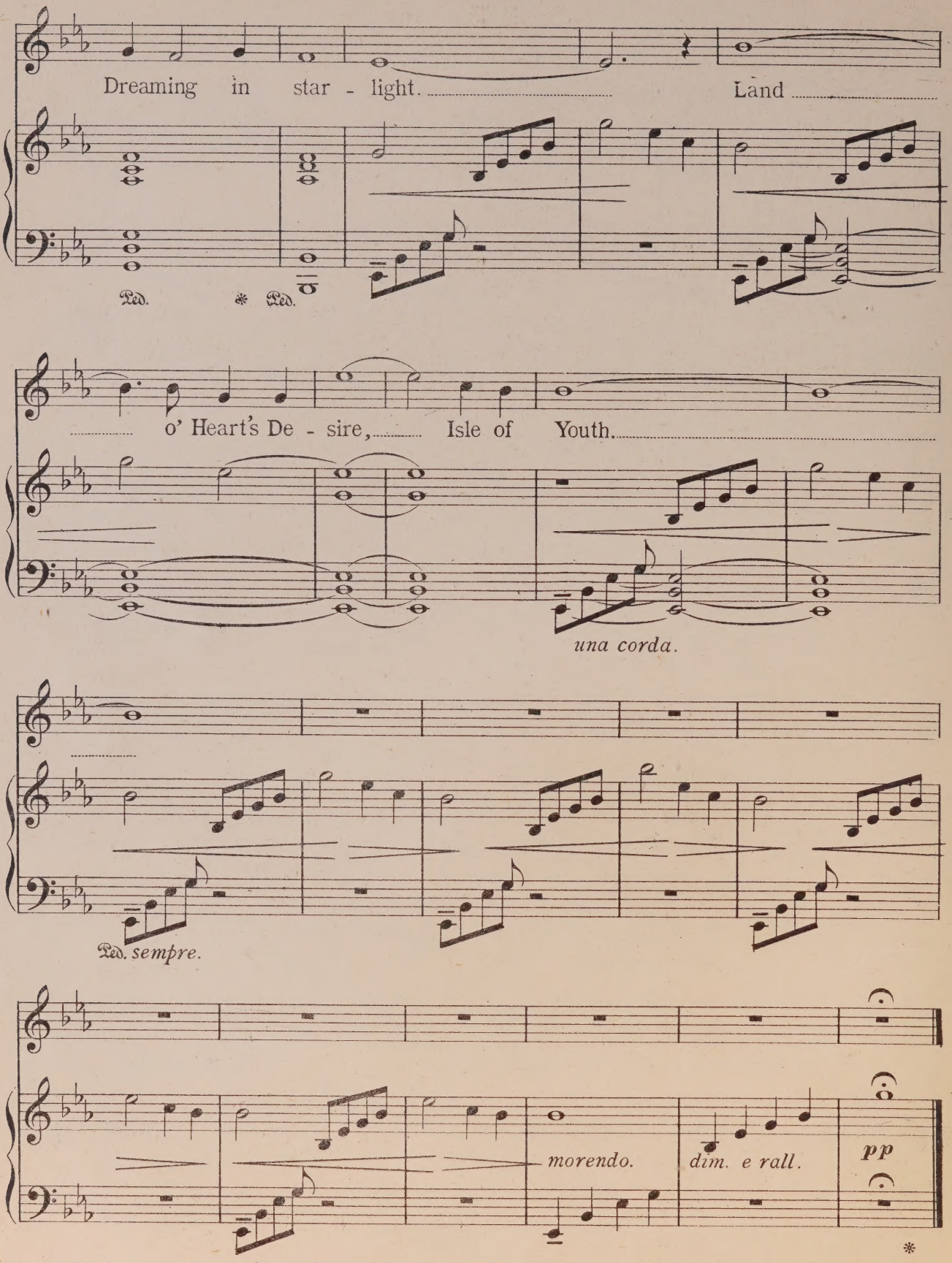
*The Celtic Paradise

sky Stretches blue Across the Isle, Green in the sun - - -
tranquillo.
accel.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
- - - - light, - Far the cloudless sky Stretches
ten.
8
a tempo.
poco rit.
una corda.
* Ped.
blue
a tempo.
There shall thou and I Wander free, On sheen-white sands,
tre corde.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.


Dreaming in star - light. Land
Ped. * Ped.
o' Heart's De - sire, Isle of Youth.
una corda.
Ped. sempre.
morendo.
dim. e rall.
pp
*

THE LAY OF THE MIGHTY FOOL, PARSIFAL.

Strange to find to-day in the Isles, in living tradition, tales of the ordeals imposed on the legendary Amadan Mor, the Guileless One, the Mighty Fool, Peredur, Peronnik, Parsifal, as he is variously known in Celtic legend and in European literature based thereon.

The adventures of the Amadan Mor are evidently allegorical, possibly esoteric in origin. In the mystic valley he yields to temptation, but does not succumb, and, struggling on, he reaches the golden city. Campbell, of the West Highland Tales, considers this lay as an episode in the adventures of a Celtic hero who, in the 12th century, became *Perceval le chercheur du basin.* In the end he becomes possessor of that sacred basin of the Saint Graal and also of the holy lance, two symbols which, though Christian in the later stories are but the ancient Gaelic talismans which appear often in Gaelic tales—the shining weapon which destroys and the sacred cup which heals.

The four verses given here for singing purposes have been selected from the much longer ancient poem. In them, the Amadan Mor is depicted as a Celtic knight of ancient days. No mediæval personage, the figure is that of the aristocratic fighting Gaul of Europe in pre-Christian times. With long-flowing hair (Gruagach), sword on left thigh, *two* spears in hand—the Japanese fighting aristocracy, the Samurai, carried also two spears—he holds, as did his Culloden descendants, his small shield in grip. And he enters, not a flower garden of temptation, as in continental versions of the story, but an uncanny "Glen of meadow, grass and plain, where is heard the sound of waves." The Lochlan to which he comes is a mythical Land-over-the-sea, as unreal geographically as Klingsor's magical Garden. And in the mystic Glen of Spells he is the readier to drink the baneful cup offered him by the *Gruagach of the Cup* as the salt-water taste of his sea-travel is still in his mouth.

NOTE.—Heroic Gaelic poetry of this kind is distinguished by its even seven syllables to a line. In the singing translation we have been able fortunately to give a literal rendering which is at the same time complete within each line.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

THE GLEN OF SPELLS.

(The Lay of the Great Fool).

Laoidh an Amadain Mhóir.

Words collated by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Air collected from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg,
by KENNETH MACLEOD and
PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER

Maestoso. (♩ = 80)
Voice.
Piano.
To Loch - lan, land of
Lath - a do'n A -
L.H.
poco rit.
f a tempo mp
Ped.
(or) man with - out guile,
mu - sic sweet, Came one day A - ma - tan Mór,
ma - dan Mhór An crïoch Lochlainn nan ceol caoin,
mp poco string. cresc.
rall. f riten.
Ped.
Great his thirst, wave - taste in mouth, And the cloud-mists
Mòr a thart, blas thonn na bheul, A - gus sgleo nan
mf a tempo
rall.
riten.
mp a tempo.
poco rall.
Ped.

*The great guileless one = Parcevale.

in his eyes. Re-
neul 'na shùil.
mp rit.
a tempo.
poco rall. e dim.
Ped.
- - splen-dent he glen-ward de-scends, *Grua - gach in full
A - lainn a thear-nadh ri gleann, Grua - gach an làn
f mp
mp cresc.
Ped.
ten.
flashing gold, Hand on blade by his left side,
dearrsadh òir, Lamh air lann air a thaobh clì,
al f rit.
mp a tempo.
cresc. rit.
Ped.
His two spears and shield in grip.
'S a dha shleagh 's a sgiath 'na dhòrn,
tempo.
f
Ped.

*Pronounced Grew-ak-ach, = one with flowing hair.

En - ter'd he the
Chaidh e steach do'n
mp
Ped.
glen of bliss,
ghleannan àigh,
Glen of meadow,
A b'aill-e slios
grass and plain,
feur is fonn,
accel.
un poco
rit.
Ped.
Glen aye se - cret,
Glean - nan diamh - air,
wist - - ful, quiet,
tiamh - - aidh, ciuin,
tempo. mp
poco rit.
There one hears the sound of waves.
Anns an cluinnteadh fuaim nan tonn.
tempo.
rit.
tempo.
f
mp

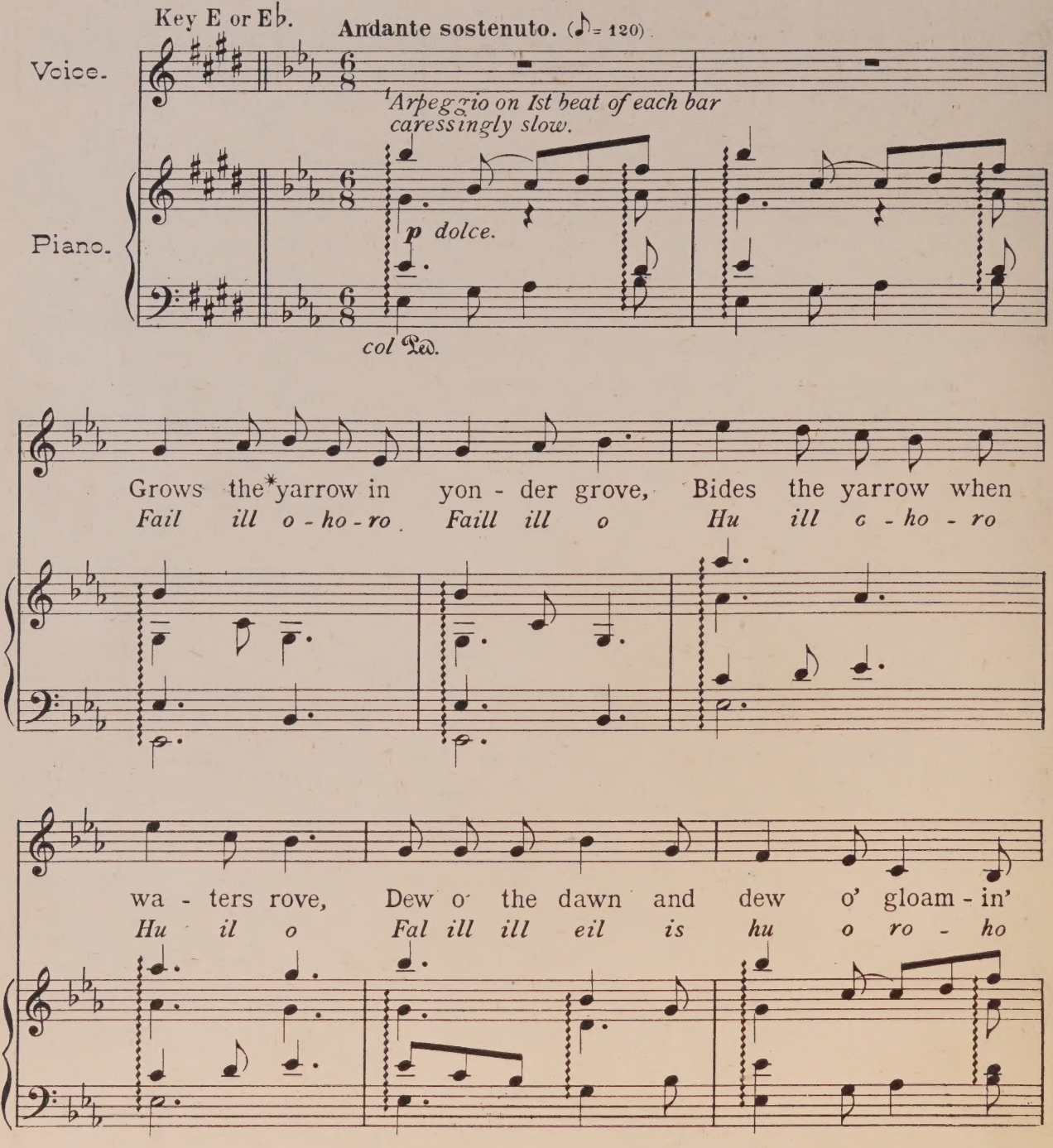
Glen of spells, the Dru - id's glen,
Gleann nan geas - a, Gleann nan Druidh,
poco dim e rall.
cupo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ten.
Glen of mu - sic, aye and joy, But be - ware, lest,
Anns an suth - ainnn mùirn is ceol, Ach na caid - il
p string. un poco.
rall f rit.
a tempo.
mp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sleep - ing there, Come to thee the great - er woe!
ann gu brath, Mu'n tig amh-ghar ort n'as mò!
rit. un poco.
tempo.
rall.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sf tempo.
mf
rit.
dim.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

THE ISLAND HERDMAID.

"'Sa choill ud thall."

Gaelic words and Air collected in Eigg
by FRANCES TOLMIE.
English by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Key E or E♭.
Andante sostenuto. (♪ = 120)
Voice.
Piano.
[1]Arpeggio on 1st beat of each bar caressingly slow.
p dolce.
col Ped.
Grows the*yarrow in yon - der grove, Bides the yarrow when
Fail ill o - ho - ro Faill ill o Hu ill o - ho - ro
wa - ters rove, Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam - in'
Hu il o Fal ill ill eil is hu o ro - ho

[1]The highest note of chord arrives *on* the beat, the others precede the beat.

*The Yarrow is the plant one pulls on May Day to see how the love course is running.

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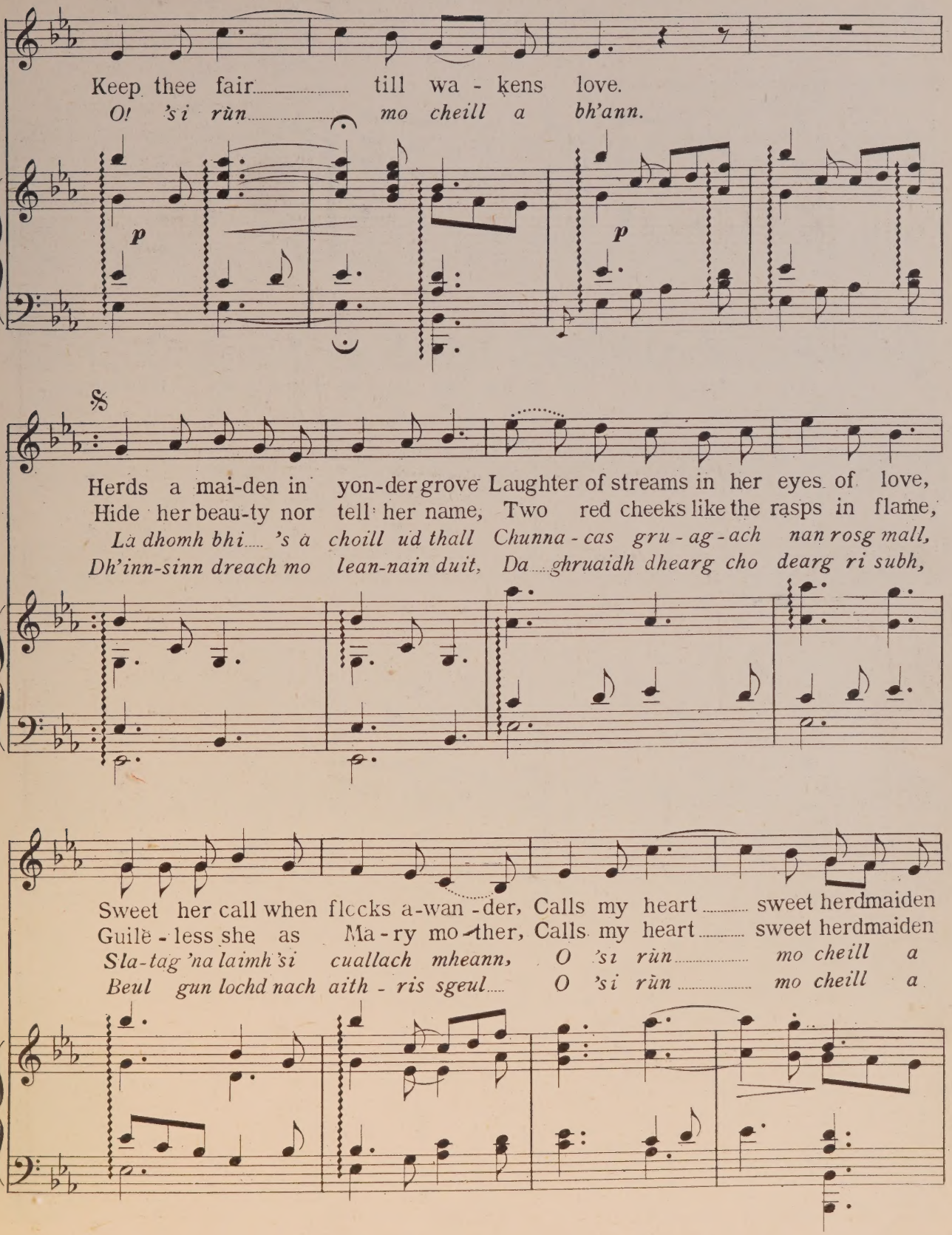
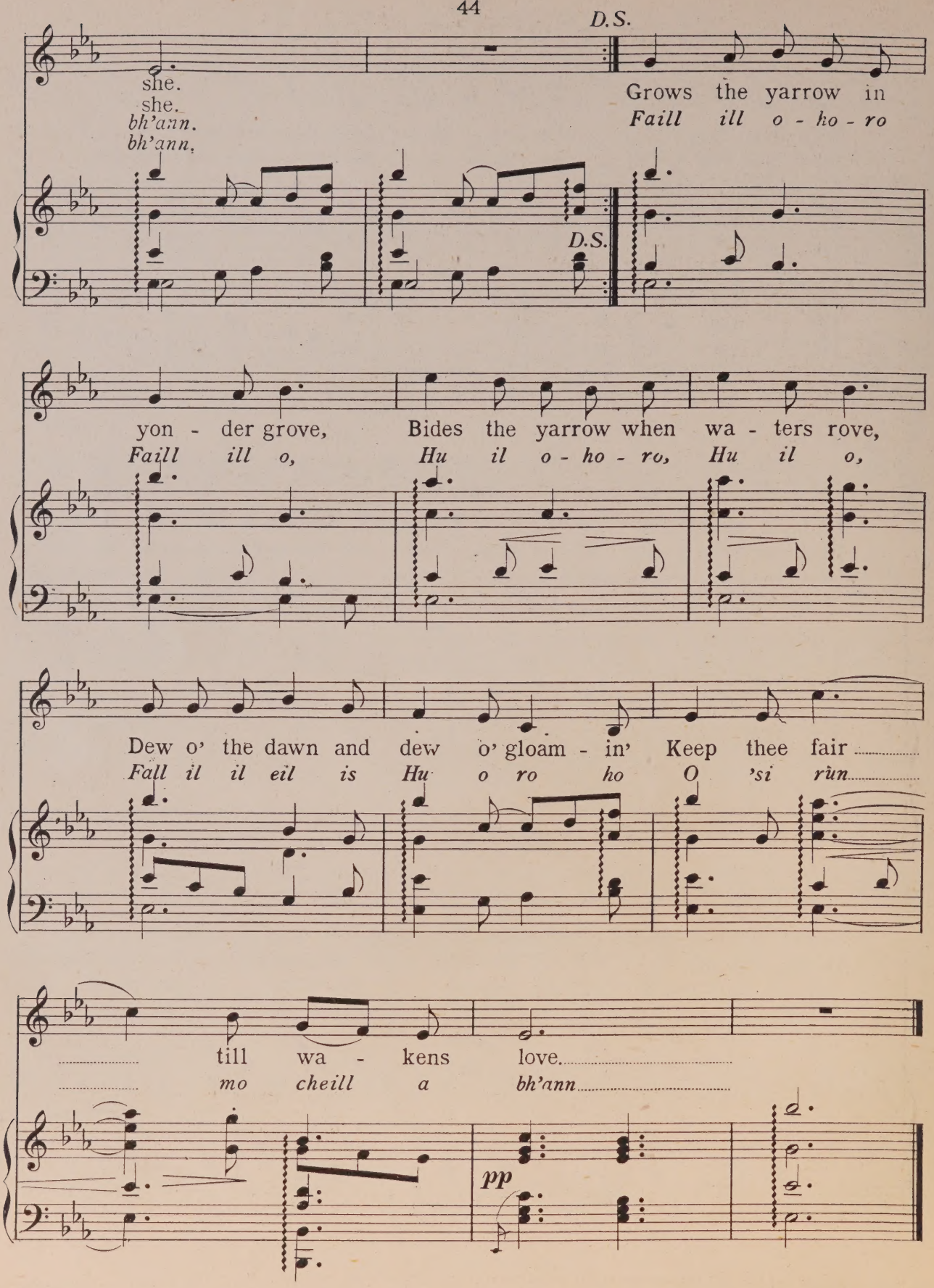

Keep thee fair..... till wa - kens love.
O! 'si rùn..... mo cheill a bh'ann.
p
p
Herds a mai-den in yon-der grove Laughter of streams in her eyes of love,
Hide her beau-ty nor tell her name, Two red cheeks like the rasps in flame,
La dhomh bhi..... 's a choill ud thall Chunna - cas gru - ag - ach nan rosg mall,
Dh'inn-sinn dreach mo lean-nain duit, Da..... ghruaidh dhearg cho dearg ri subh,
Sweet her call when flocks a-wan - der, Calls my heart..... sweet herdmaiden
Guilè - less she as Ma - ry mo - ther, Calls my heart..... sweet herdmaiden
Sla-tag 'na laimh 'si cuallach mheann, O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a
Beul gun lochd nach aith - ris sgeul..... O 'si rùn..... mo cheill a

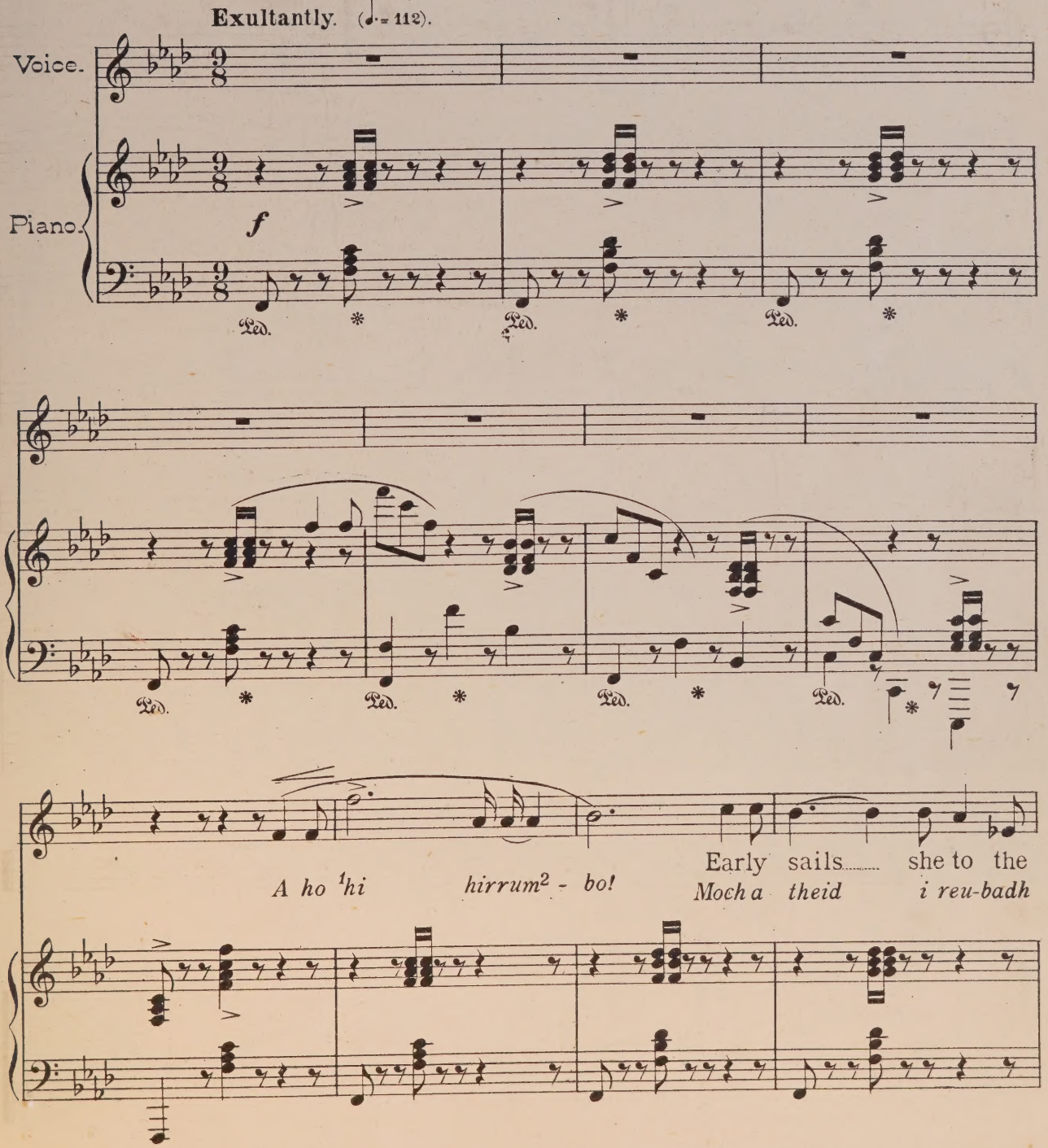

D.S.
she.
she.
bh'ann.
bh'ann.
Grows the yarrow in
Faill ill o - ho - ro
D.S.
yon - der grove,
Faill ill o,
Bides the yarrow when wa - ters rove,
Hu il o - ho - ro, Hu il o,
Dew o' the dawn and dew o' gloam - in' Keep thee fair
Fall il il eil is Hu o ro ho O 'si rùn
till wa - kens love.
mo cheill a bh'ann
pp

THE REIVING SHIP.

An Long Reubaidh.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Collected by KENNETH MACLEOD
and M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
from Mrs MACDONALD, Eigg.
English translation by KENNETH MACLEOD.



1 hi pronounced hee. 2 In these sea rapturous syllables, prolong the m into a sharply explosive b.

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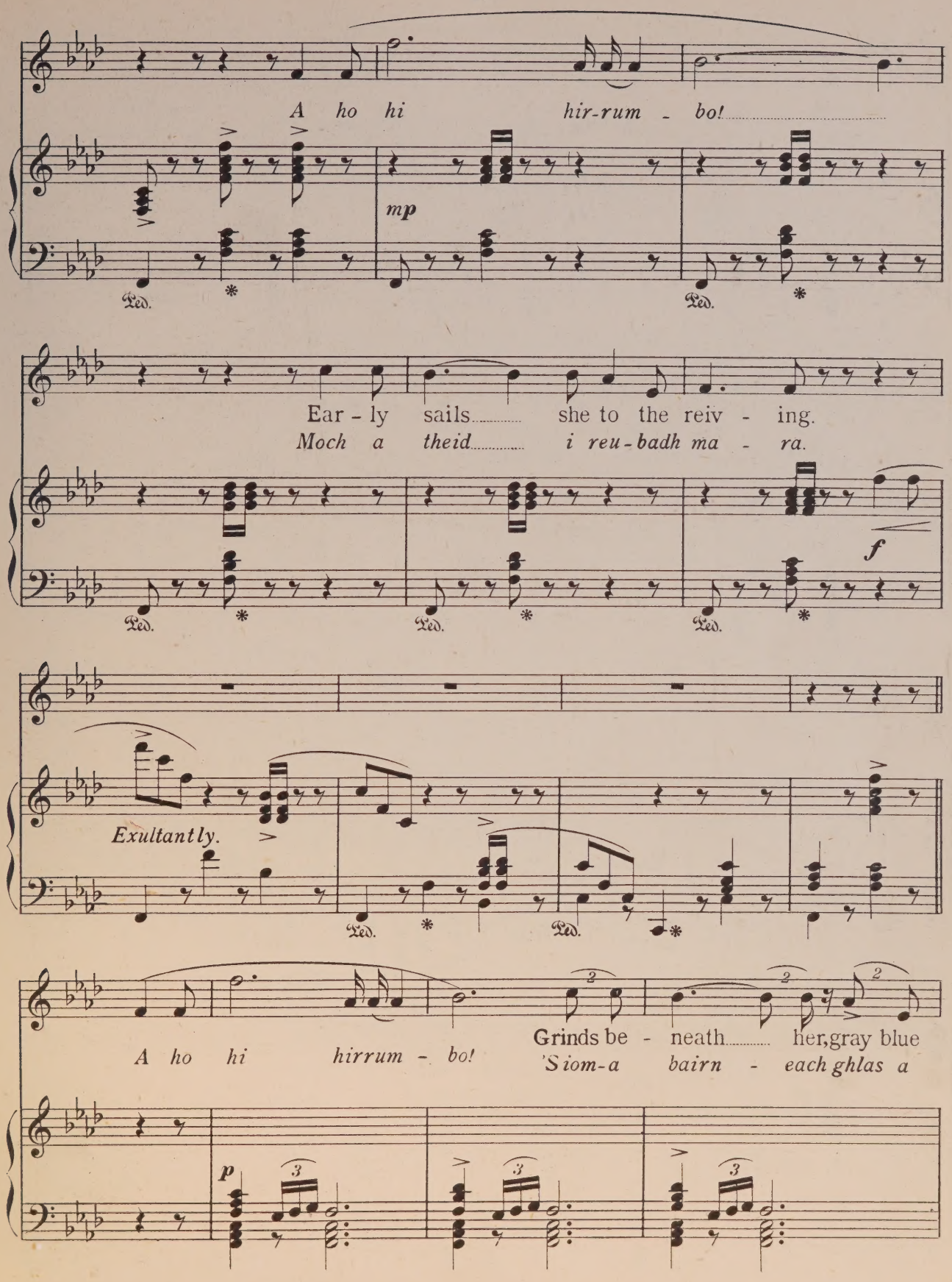
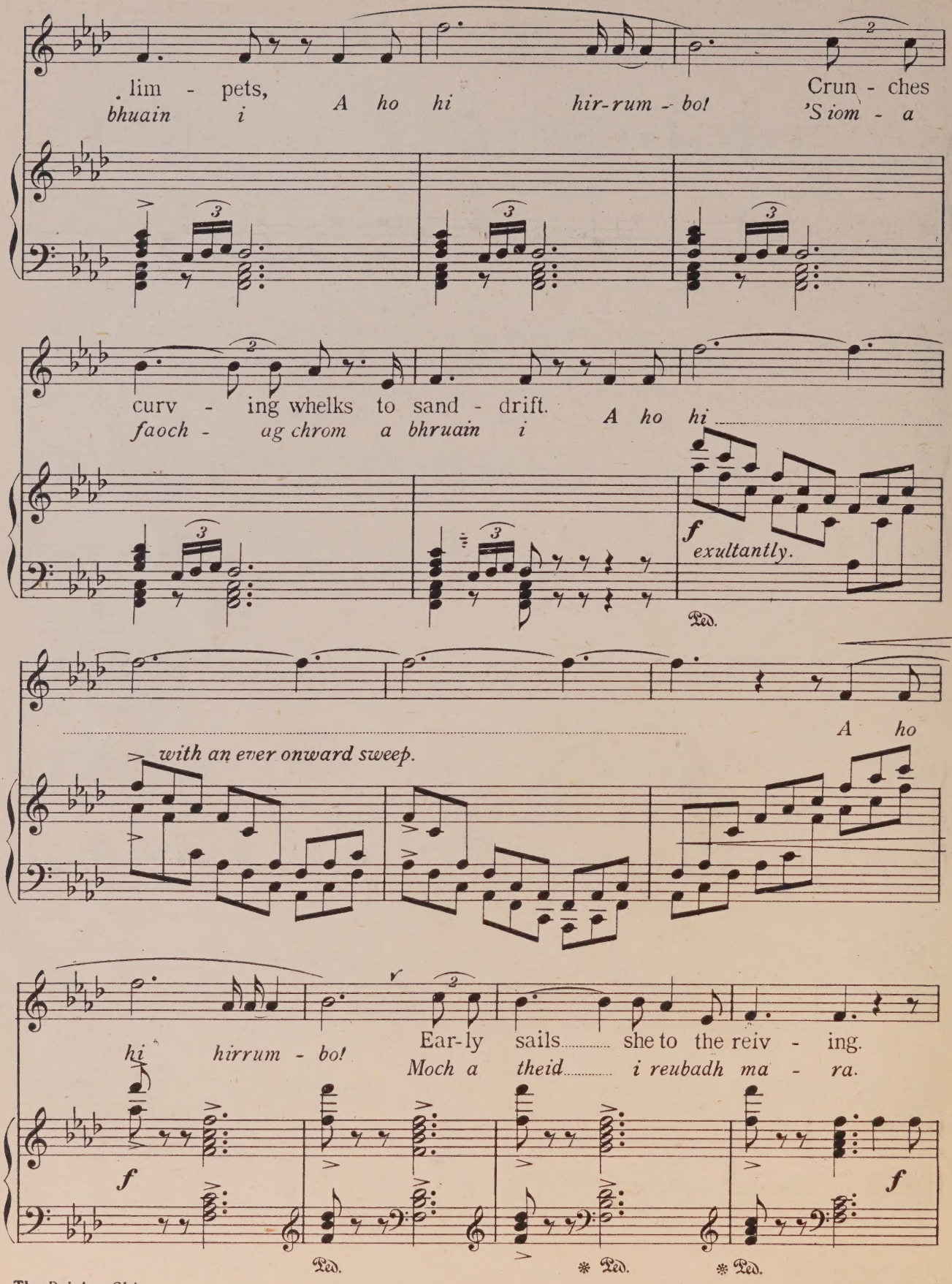
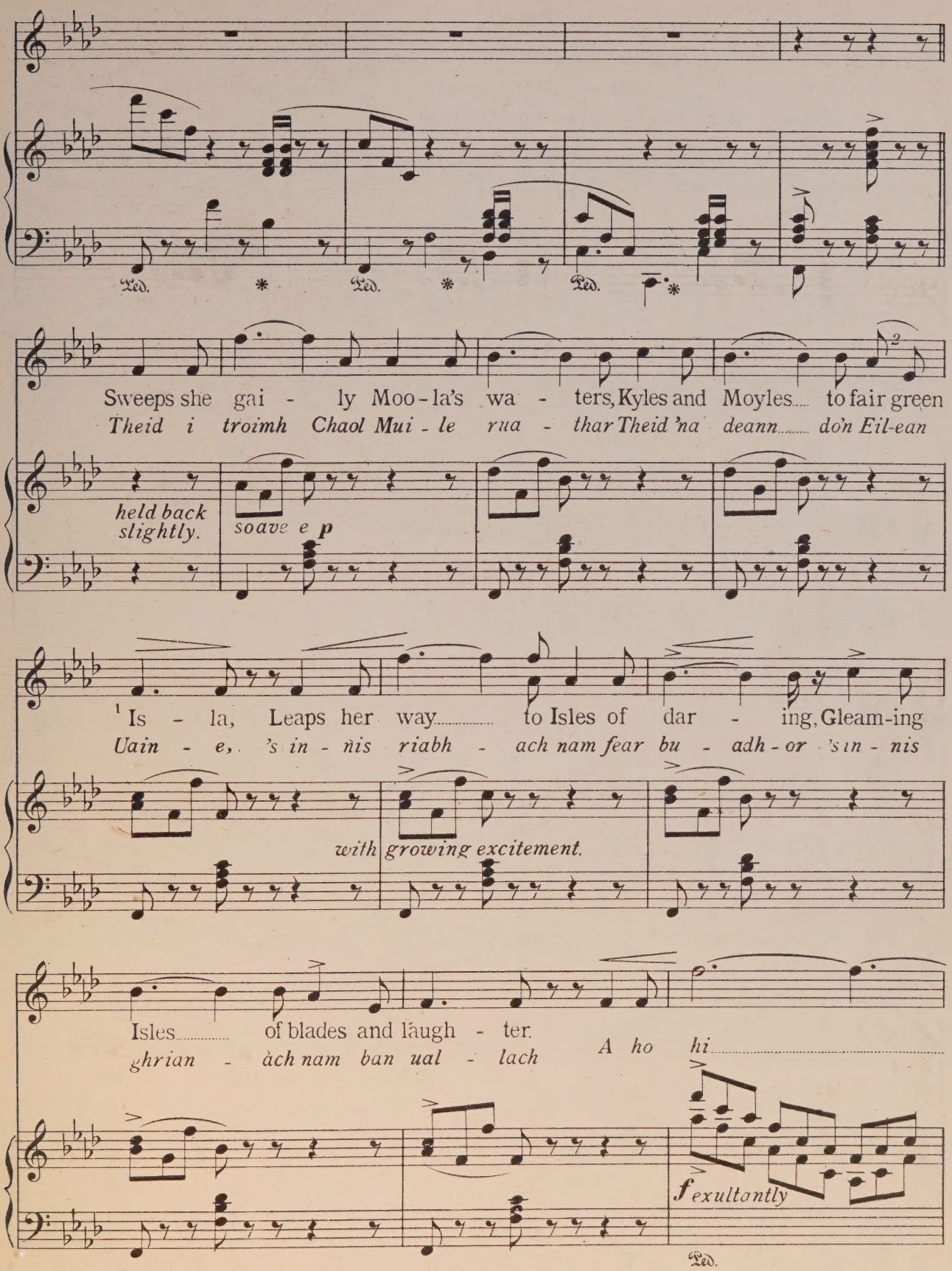
[1]Quest of adventure and spoil. (pronouced reeving)


A ho hi hir-rum - bo!
mp
Ped.
Ear - ly sails she to the reiv - ing.
Moch a theid i reu-badh ma - ra.
f
Exultantly.
A ho hi hirrum - bo!
Grinds be - neath her, gray blue
'S iom-a bairn - each ghlas a
p


lim - pets,
bhuain i
A ho hi hir-rum - bo!
Crun - ches
'S iom - a
curv - ing whelks to sand - drift.
faoch - ag chrom a bhruain i
A ho hi
f exultantly.
Ped.
A ho
with an ever onward sweep.
hi hirrum - bo!
Ear-ly sails she to the reiv - ing.
Moch a theid i reubadh ma - ra.
f
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Sweeps she gai - ly Moo-la's wa - ters, Kyles and Moyles.... to fair green
Theid i troimh Chaol Mui - le rua - thar Theid 'na deann..... do'n Eil-ean
held back slightly.
soave e p
[1]Is - la, Leaps her way..... to Isles of dar - ing, Gleam-ing
Uain - e, 's in - nis riabh - ach nam fear bu - adh - or 's in - nis
with growing excitement.
Isles..... of blades and laugh - ter.
ghrian - ach nam ban ual - lach
A ho hi.....
f exultantly
Ped.

1 pronounced like English word Isle with an added ah.

A ho
With a rapturously onward sweep.
to Isles of dar - - - - ing In the
hi
hir - rum - bo
Moch a
ff
Ped.
Ped.
dawn she goes a reiv - ing.
theid i reu - badh ma - ra.
A ho hi
always exultantly.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
leaping forward.

THE BIRLINN OF THE WHITE SHOULDERS.

(A Clanranald Seaman's love song to his boat)

IUBHRACH NAN GUALA GEALA.

Air from Calum Maclean, Lochmaddy.
Gaelic words adapted by Kenneth Macleod.
English adaptation by M. Kennedy-Fraser.

Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Sostenuto con moto rubato.
Voice.
Piano.
L.H.
L.H.
p
pp
Ped. ad lib.
ten. poco.
Out at sea, Fair is she, Fair - er than (or e'en than) the Dame Clanranald,
Moch Di - luain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh - each i le gual - a geal - a,
p
mf
Allegretto.
Fair - er than she! Not a wave in straits or narrows
Ri! moch Di - luain! Cha bhi tonn an caol no'n cumhlaid,
p dim
p

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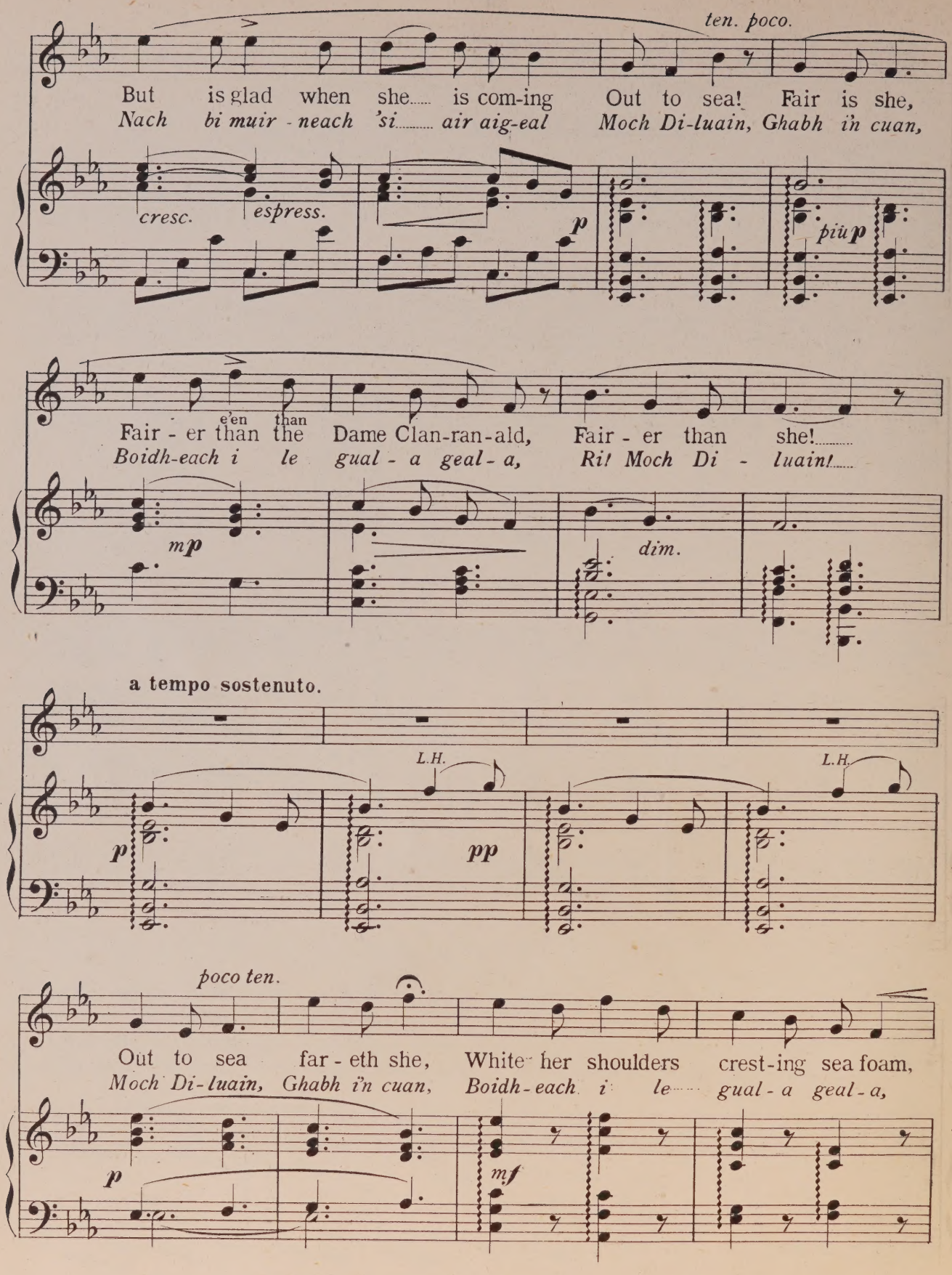
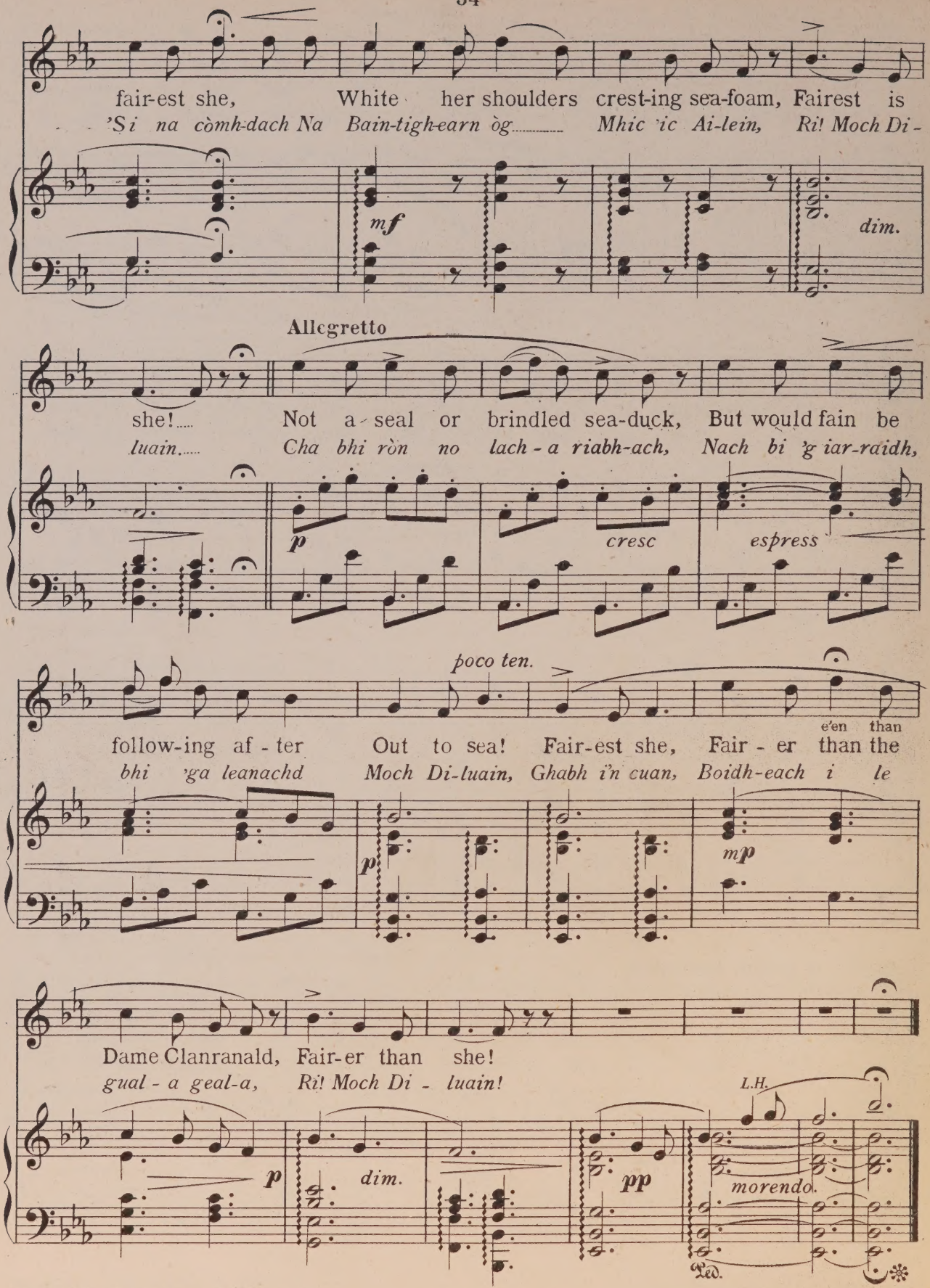

ten. poco.
But is glad when she..... is com-ing Out to sea! Fair is she,
Nach bi muir - neach 'si..... air aig-eal Moch Di-luain, Ghabh i'n cuan,
cresc.
espress.
p
più p
e'en than
Fair - er than the Dame Clan-ran-ald, Fair - er than she!.....
Boidh-each i le gual - a geal - a, Ri! Moch Di - luain!.....
mp
dim.
a tempo sostenuto.
L.H.
L.H.
p
pp
poco ten.
Out to sea far - eth she, White her shoulders crest-ing sea foam,
Moch Di-luain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh-each i le gual - a geal - a,
p
mf

poco ten.
Allegretto
Far far-eth she.....
Ri! Moch Di - luain.....
Out to Uist and out to Lewis, And
Theid i dh'Uibh-ist, theid i Leodhas, Is
p
dim.
p
out-ward bound to Rodel in Harris,
theid i Ròd - al anns na h-Earâdh,
Far-eth she, Out to sea,
Moch Diluain, Ghabh i'n cuan,
cresc.
espress.
p
più p
White her shoulders crest-ing sea-foam,
Boidh-each i le gual-a geal a,
Far far-eth she!.....
Ri! Moch Di - luain.....
mp
dim.
a tempo sostenuto.
Out at sea
'S boidhch' am bà - ta
L.H.
L.H.
p
pp
p


fair-est she, White her shoulders crest-ing sea-foam, Fairest is
'Si na còmh-dach Na Bain-tigh-earn òg..... Mhic 'ic Ai-lein, Ri! Moch Di-
mf
dim.
Allegretto
she!..... Not a-seal or brindled sea-duck, But would fain be
luain..... Cha bhi ròn no lach-a riabh-ach, Nach bi 'g iar-raidh,
p
cresc
espress
poco ten.
follow-ing af-ter Out to sea! Fair-est she, Fair-er than the
bhi 'ga leanachd Moch Di-luain, Ghabh i'n cuan, Boidh-each i le
e'en than
p
mp
Dame Clanranald, Fair-er than she!
gual-a geal-a, Ri! Moch Di-luain!
p
dim.
pp
L.H.
morendo.
Ped.

THE SEA-TANGLE; OR "THE SISTERS."

Here is a tale of fate and the sea, and of human passion deep as either.

It was low tide; the heat was gathering itself into a sleepy haze; the two half-sisters, tired of the dulse-pulling, laid themselves down on the skerry, out of which grows the soft cool sea-tangle.

"Little sister of my heart," said the jealous one, "in our child-days I used to weave the gold-brown tangle into thy gold-brown hair, and the gold-brown of the hair put the gold-brown of the tangle to shame; forget this once thou art the wife-mother, and play we the old play." Deftly, cunningly, she weaved the hair into the tangle, crooning a lull-song as she weaved:

A chagarain gaoil, hao rao leó.

With the croon of the song and the lap of the waves, sleep came softly, quietly to the lulled one—and softly, quietly rose the tide. "O Great Being of the Graces," moaned the jealous one, as the circle of water around the skerry became deeper and broader, "must I lose *him*, or must I lose my God!" And the sleeping one began to laugh and to babble out child-dreams: "Gold-brown hair and gold-brown tangle, and the sister of my heart weaving them." "I will lose *him!*" sobbed the jealous one, and forthwith she began to unloose the gold-brown hair. ("Woman, stay thy hand!" bade Fate.) And the sleeping one now babbled out other dreams, this time the dreams of a woman: "The blessing of Jesus on my children—and on *him*." To her feet sprang the jealous one—"I will lose my God!"—and with a step and a leap she was across the circle of water.

On the shore stood the jealous woman, her eye towards fate and the sea. Over the sleeping one, out on the skerry, crept the slimy, clammy eel. Her waking cry was that of the wounded sea-bird: U vil! u vil!

KENNETH MACLEOD.

NOTE.—Island Greeks and Island Gaels have much in common. The Grecian conception of a rock-bound figure finds its counterpart in the tales and songs of the Hebrides, where the golden sea-tangle rooted to the rock, floating at high tide on the blue sea-water, suggests the hair and gown of a drowned woman.—M. K. F.

THE SEA TANGLE,

or

THE SISTERS.

An Sgeir-Mhara.

"There were twa sisters sat in a bower,
There cam' a Knight to be their wooer,
He courted the eldest wi' glove and wi' ring,
But the youngest he loed abune a' thing."

Lowland Ballad.

Collected and arranged by
KENNETH MACLEOD
and
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

(♩ = 104)

With the mesmeric rhythm of lapping water.

Piano.

p

both Pedals. *legatissimo.*

ritenuto. *dim.*

Pedals off.

The elder sister song-lulls the younger to sleep on a reef that will be

Tan - gle and hair, I weave ye,

(The Lullaby). *Cha - gar - ain gaoil ho rao leó*

*(Ha - kar - in gaol ho rao leó)

use both Pedals.

*As pronounced.

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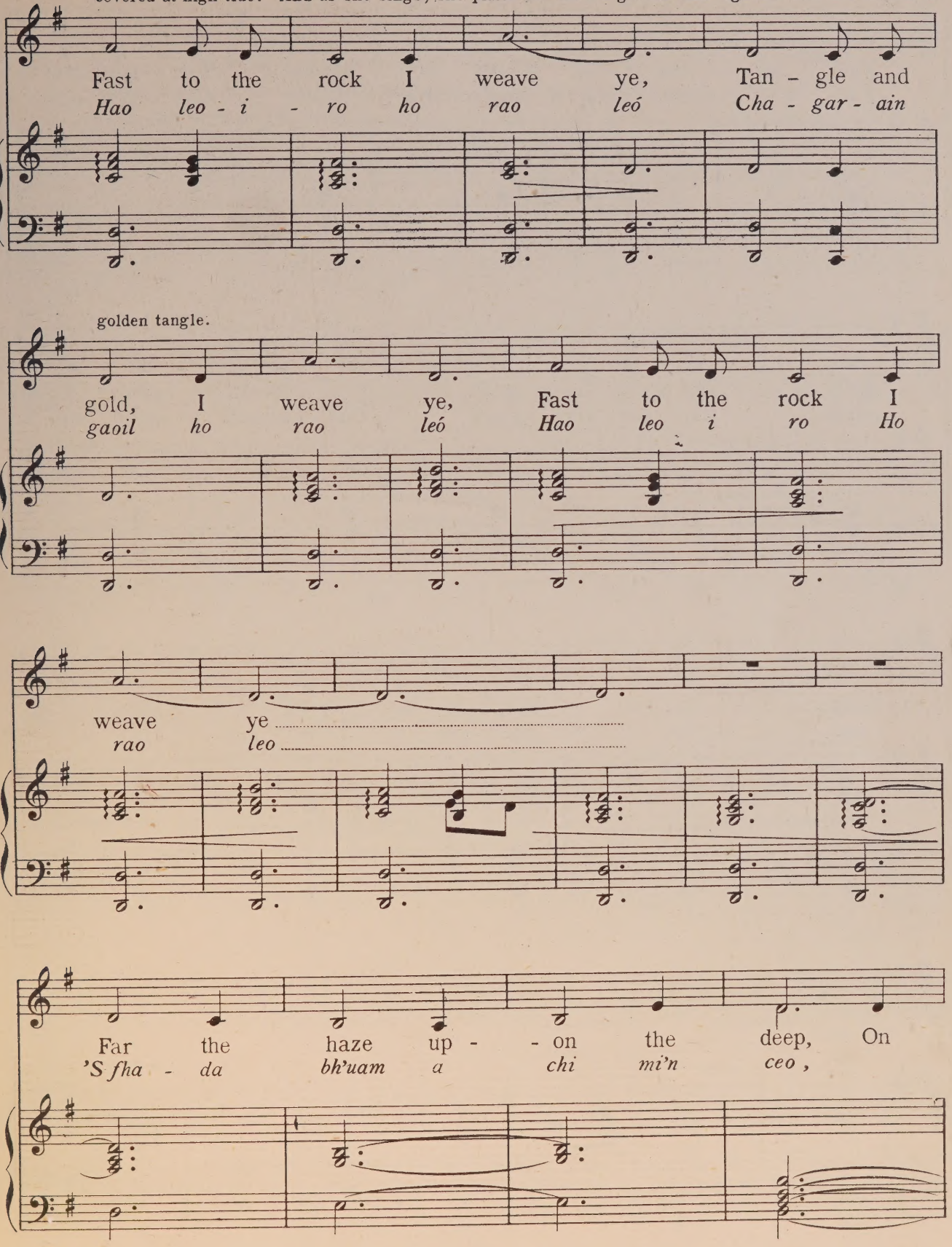
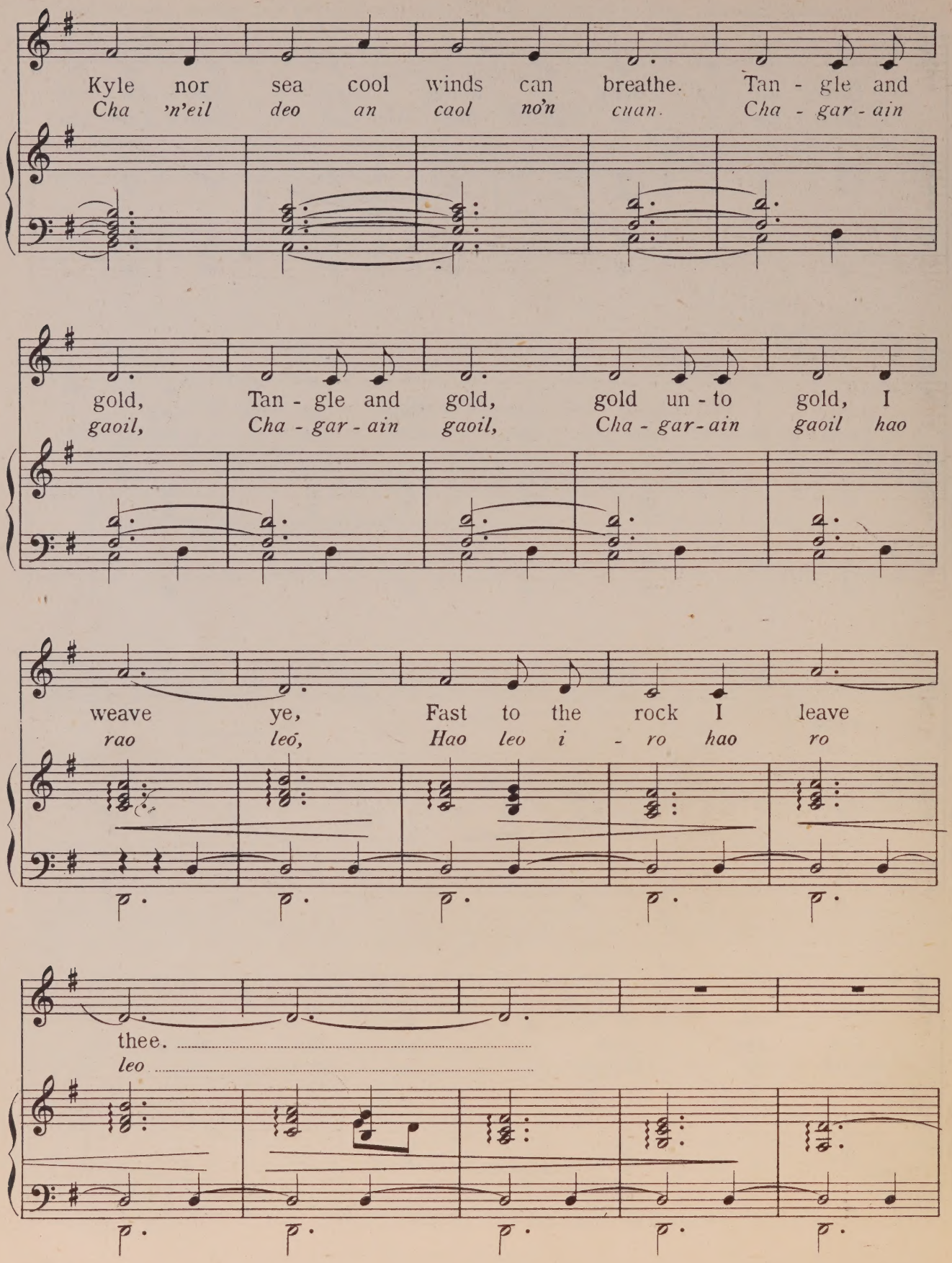
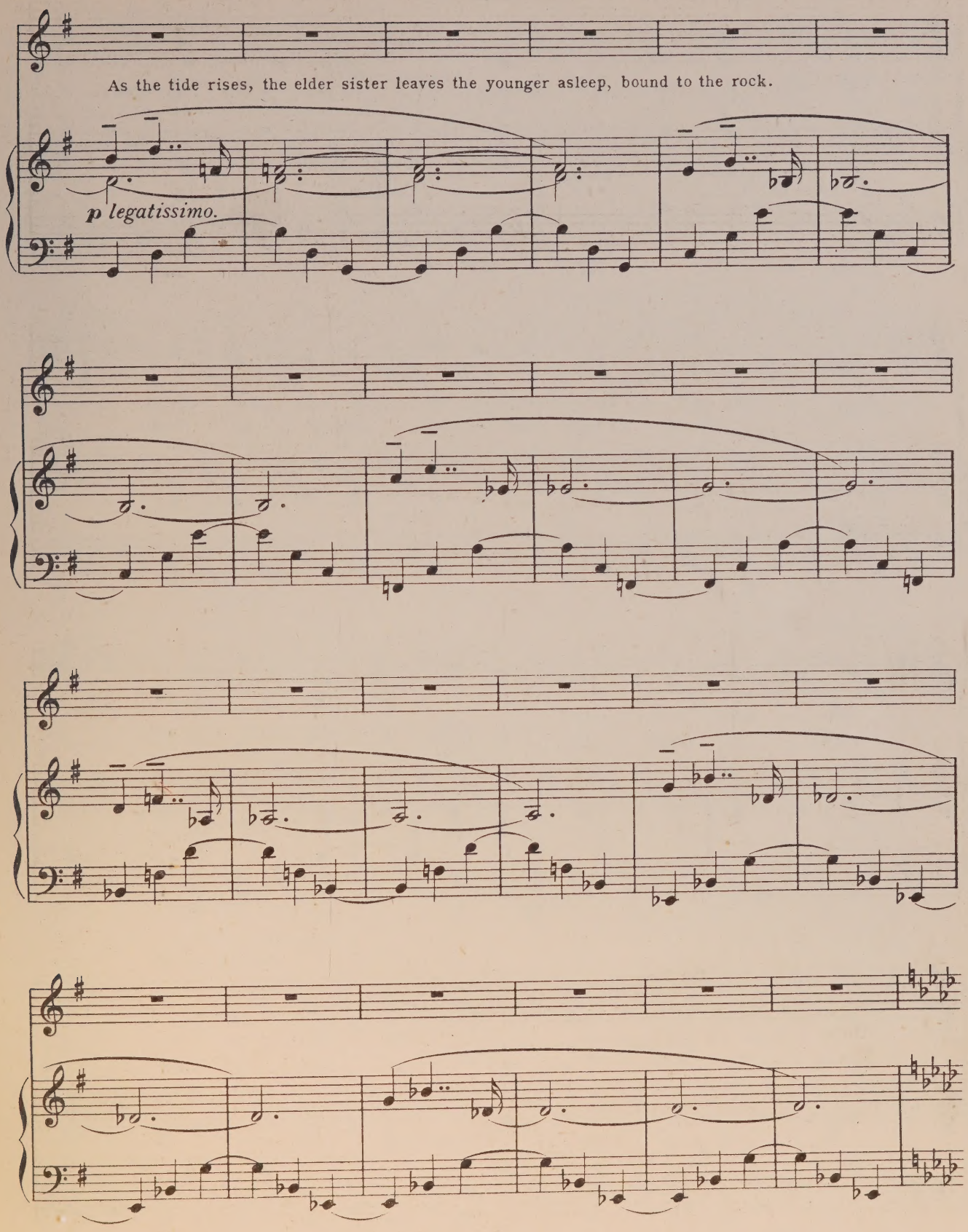
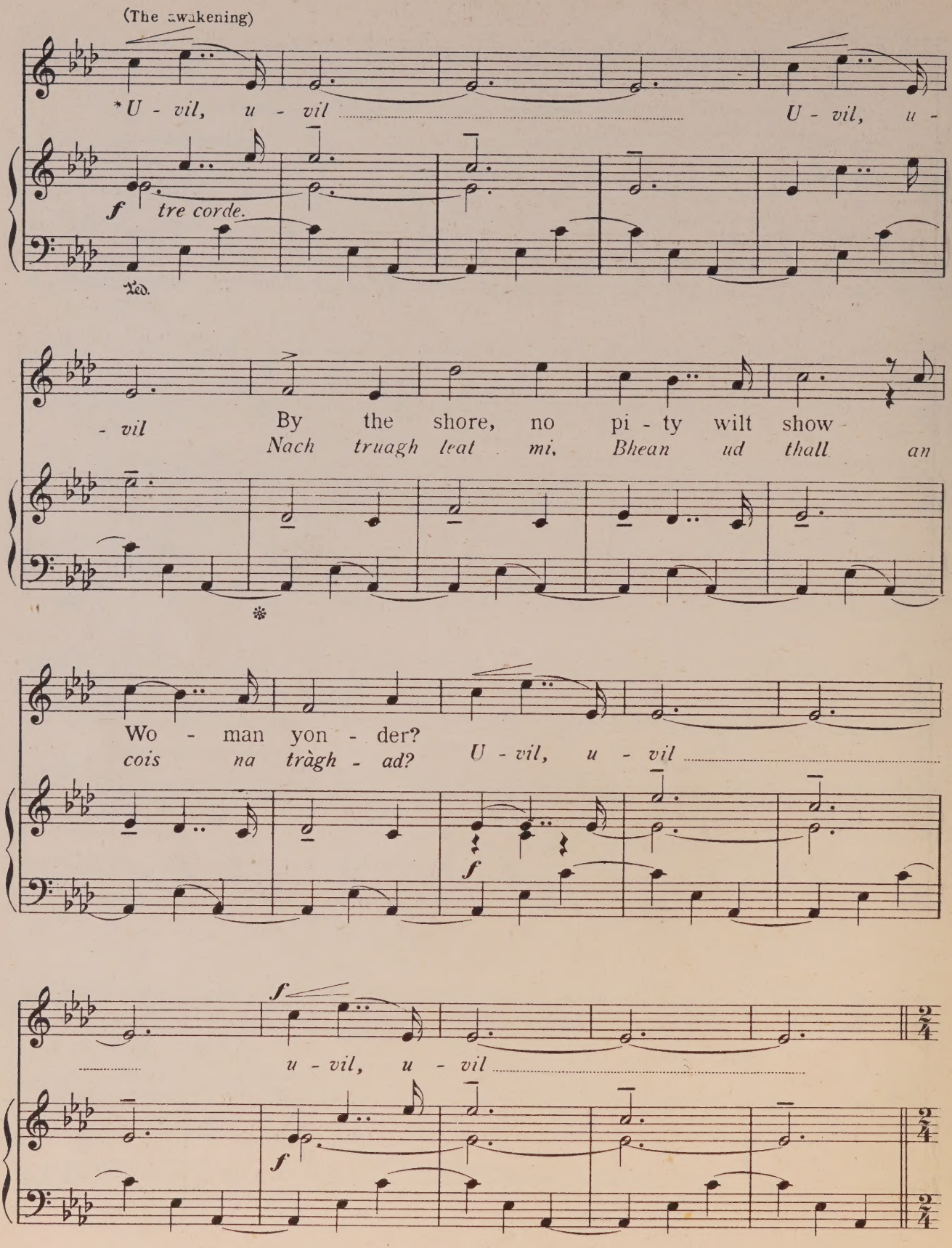
covered at high tide. And as she sings, she plaits her sister's golden hair together with the strands of

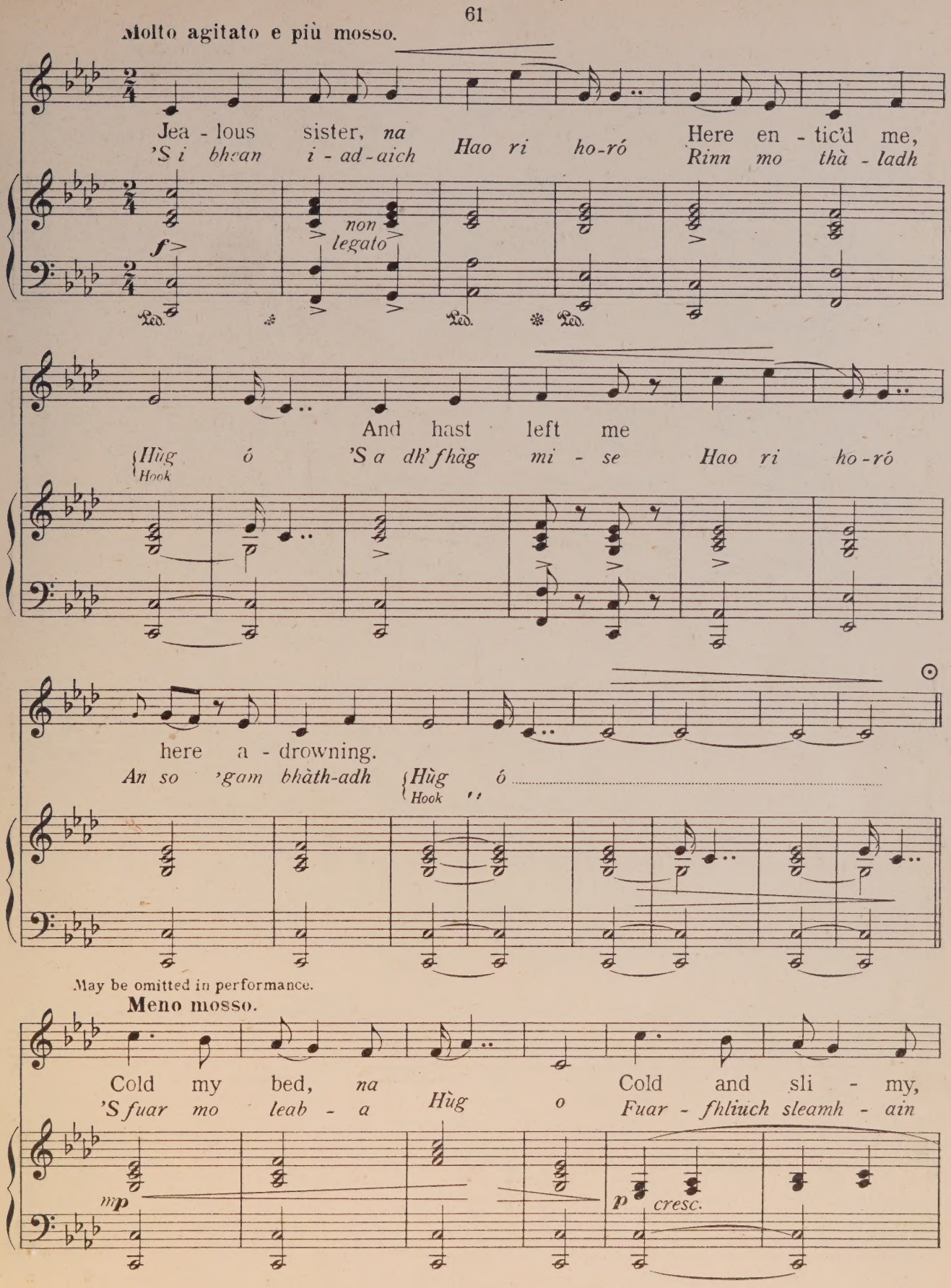

Fast to the rock I weave ye, Tan - gle and
Hao leo - i - ro ho rao leó Cha - gar - ain
golden tangle.
gold, I weave ye, Fast to the rock I
gaoil ho rao leó Hao leo i ro Ho
weave ye
rao leo
Far the haze up - - on the deep, On
'S fha - da bh'uam a chi mi'n ceo ,

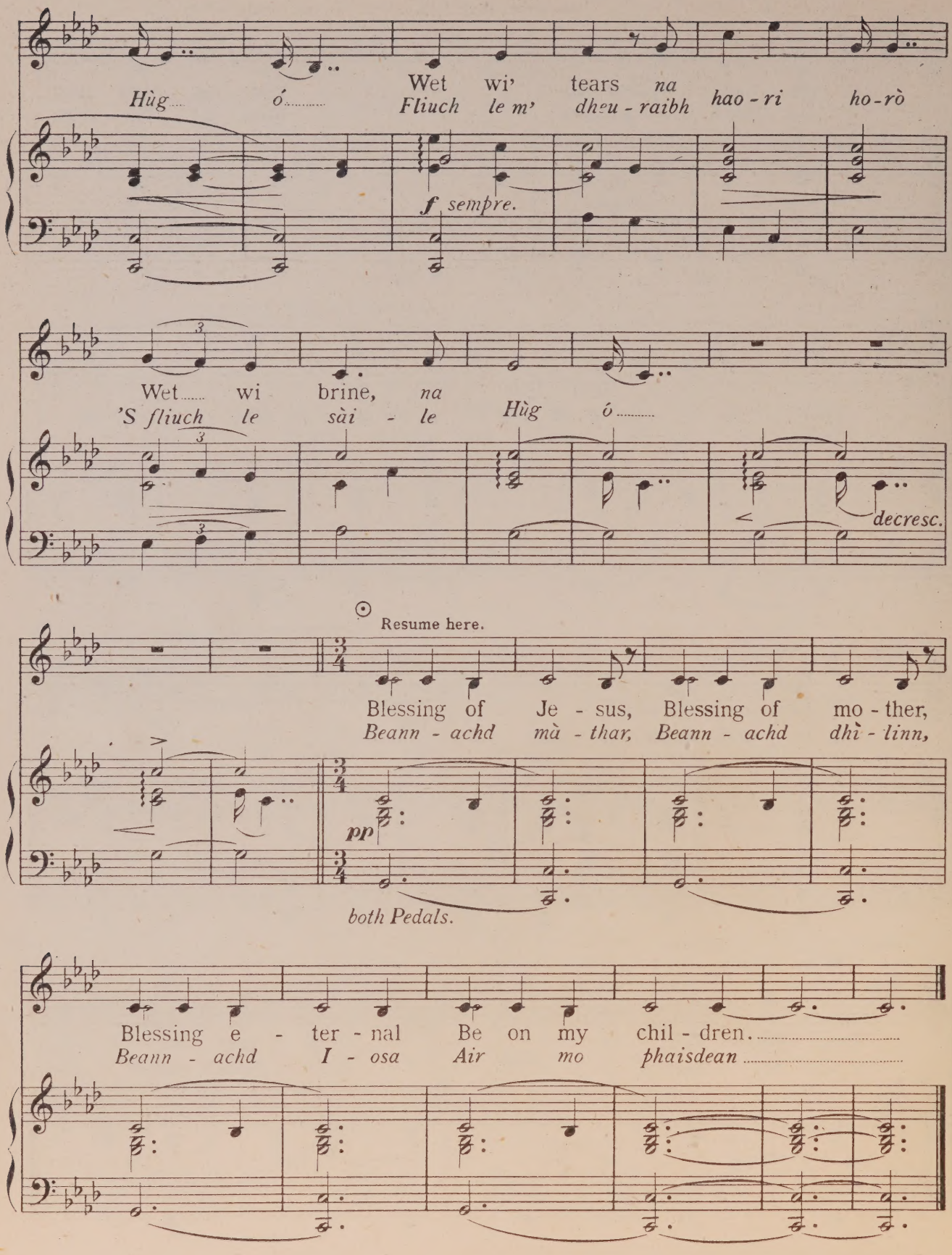

Kyle nor sea cool winds can breathe. Tan - gle and
Cha 'n'eil deo an caol no'n cuan. Cha - gar - ain
gold, Tan - gle and gold, gold un - to gold, I
gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil, Cha - gar - ain gaoil hao
weave ye, Fast to the rock I leave
rao leo, Hao leo i - ro hao ro
thee.
leo


As the tide rises, the elder sister leaves the younger asleep, bound to the rock.
p legatissimo.


(The awakening)
*U - vil, u - vil
U - vil, u -
f tre corde.
Ped.
- vil
By the shore, no pi - ty wilt show
Nach truagh leat mi, Bhean ud thall an
Wo - man yon - der?
cois na tràgh - ad?
U - vil, u - vil
f
f
u - vil, u - vil
f

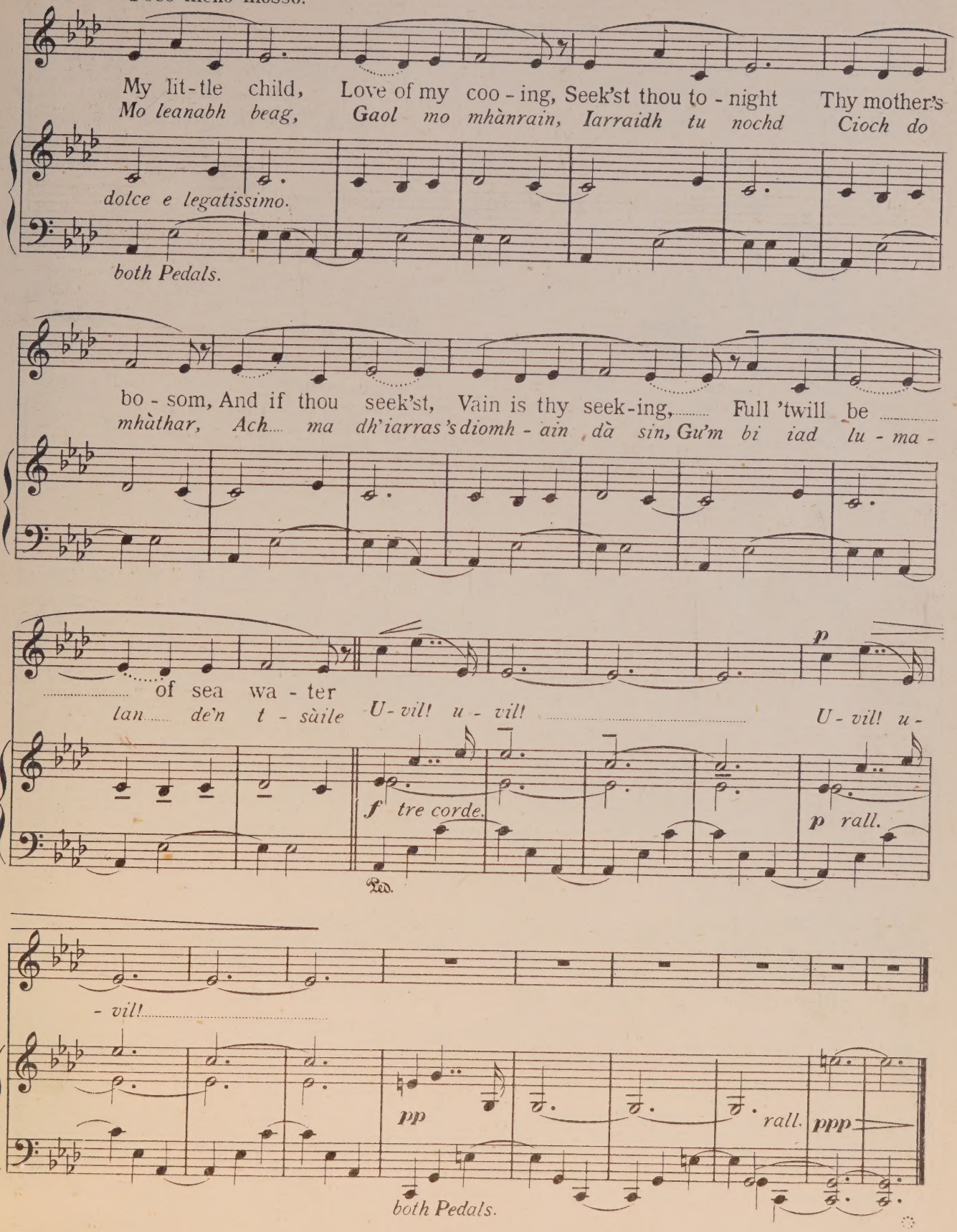
*The awakening sister's cry of terror. Pronounced as Italian, i.e. u-vil= oo-veel.


Molto agitato e più mosso.
Jea - lous sister, na
'S i bhean i - ad - aich
Hao ri ho-ró
Here en - tic'd me,
Rinn mo thà - ladh
f
non legato
Led.
And hast left me
Hùg ó
Hook
'S a dh' fhàg mi - se
Hao ri ho-ró
here a - drowning.
An so 'gam bhàth-adh
Hùg ó
Hook
May be omitted in performance.
Meno mosso.
Cold my bed, na
'S fuar mo leab - a
Hùg o
Cold and sli - my,
Fuar - fhliuch sleamh - ain
mp
p cresc.


Hùg ó
Wet wi' tears na
Fliuch le m' dheu - raibh hao - ri ho - rò
f sempre.
Wet wi brine, na
'S fliuch le sài - le Hùg ó
decresc.
Resume here.
Blessing of Je - sus, Blessing of mo - ther,
Beann - achd mà - thar, Beann - achd dhì - linn,
pp
both Pedals.
Blessing e - ter - nal Be on my chil - dren.
Beann - achd I - osa Air mo phaisdean

The drowning mother dreaming of her babe, song-lulls it with her last breath.

Poco meno mosso.

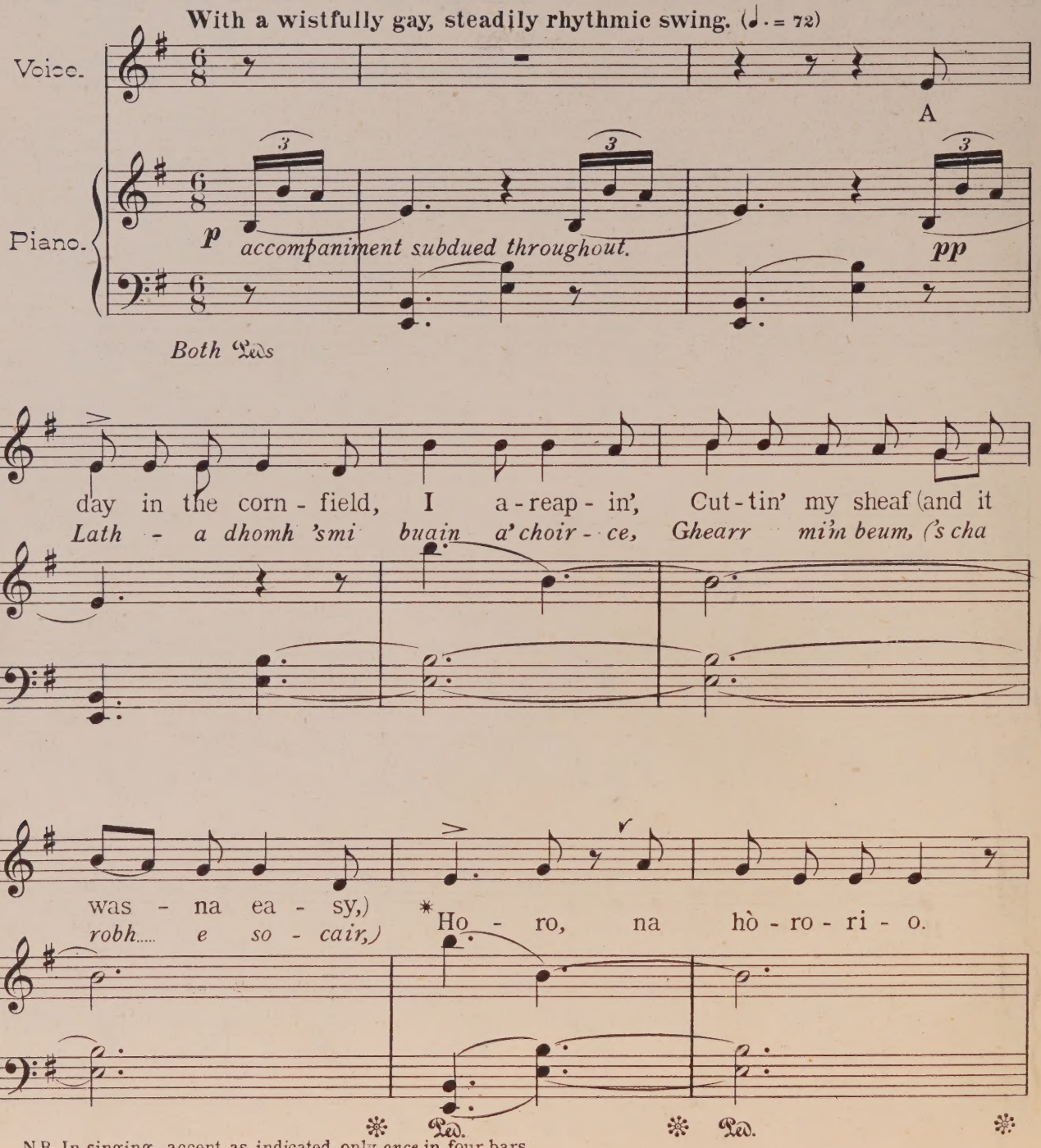

My lit-tle child, Love of my coo-ing, Seek'st thou to-night Thy mother's
Mo leanabh beag, Gaol mo mhànrain, Iarraidh tu nochd Cioch do
dolce e legatissimo.
both Pedals.
bo-som, And if thou seek'st, Vain is thy seek-ing, Full 'twill be
mhàthar, Ach ma dh'iarras's diomh-ain dà sin, Gu'm bi iad lu-ma-
of sea wa-ter
lan de'n t-sàile U-vil! u-vil! U-vil! u-
p
f tre corde.
p rall.
Ped.
-vil!
pp
rall.
ppp
both Pedals.

ISLAY REAPER'S SONG.

(Buain a' Choirce).

Gaelic words and air from
MISS MACTAVISH, ISLAY.

Translated and arranged for
Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With a wistfully gay, steadily rhythmic swing. (♩. = 72)
Voice.
Piano.
A
p
accompaniment subdued throughout.
pp
Both Peds
day in the corn - field, I a - reap - in', Cut - tin' my sheaf (and it
Lath - a dhomh 'smi buain a' choir - ce, Ghearr mi'n beum, ('s cha
was - na ea - sy,)
robh..... e so - cair,)
*Ho - ro, na hò - ro - ri - o.
Ped.
Ped.

N.B. In singing, accent as indicated, only *once* in four bars.

*Italian pronunciation.

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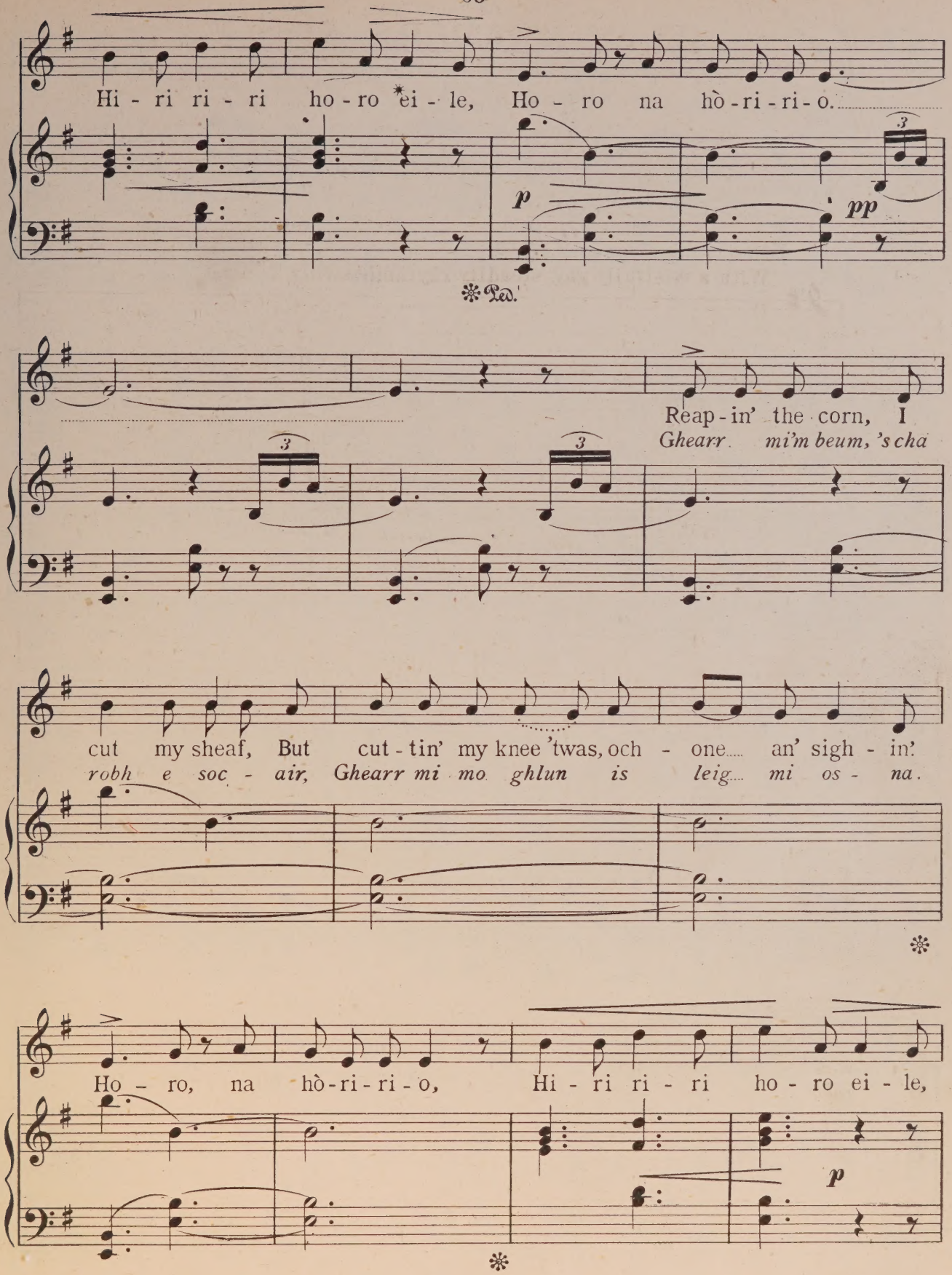
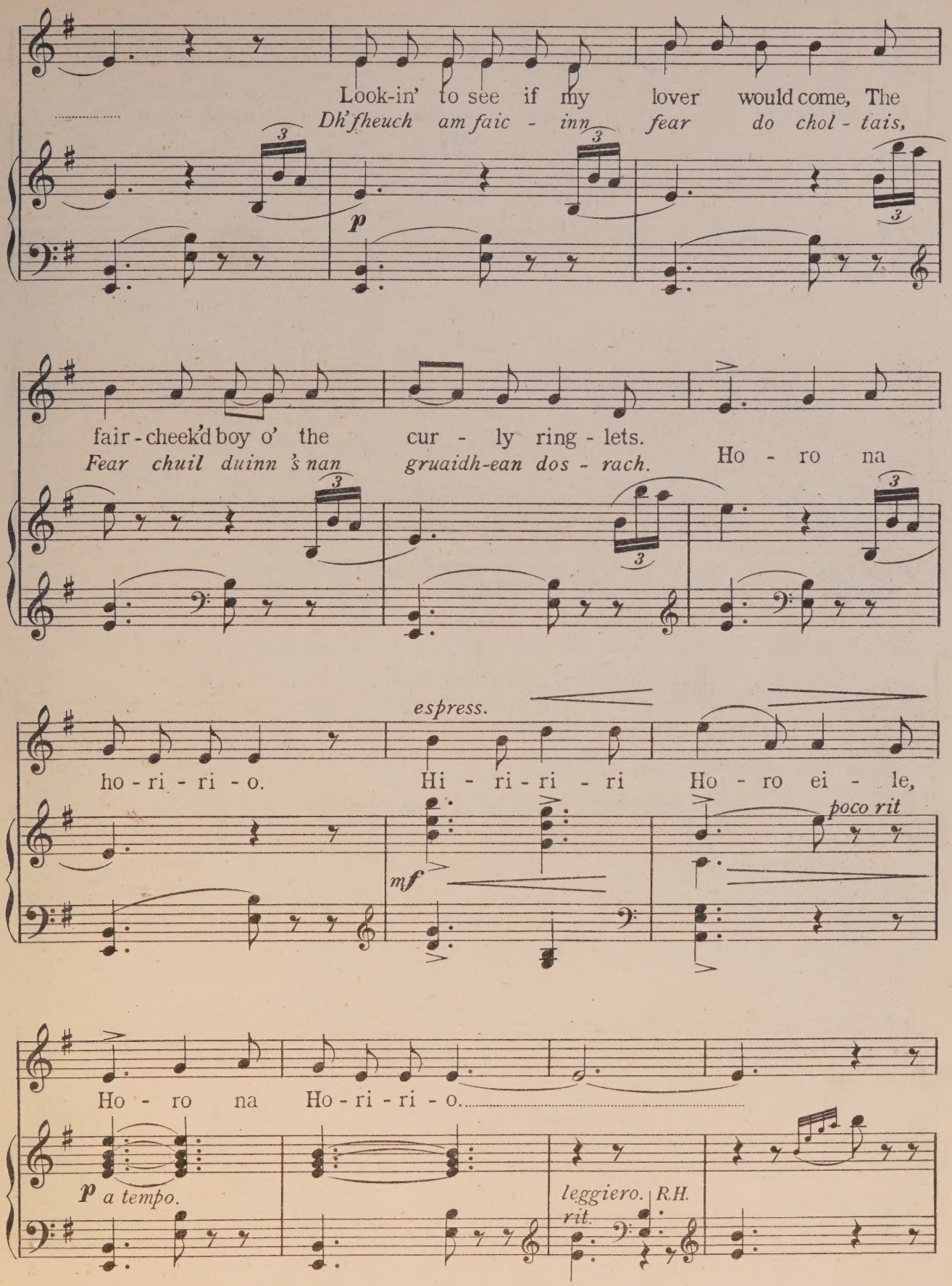
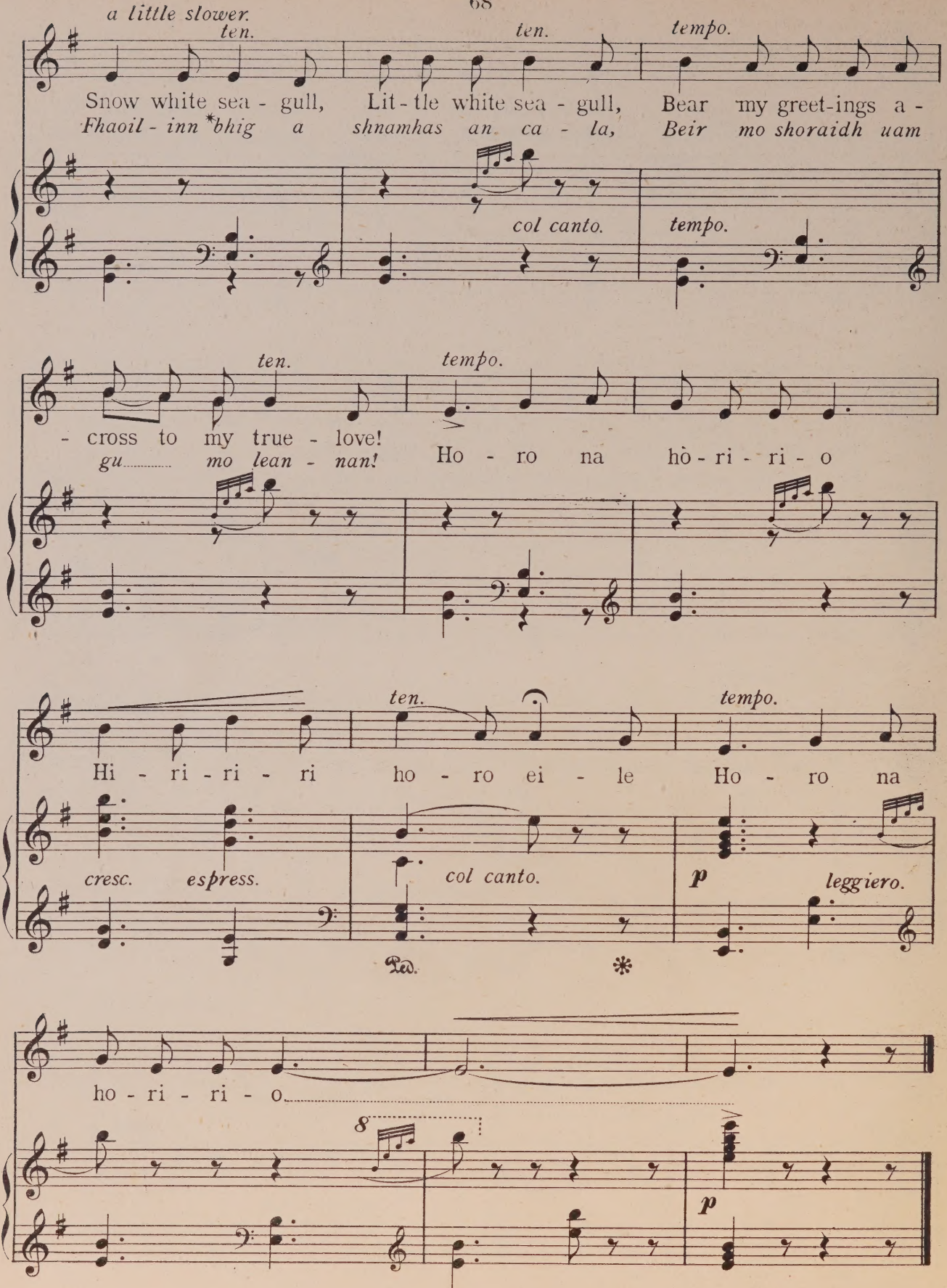

Hi - ri ri - ri ho - ro *ei - le, Ho - ro na hò - ri - ri - o.
p
pp
Ped.
Reap - in' the corn, I
Ghearr mi'm beum, 's cha
cut my sheaf, But cut - tin' my knee 'twas, och - one.... an' sigh - in'
robh e soc - air, Ghearr mi mo ghlun is leig.... mi os - na.
Ho - ro, na hò - ri - ri - o, Hi - ri ri - ri ho - ro ei - le,
p

Hó - ró, na hò - ri - ri - o.
p
pp
Ped.
Sigh-in' I sat on a lone - ly hil - lock, Look-in' to see if my
Shuidh mi air uaibh-ir a' ghoir-tein, Dh'fheuch am faic - inn
sempre
lover was com - in'.
fear do chol-tais.
Ho - ro, na hò-ri - ri - o.
Hi - ri- ri - ri,
cresc.
Ho - ro - ei - le, Ho - ro, na hò-ri-ri-o.
p
pp


Look-in' to see if my lover would come, The
Dh'fheuch am faic - inn fear do chol - tais,
p
fair - cheek'd boy o' the cur - ly ring - lets.
Fear chuil duinn 's nan gruaidh-ean dos - rach.
Ho - ro na
espress.
ho - ri - ri - o.
Hi - ri - ri - ri
Ho - ro ei - le,
poco rit
mf
Ho - ro na Ho - ri - ri - o.
p a tempo.
leggiero.
rit.
R.H.


a little slower.
ten.
ten.
tempo.
Snow white sea - gull, Lit - tle white sea - gull, Bear my greet-ings a -
Fhaoil - inn *bhig a shnamhas an ca - la, Beir mo shoraidh uam
col canto.
tempo.
ten.
tempo.
- cross to my true - love!
gu..... mo lean - nan!
Ho - ro na hò - ri - ri - o
ten.
tempo.
Hi - ri - ri - ri ho - ro ei - le Ho - ro na
cresc. espress.
col canto.
p
leggiero.
Ped.
*
ho - ri - ri - o
8
p

HERDMAN NIGHT.

The folk of the Isles, a labour brotherhood of men and women, are more or less willing thralls to Master Day. In the morning he sends out the women, with their crook-spades, into the field, or sets them to grind the barley and knead the dough for little mouths; and with the ebbing tide he sends the men, with their nets and lines, out to sea. But Night, the good herdman, bringeth all creatures home, the men from the sea, and the women from the field. And in due time, mindful of their schooling, he leads them, with the freshness of the burn upon them, to the hearth around which the ceilidh is wont to meet. And then it is song for the song and tale for the tale, spinning of wool and weaving of heath-rope, until the peats begin to lose themselves in the ashes. Once in a while, too, if luck is about, Herdman Night, coming upon the boats of other Isles in the open sea, brings them all, for their own good, into the *cala*, the harbour, where sits the ceilidh that never gets tired of him. And while the wind is blowing outside, little children, sitting at the feet of men from the sea, hear the many strange things which, on a day to come, they will sing or recite to some lucky one who is on errantry for those same strange things. So bringeth Night, the good herdman, even the songs and the tales home.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

HERDMAN NIGHT.

Am Buachaille.

"Night is a good Herdman, He brings all creatures home."
(Gaelic proverb)

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by
ANNIE and MALCOLM JOHNSTON in Barra.
Gaelic and English words by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Dreamily as a voice over the waters.

Voice.

Piano.

Ho - ro - i..... Ho - ro - i Ho - ro -

p *pp*

col ped.

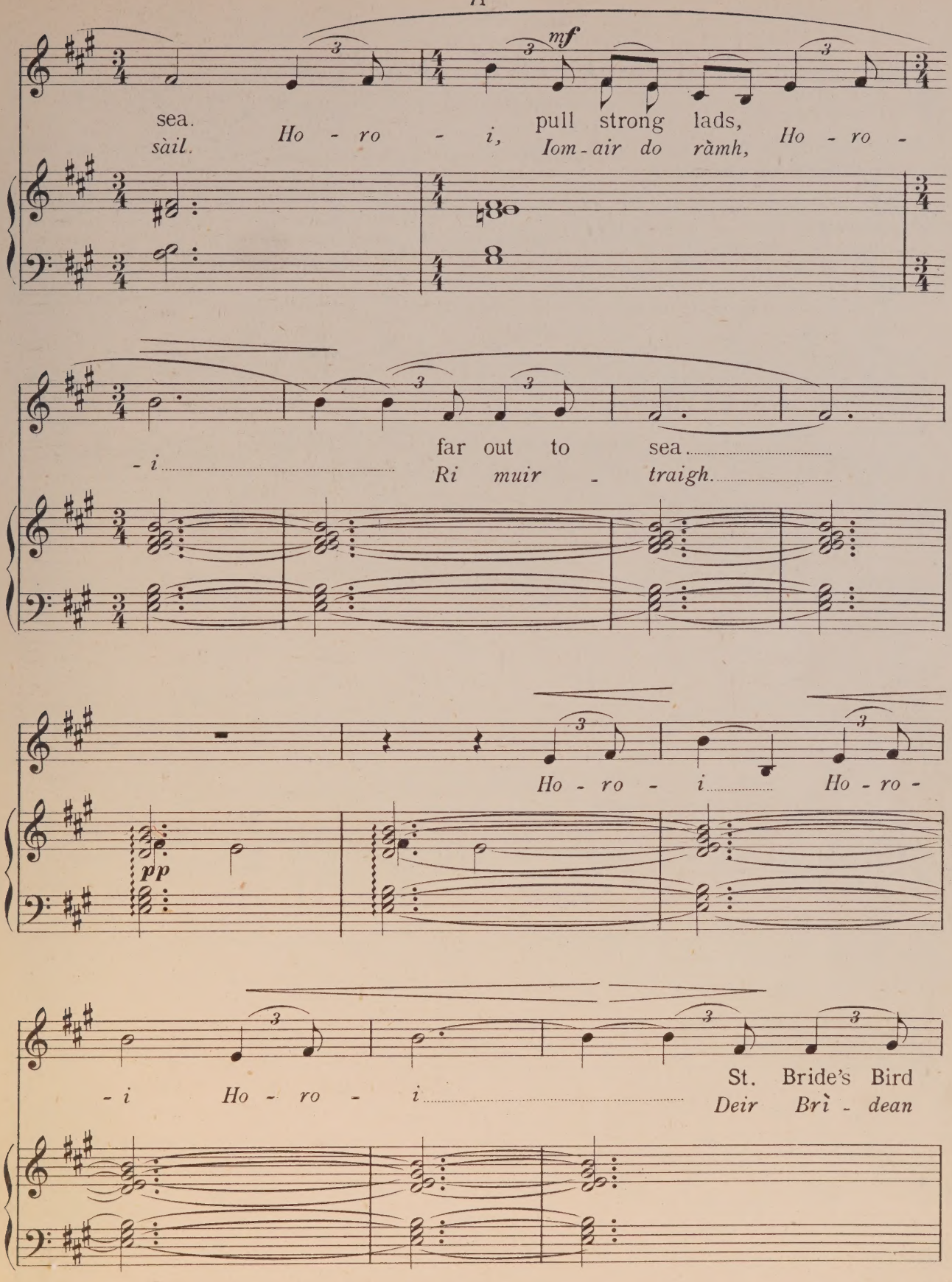
- i.....

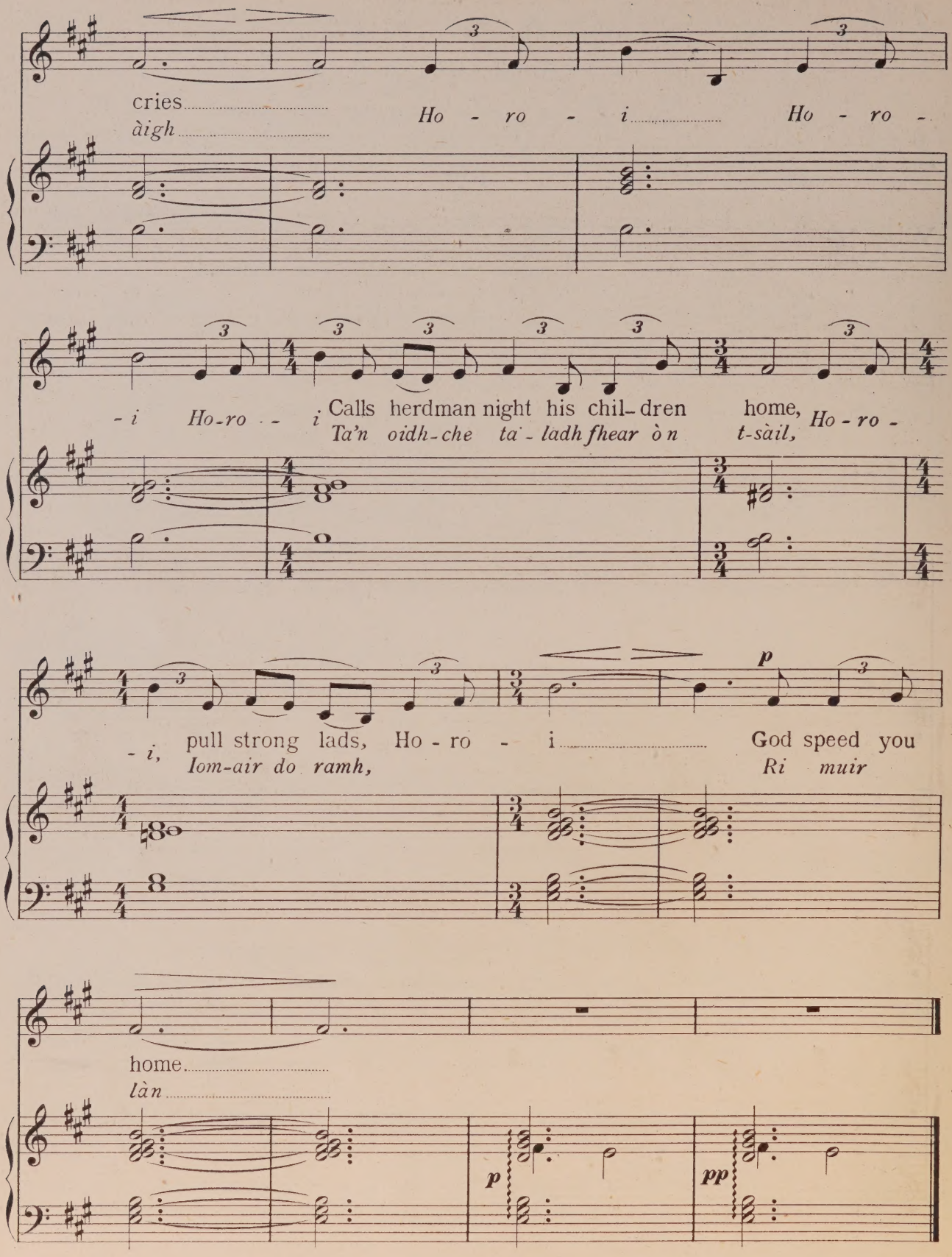
The sea - mew cries.....
Deir faoil - eag bhàn.....

Ho - ro -

i..... Ho - ro - i Ho - ro - i,

Sends Master Day his thralls to
Ta'n la a' cur nam fear gu


mf
sea.
sàil.
Ho - ro - i,
pull strong lads,
Iom-air do ràmh,
Ho - ro -
- i
far out to sea
Ri muir - traigh.
Ho - ro - i
Ho - ro -
pp
- i
Ho - ro - i
St. Bride's Bird
Deir Brì - dean

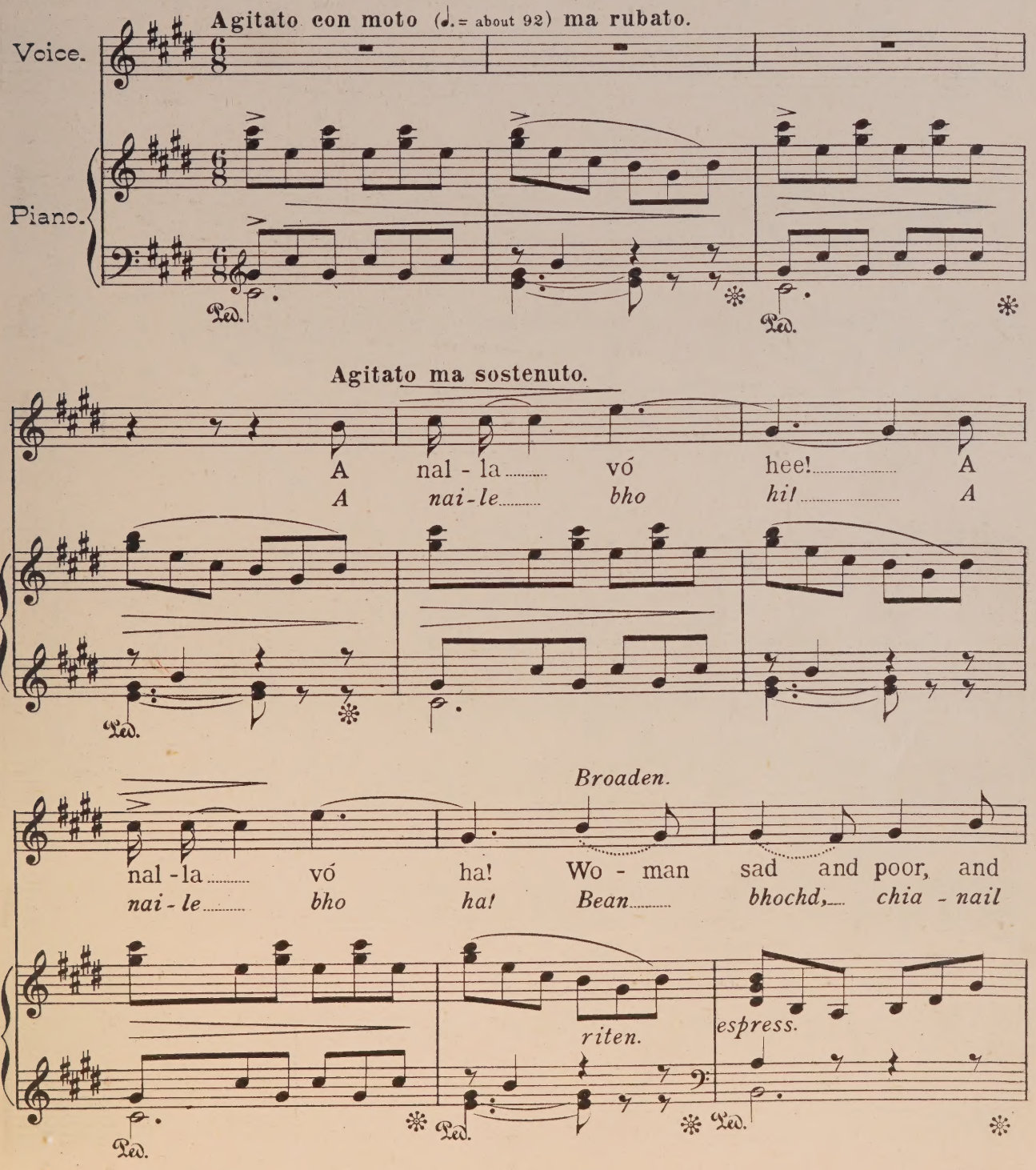

cries
àigh
Ho - ro - i
Ho - ro -
- i
Ho-ro - i
Calls herdman night his chil- dren
Ta'n oidh-che ta'- ladh fhear òn
home,
t-sàil,
Ho - ro -
- i,
pull strong lads,
Iom-air do ramh,
Ho - ro - i
God speed you
Ri muir
home
làn
p
p
pp

THE DEATH-KEENING OF A HERO.*

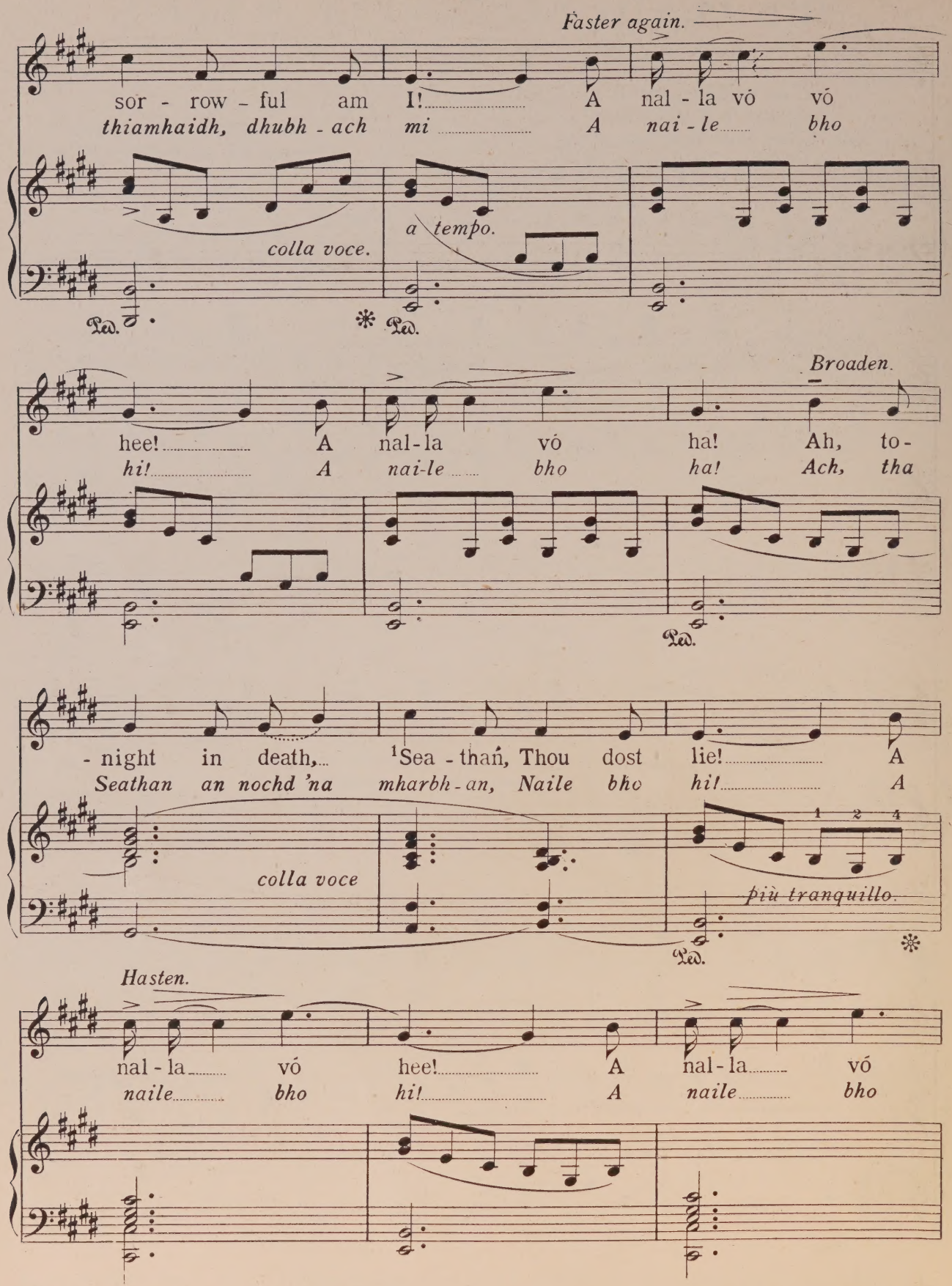
Seathan, Mac Righ Eireann.

Air and words collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD,
from JANET MACLEOD, Skye and Eigg,
and MARY HENDERSON, Lochaline, Morven.
Latter part of air, from MARY MACDONALD, Mingulay.

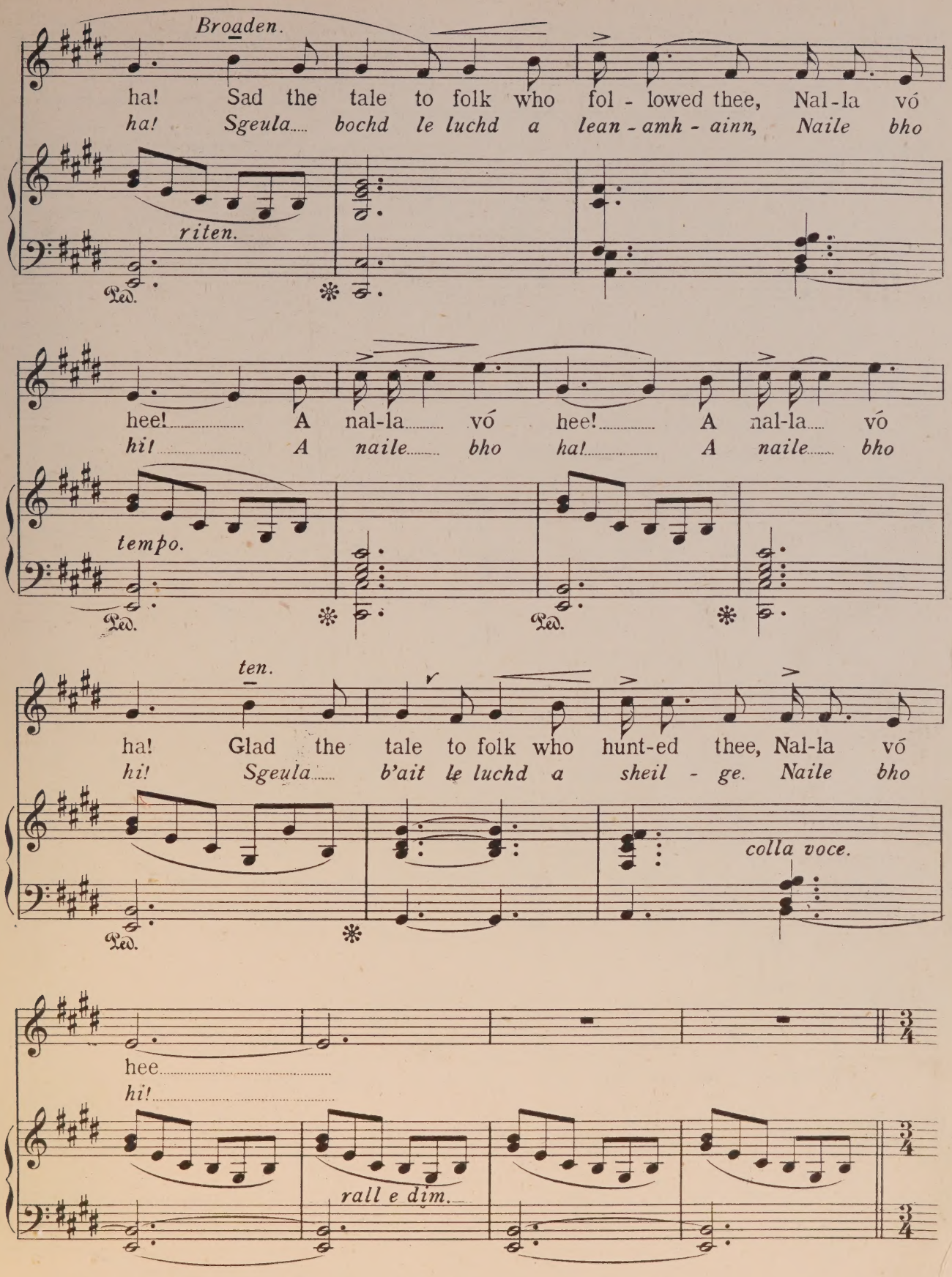
Arranged for voice and piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY—FRASER.

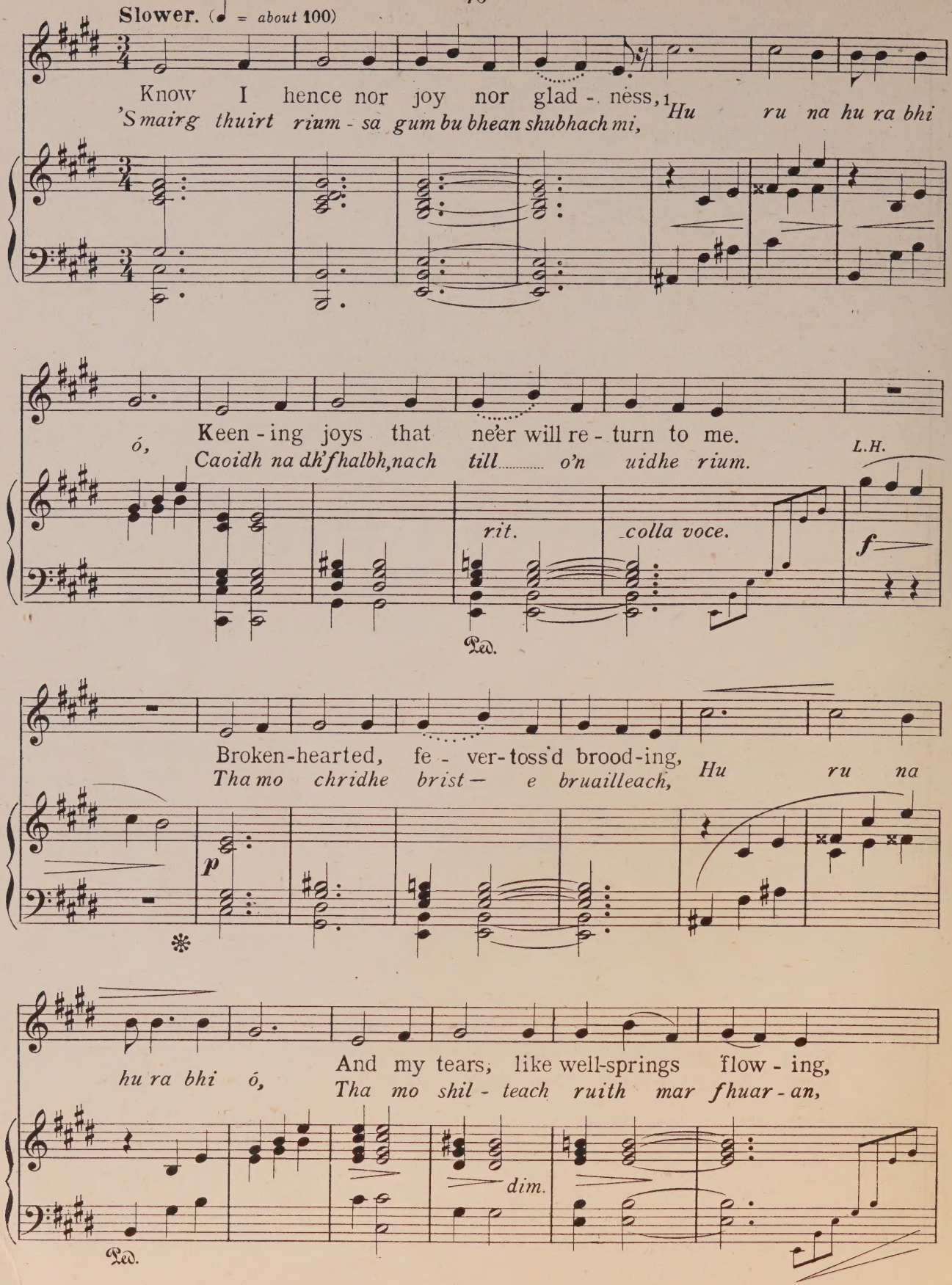

Agitato con moto (♩. = about 92) ma rubato.
Voice.
Piano.
Ped.
Agitato ma sostenuto.
A nal - la vó hee! A
A nai - le bho hil A
Broaden.
nal - la vó ha! Wo - man sad and poor, and
nai - le bho ha! Bean bhochd, chia - nail
riten.
espress.

* Traditionally this hero was known as the Son of the King of Erin. The thoughts of the Keening Woman are those of one who lived at a time when the Faith taught by St. Patrick and St. Columba was still strange to the folk.

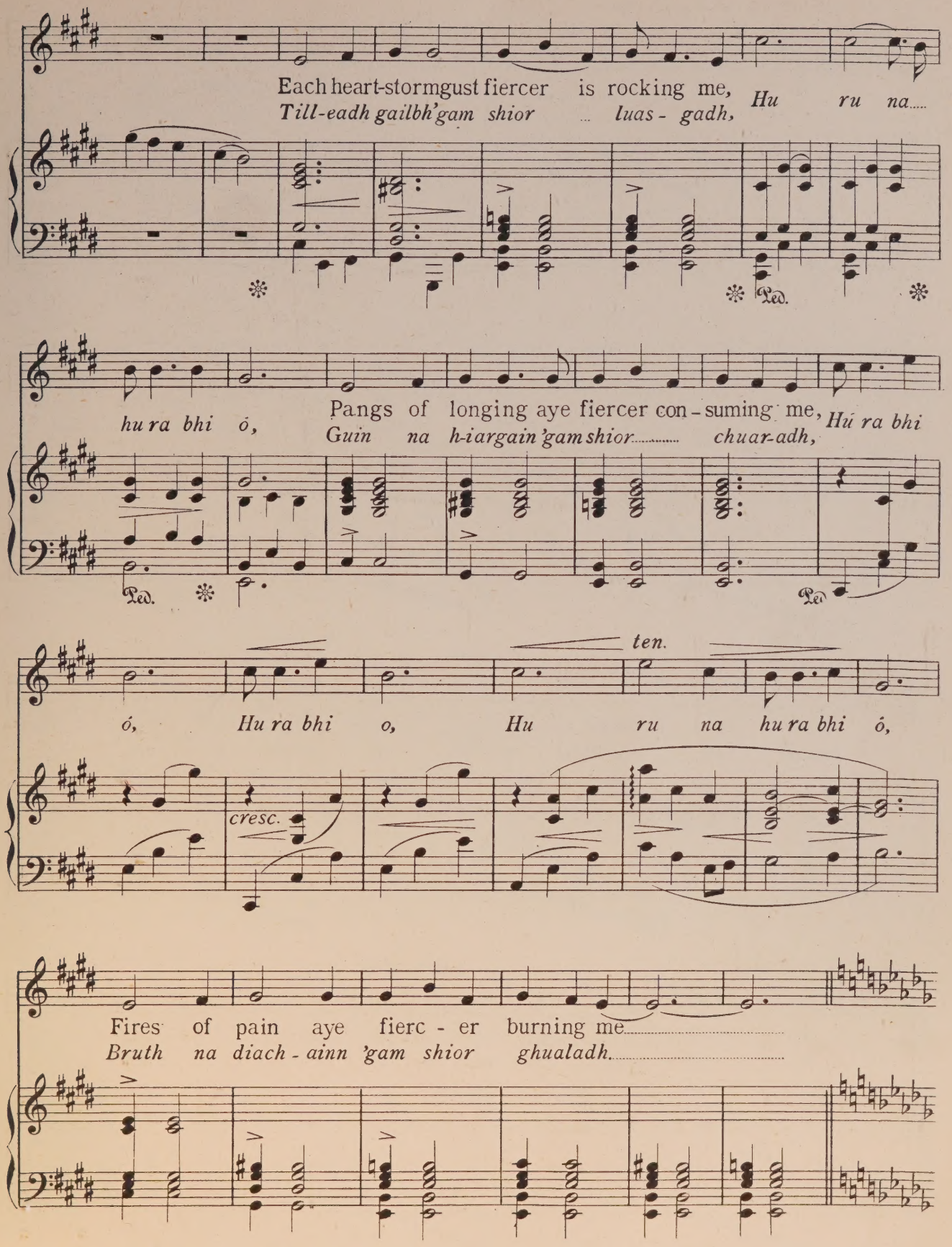

Faster again.
sor - row - ful am I! A nal - la vó vó
thiamhaidh, dhubh - ach mi A nai - le bho
colla voce.
a tempo.
Broaden.
hee! A nal - la vó ha! Ah, to -
hi! A nai - le bho ha! Ach, tha
- night in death, [1]Sea - thaṅ, Thou dost lie! A
Seathan an nochd 'na mharbh - an, Naile bho hi! A
colla voce
più tranquillo.
Hasten.
nal - la vó hee! A nal - la vó
naile bho hi! A naile bho

[1]Pronounced Shayun.
The death-keening of a Hero.

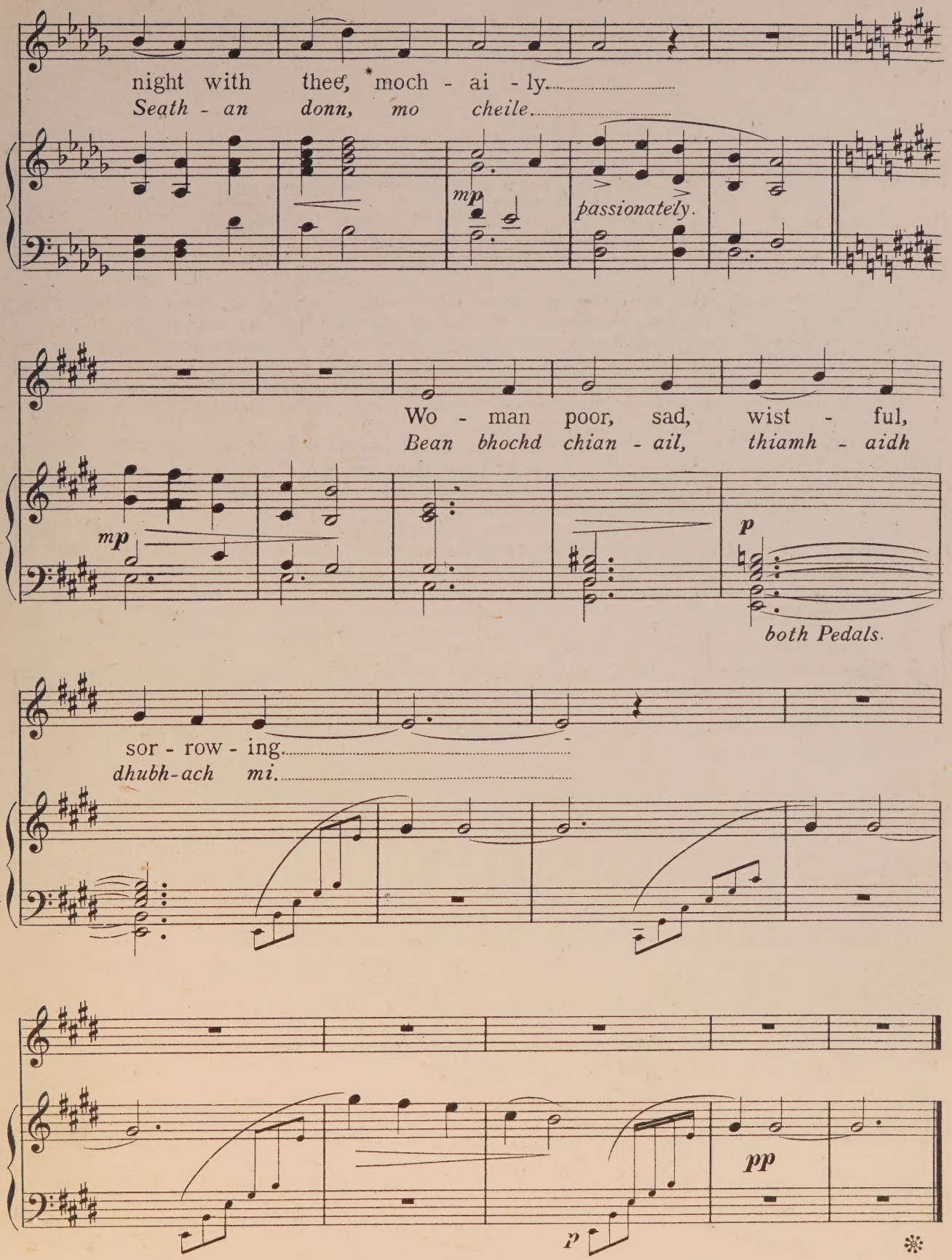

Broaden.
ha! Sad the tale to folk who fol - lowed thee, Nal-la vó
ha! Sgeula bochd le luchd a lean - amh - ainn, Naile bho
riten.
Ped.
hee! A nal-la vó hee! A nal-la vó
hi! A naile bho ha! A naile bho
tempo.
Ped.
Ped.
ten.
ha! Glad the tale to folk who hunt-ed thee, Nal-la vó
hi! Sgeula b'ait le luchd a sheil - ge. Naile bho
colla voce.
Ped.
hee
hi!
rall e dim.


Slower. (♩ = about 100)
Know I hence nor joy nor glad - ness,[1]
'S mairg thuirt rium - sa gum bu bhean shubhach mi,
Hu ru na hu ra bhi
ó,
Keen - ing joys that ne'er will re - turn to me.
Caoidh na dh'fhalbh, nach till o'n uidhe rium.
rit.
colla voce.
L.H.
f
Broken-hearted, fe - ver-toss'd brood-ing,
Tha mo chridhe brist — e bruailleach,
Hu ru na
p
hu ra bhi ó,
And my tears, like well-springs flow - ing,
Tha mo shil - teach ruith mar fhuar - an,
dim.

[1]Refrain pronounced with Italian vowel sounds, and bh as v.


Each heart-storm gust fiercer is rocking me, Hu ru na.....
Till-eadh gailbh'gam shior ... luas - gadh,
Ped.
hu ra bhi ó,
Pangs of longing aye fiercer con - suming me, Hú ra bhi
Guin na h-iargain'gam shior..... chuar-adh,
Ped.
ten.
ó, Hu ra bhi o, Hu ru na hu ra bhi ó,
cresc.
Fires of pain aye fierc - er burning me.....
Bruth na diach - ainn 'gam shior ghualadh.....

If there be, as
Ma's a fior na
sotto voce
cler - ics tell us, Heav'n of bliss and place..... of
their na clei - rich, Gu bheil ir - inn 's gu..... bheil
riten.
tempo.
tor - ment, My share of heav'n, Death take..... and wel - come,
neamh ann Mo chuid-sa neimh, di - beath an éig e
ten.
allargando.
For one night with thee,..... my Sea - than, For but one
Air - son oidh - che mar ris an eu - dail, Mar..... ri



*My Spouse, pronounce as to rhyme with daily.

AILLTE.*

AN OSSIANIC LAY.

Sailing among the outer Isles in the summer of 1911 in search of songs, we arrived from Barra, at Loch Boisdale in South Uist, and driving northward through the island that same evening, by the farm where Flora Macdonald was born, we came at nightfall to one of the dangerous sea-fords that serve to cut off the Isle of Benbecula from the outside world. It was at this ford that Flora Macdonald was held up for a night at the Guard House when on her way to Clanranald's place to contrive the serving-woman's disguise in which she conveyed "Prince Charlie" to her mother's home in Skye. And we too were held up, but only by the tide.

Next day, crossing the ford to Benbecula, the isle of a thousand lochs, we came on an old Ossianic singer, of a type supposed to have long since passed away. He chanted tales of such length that you would go every day for a week to listen to one long tale, and he would begin to-morrow exactly where he left off to-day, and his tales were all in verse and traditional, for he could neither write nor read. At eighty-seven, still bright and active, he was to be seen daily out on the machar herding his cattle. And in the clean white sanded kitchen of his thatched cottage he sang, but not before he had set everything in perfect order for the ceremony—these old pagan tales are sacred to the Isleman. In the corner of the kitchen stood the hand-loom on which was stretched a blanket in the course of weaving; by the fire sat the *Cailleach* carding or combing out the wool; by the door a young woman spinning; and by the other side of the fire, the old keen bright-eyed, white-haired keeper of the traditional lore.

He chanted many lays, some on a monotone, the phrases defined by cadences, some on a gradually descending scale within the compass of a sixth†, and among them this well defined air to which he sang the Lay of Aillte.

Aillte, the hero of the lay, one of the handsomest of the young stalwarts of the Fayne, hurt that his leader, Fionn, had not included him among those bidden to a feast, fled to the court of the King of Lochlann and to him offered his services for a year and a day. The Queen, like another Helen, took the love of her heart for the young Gael, and together they escaped and sought the protection of the Fayne.

The King of Lochlann, enraged at the rape of the Queen, gathered his hosts and the hosts of nine other kings and descended on Fionn and the Fayne.

The old lay, which was supposed to be sung by Ossian to Patrick, details the magnificence of the Banners of the Fayne, and tells of the triumphant victory of the Gaels over the Lochlanners. And as the old Benbecula singer chanted the last verses that tell of the glories of the Gael, his body became tense with excitement and his eyes glowed with the fire of racial memory.‡

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

*Pronounce like English words, "Isle"—"char."

†Compare the tune of "Tak yer auld cloak about ye."

‡Three verses only have been selected from the long poem, a version of which may be found in Campbell's "Waifs and Strays," Argyllshire Series.

HEROIC OSSIANIC CHANT.

*AILLTE.

A love tale of the flight of the Queen of Lochlann with Aillte, a young hero of the Fayne– the descent on Fionn (the leader of the Fayne) of the King of Lochlann with nine other Kings–the total destruction of the invading hosts. Sung by Ossian to Patrick.
(Collected in Benbecula, 1911).

Collected in the Island of Benbecula from
CALUM MACMILLAN.
and arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY–FRASER.

Con fuoco.
Piano.
dolce espress e languendo.
L.H.
con fuoco impetuoso.
The queen of
Thug Ban-righ
L.H.
R.H.
Loch-lin of the brown shields Deep love gave, that all en - du-reth, To Aillte
Lochlainn nan sgiath donn Trom-ghaol trom, an gaol nach las-aich, Do Aillte

*Pronounce like English words "Isle"– "char."

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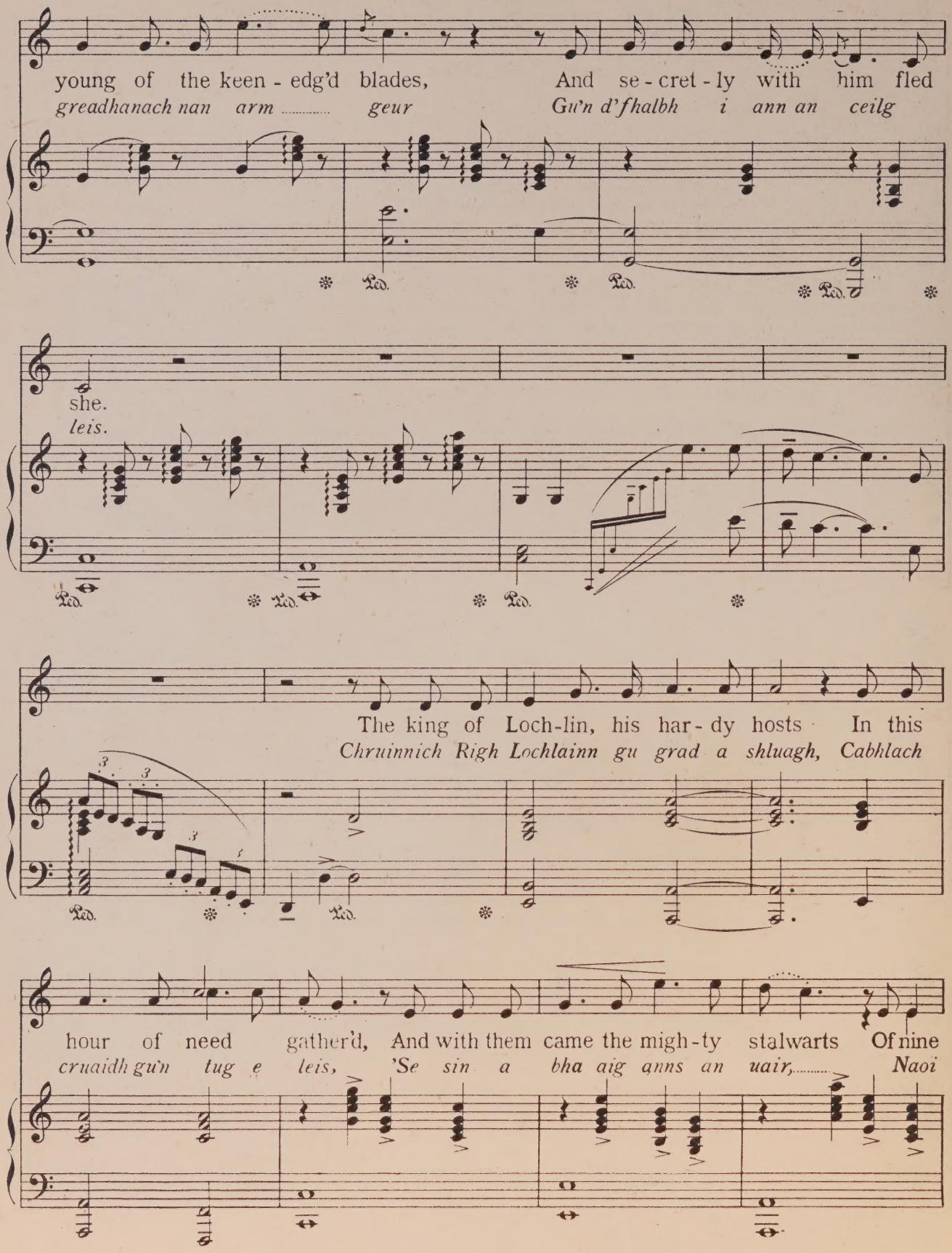
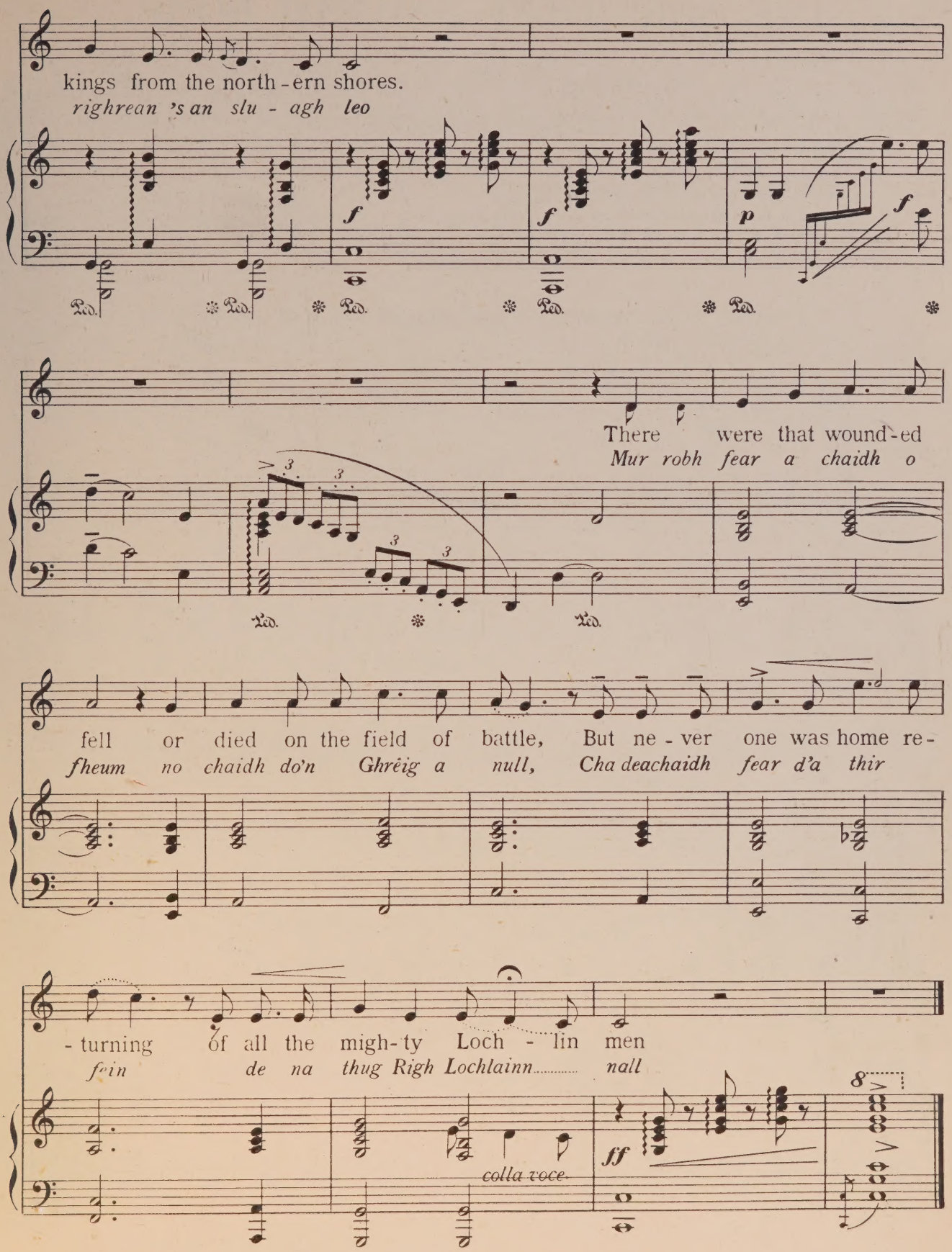

young of the keen - edg'd blades, And se - cret - ly with him fled
greadhanach nan arm ..... geur Gu'n d'fhalbh i ann an ceilg
she.
leis.
The king of Loch-lin, his har - dy hosts In this
Chruinnich Righ Lochlainn gu grad a shluagh, Cabhlach
hour of need gather'd, And with them came the migh - ty stalwarts Of nine
cruaidh gu'n tug e leis, 'Se sin a bha aig anns an uair, ... Naoi


kings from the north-ern shores.
righrean 's an slu - agh leo
There were that wound-ed
Mur robh fear a chaidh o
fell or died on the field of battle, But ne-ver one was home re-
fheum no chaidh do'n Ghrêig a null, Cha deachaidh fear d'a thir
-turning of all the migh-ty Loch-lin men
fein de na thug Righ Lochlainn..... nall
colla voce.

THE SHIP THAT SAILETH HOME.

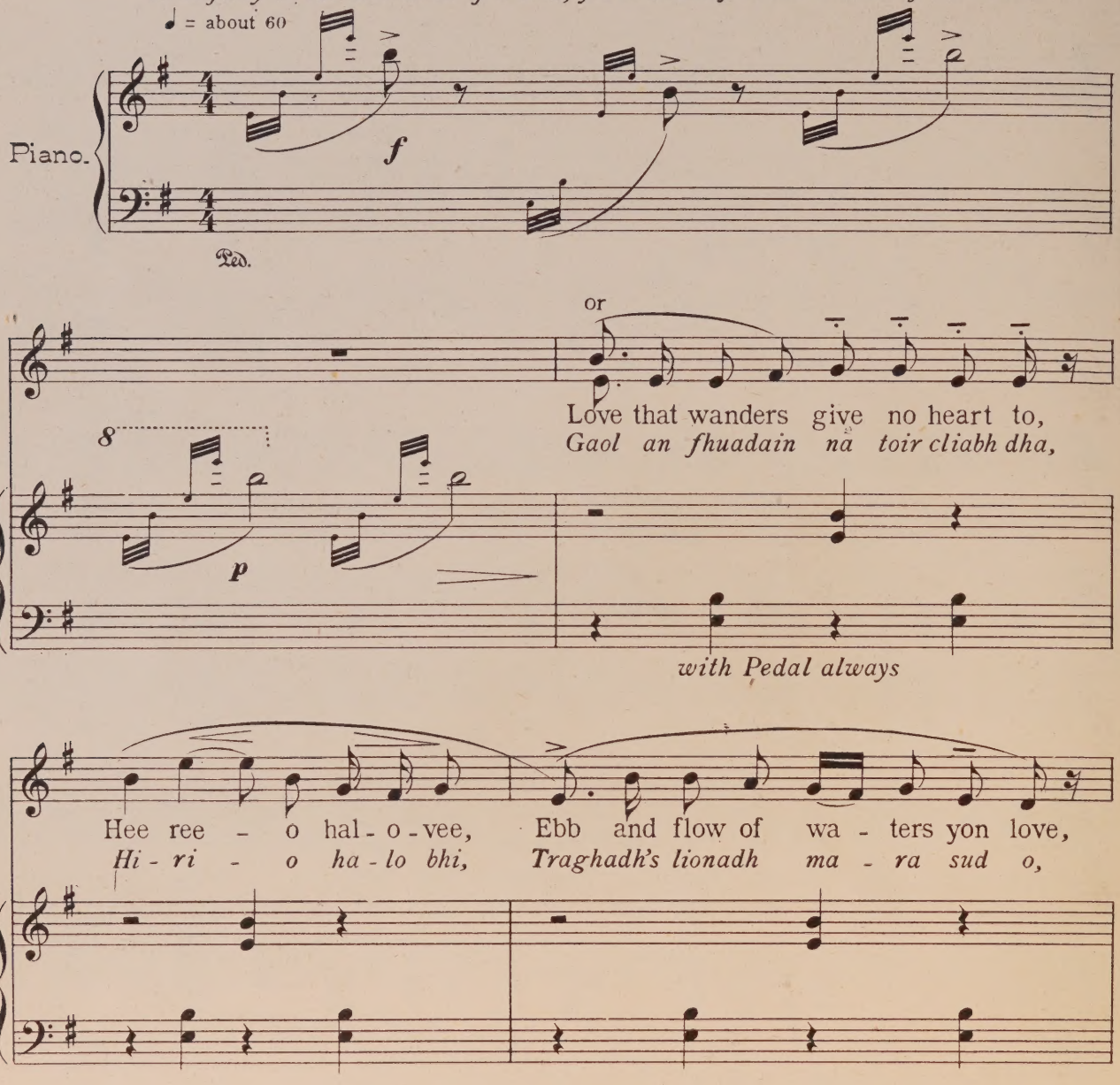
Long a Sheolas Dhachaidh.

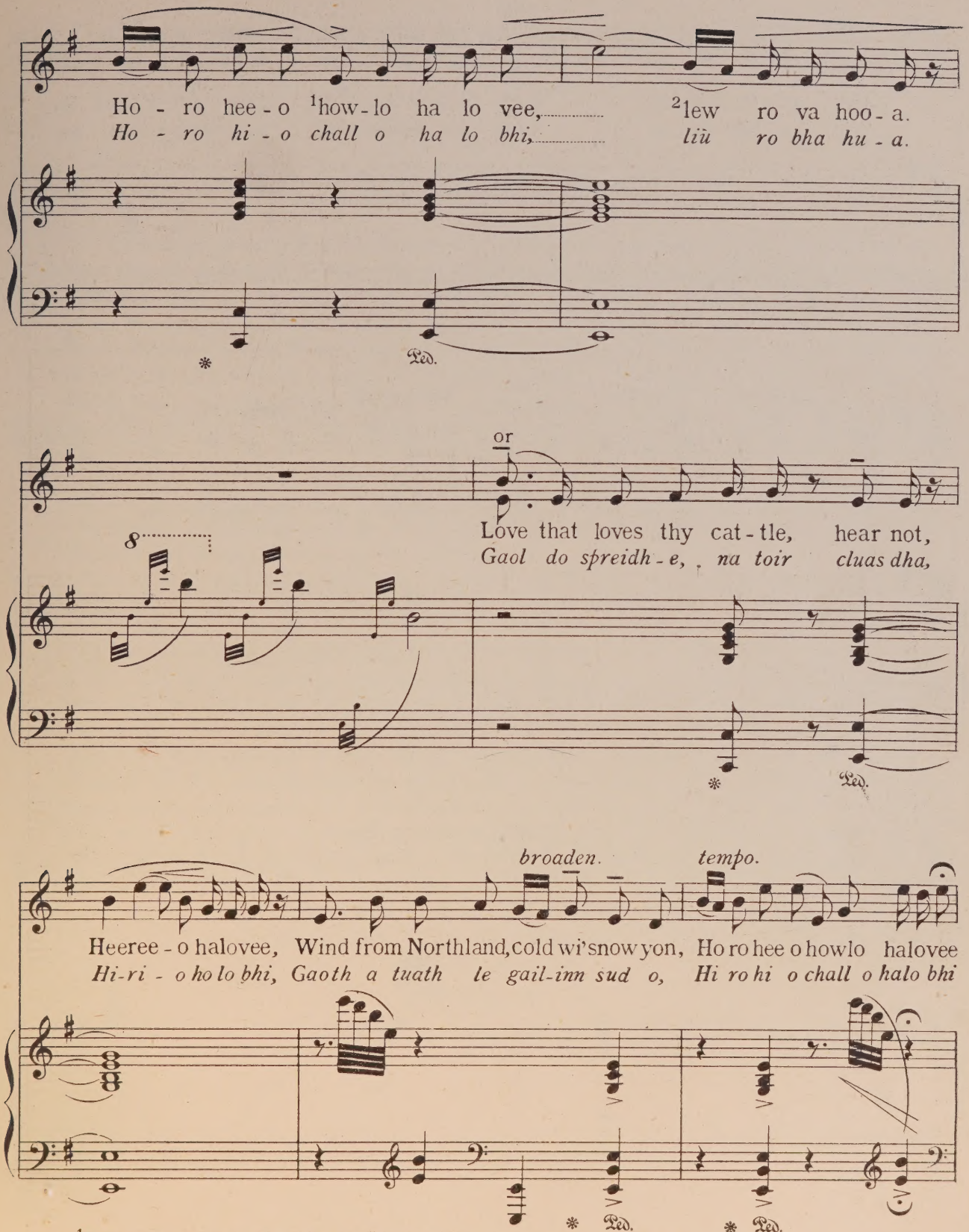
AN ISLEWARD CHANTY.

Air from MALCOLM and ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra,
Gaelic and English Words from
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

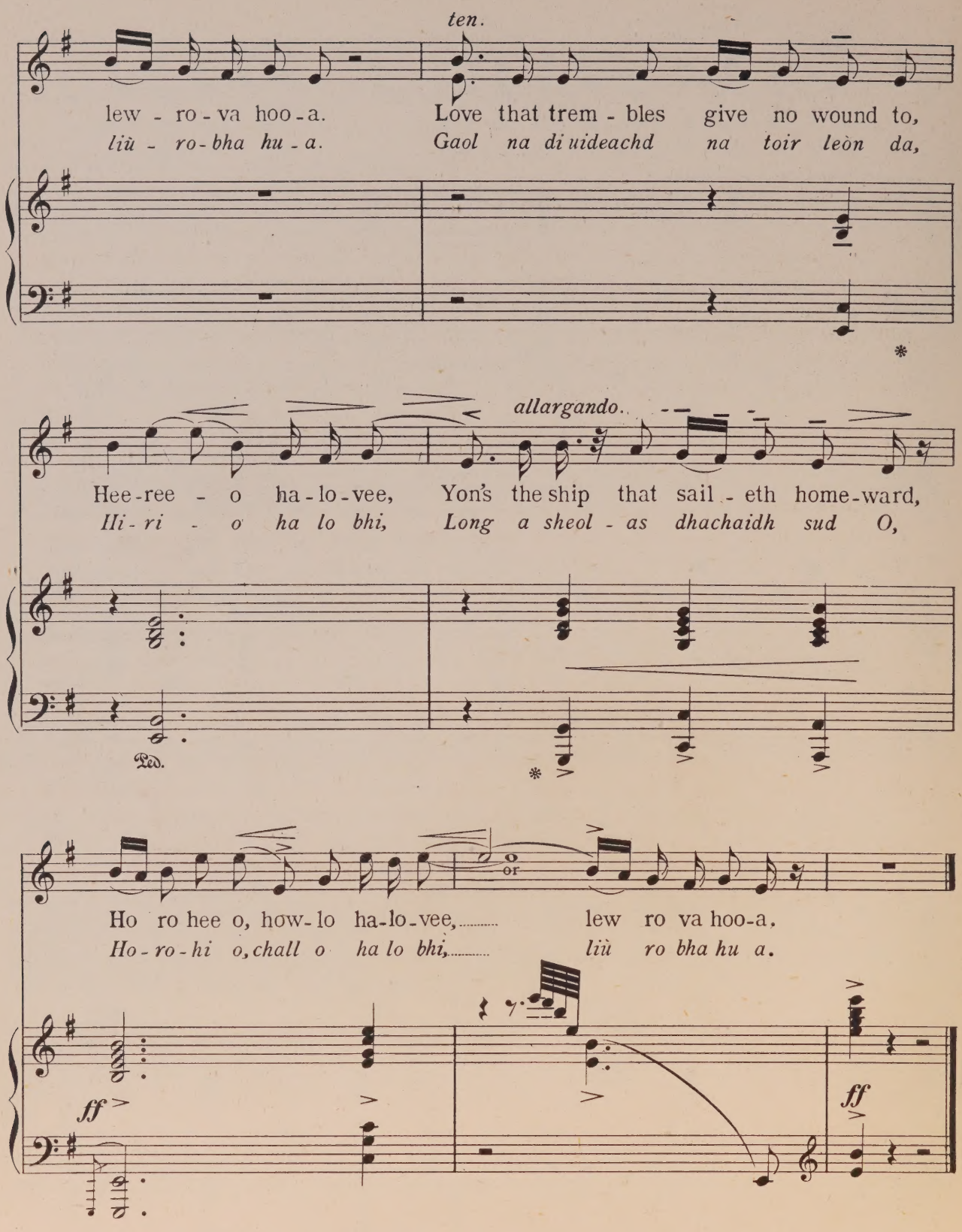
Gracefully as the movement of a boat, yet exultantly as the whistle of the wind.


♩ = about 60
Piano.
f
Ped.
or
8
p
Love that wanders give no heart to,
Gaol an fhuadain na toir cliabh dha,
with Pedal always
Hee ree - o hal - o - vee,
Hi - ri - o ha - lo bhi,
Ebb and flow of wa - ters yon love,
Traghadh's lionadh ma - ra sud o,


Ho - ro hee - o [1]how - lo ha lo vee, [2]lew ro va hoo - a.
Ho - ro hi - o chall o ha lo bhi, liù ro bha hu - a.
Ped.
or
Love that loves thy cat - tle, hear not,
Gaol do spreidh - e, na toir cluas dha,
Ped.
broaden.
tempo.
Heeree - o halovee, Wind from Northland, cold wi' snow yon, Ho ro hee o howlo halovee
Hi-ri - o ho lo bhi, Gaoth a tuath te gail-inn sud o, Hi ro hi o chall o halo bhi
Ped.
Ped.

[1]Pronounce like the two English words "How" and "Low."

[2]Pronounce like "Lieu."


ten.
lew - ro - va hoo - a.
liù - ro - bha hu - a.
Love that trem - bles give no wound to,
Gaol na di uideachd na toir leòn da,
allargando.
Hee - ree - o ha - lo - vee,
Ili - ri - o ha lo bhi,
Yon's the ship that sail - eth home - ward,
Long a sheol - as dhachaidh sud O,
Ped.
or
Ho ro hee o, how - lo ha - lo - vee,
Ho - ro - hi o, chall o ha lo bhi,
lew ro va hoo - a.
liù ro bha hu a.
ff
ff

ST. BRIDE'S BIRD.

On a skerry, in ebb-tide, sat the Christ ; through the *bealach*, the mountain pass, came His enemies. A sea-bird, the oyster-catcher, looking on, said within himself, "Yon shall not be ; I will put wandering on the evil men." And he went and covered his Lord with sea-tangle. For remembrance, it was in the mind of St. Michael, and he the warden of the sea, to put the whiteness of an angel on the oyster-catcher. But St. Bride of the Isles, Foster-mother of Christ, put in her word, "Let the bird that saved my Child be just as He was, with but a touch of whiteness on him, for remembrance." Ever since, when St. Bride's Bird is on the wing, the touch of whiteness on him, as of an angel, is seen of all eyes, as though a cross.

The Sea-gull, in the Isles, is the carrier between the Land-under-waves and the Land-of-the-living. The Skylark is the songster of the Virgin Mary. And St. Bride's Bird, being the servant of the Foster-mother, keeps a warm eye on little children.

In the Isle of Eigg, long ago, three little motherless children were playing on the white sands of Laig Bay, long after all the other little ones of the township had been mothered to sleep. As they played, what espied one of the three but a coracle tied to a rock. "Her prow to the sea!" cried the little one, "let's now play at being sea-reivers." And, climbing into the coracle, they set her adrift on the out-going tide, singing the while, as the like of them should, bold reiving songs. But as midnight drew near and the giant hills of Rùm loomed over them, the reiver heart oozed out, and the child heart throbbed with fear. But the warm eye was not asleep. And quietly over the waves came Bride, the Foster-mother, answering the call of her sea-bird ; and from an armful of the moorland cannach she took the soft white tufts, and with them made a bed for the motherless three. And as she guided the coracle, on the inflowing tide, back to Laig Bay, she lulled them to sleep with a croon which, it is said, put the warm tears on the eyes of her own sea-bird.

U-vil ! u-vil !
Motherless three,
Cold and weary,
U-vil ! u-vil !

KENNETH MACLEOD.

ST. BRIDE'S CORACLE.

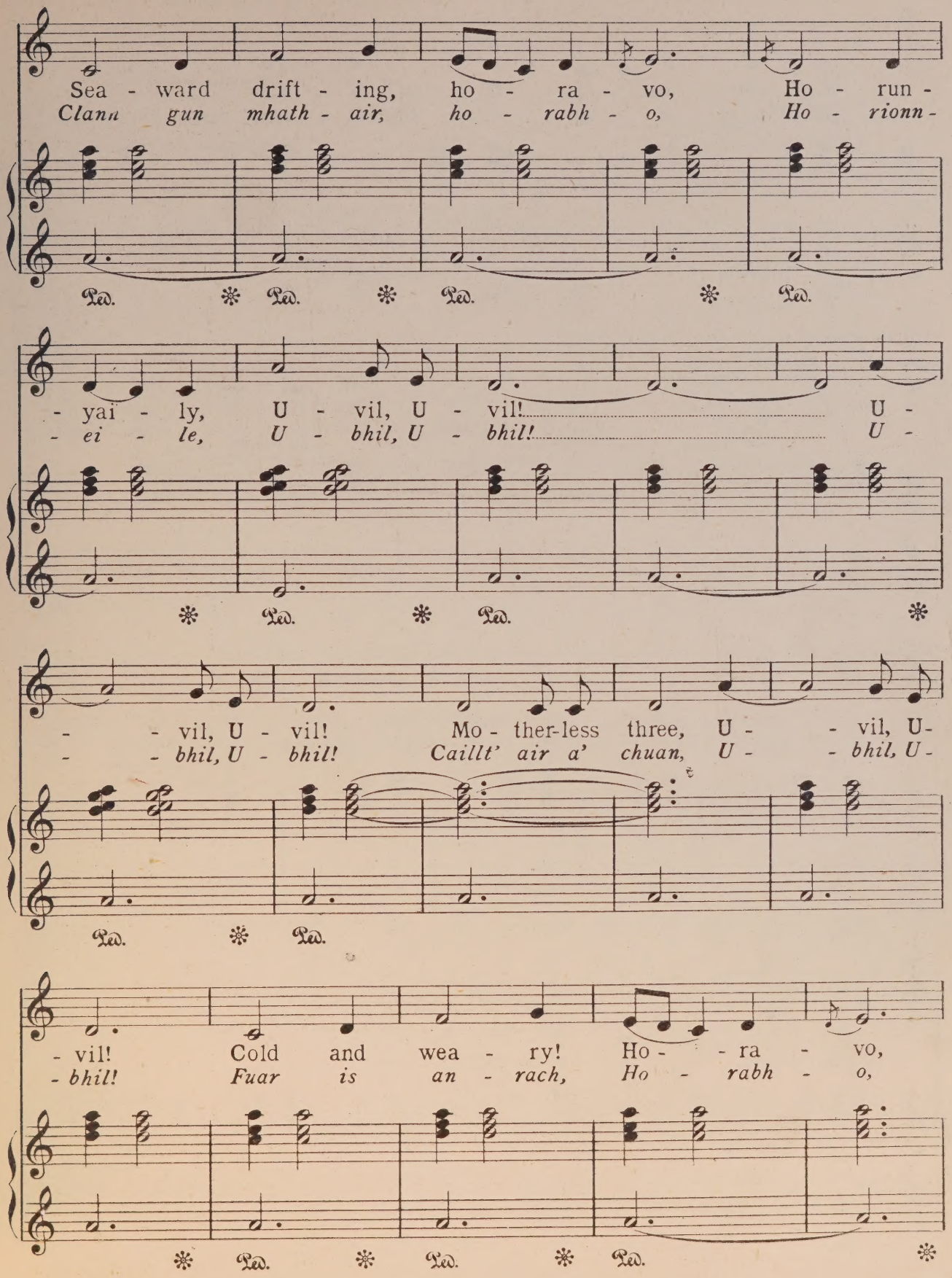
Curach Brighde.

Old' words from
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by Kenneth Macleod and
M. Kennedy-Fraser,
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.

Accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

With hypnotic swing.
Piano.
pp una corda
Ped. Ped.
U -
U -
Ped. Ped.
- vil, U - vil, Co - ra - cle toss'd, U - - vil, U - vil,
- bhil, U - bhil, 'S truagh leam fhein, U - - bhil, U - bhil,
Ped. Ped.


Sea - ward drift - ing, ho - ra - vo, Ho - run -
Clann gun mhath - air, ho - rabh - o, Ho - rionn -
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
- yai - ly, U - vil, U - vil! U -
- ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil! U -
* Ped. * Ped. *
- vil, U - vil! Mo - ther-less three, U - vil, U-
- bhil, U - bhil! Caillt' air a' chuan, U - bhil, U -
Ped. * Ped.
- vil! Cold and wea - ry! Ho - ra - vo,
- bhil! Fuar is an - rach, Ho - rabh - o,
* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ho - run - yai - ly, U - vil, U - vil!
Ho - rionn - ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil!
Ped.
U - - - vil, U - vil! *Bri - de be guide, U -
U - - bhil, U - bhil! Cro - nan gu'n seinn, U -
- - vil, U - vil! Home - ward steer - ing. Ho - ra - vo,
- - bhil, U - bhil! Ni mi ⊙àir - deachd. Ho - rabh - o,
Ho - run - yai - ly, U - vil, U - vil!
Ho - rionn - ei - le, U - bhil, U - bhil!

St. Bride's Coracle. *The Saint's name pronounced Breed-ya. ⊙Lowland Scots "Airting."

St BRIDE'S CHILD-BATHING CROON.

Boislig Brighde.

Old words adapted by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by Kenneth Macleod
and M. Kennedy-Fraser,
from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.
Accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

For high voice in upper octave.
For very low voice in lower octave.
Oh joy, oh rap-ture! Dear my
M'aighear lur O, M'aighear lur
PIANO.
Softly throughout.
child, *Bride be washing thee, lav-ing, clean-sing thee. Oh joy, oh
O, Brighde gad liuth-ail, gad ionn-laid, M'aighear lur O, M'aighear lur
rap-ture! Dear my child, As washed she, as cleansed she the Christ-child,
O, M'aighear lur O, Mar liuth-ail mar dh'ionnlaid i Crios-da,

*Pronounce Breed-ya.

Laveth she thee. Oh joy, oh rap - ture! Dear my child,
M'aighear lur O. M'aighear lur O, M'aighear lur O,
In wa - ter from well of King Dav - id, Laveth she thee. Oh joy, oh
An sil - teach a fuaran Righ Daibhidh, M'aighear lur O. M'aighear lur
rap - ture! Dear my child, In wa - ter with fra-grance of an - gels,
O, M'aighear lur O, Is fionnair - eachd ainghlean 'na fhior-uisg,
Lav - eth she thee, As Je - sus the Christ-child, Lav - eth she thee.
M'aighear lur O, M'aighear lur O, M'aighear lur O.

THE RUNE OF COLUM-CILLE.

GENERATIONS ago, the Rune of Colum-cille, words and tune, sailed forth from Iona to the other Isles. In the changes of wind and tide the two seem to have lost sight of each other, the words ultimately drifting to St. Donnan's Isle of Eigg, the tune to the little Isle of Eriskay, further west. But whoso awaiteth the ferry long enough will get across sometime, and the two separated ones, words and tune, are now speaking each other again, in safe anchorage.

There was never a wand in the door of Iona, and one day a druid, from beyond the Moyle, landed in Port na Curach, to put testing on the magic which, if men spoke truth, had come in coracles from Erin to Iona. Above the shore he came face to face with one of the monks; Baithen of the tender heart, perhaps. "Tell me, holy man, how I shall know Colum-cille in the seeing, if see him I should." "If see a man thou shouldest, O stranger, with the head of a King on him, and the look of a King, it is himself you will likely be seeing; and if, moreover, he should be healing the broken wing of a bird, it is not someone else you will be seeing then." "May good be with thee, holy man, but tell me, if thou mayest, what the magic, be it black or white, of this same Colum-cille." "Thou wilt hear it in the rune and in the song, O stranger from beyond the sea, and when thou hearest, it is upon thyself the great sorrow will be, that there is never a wand in the door of Iona, so that thou mightest dwell here all thy days."

While this book was being made, one stood by the well of Colum-cille, in the Isle of Eigg. "Let us drink of its water," said a fisher lad of the Isle, "and may our share of Colum-cille take us safely across."

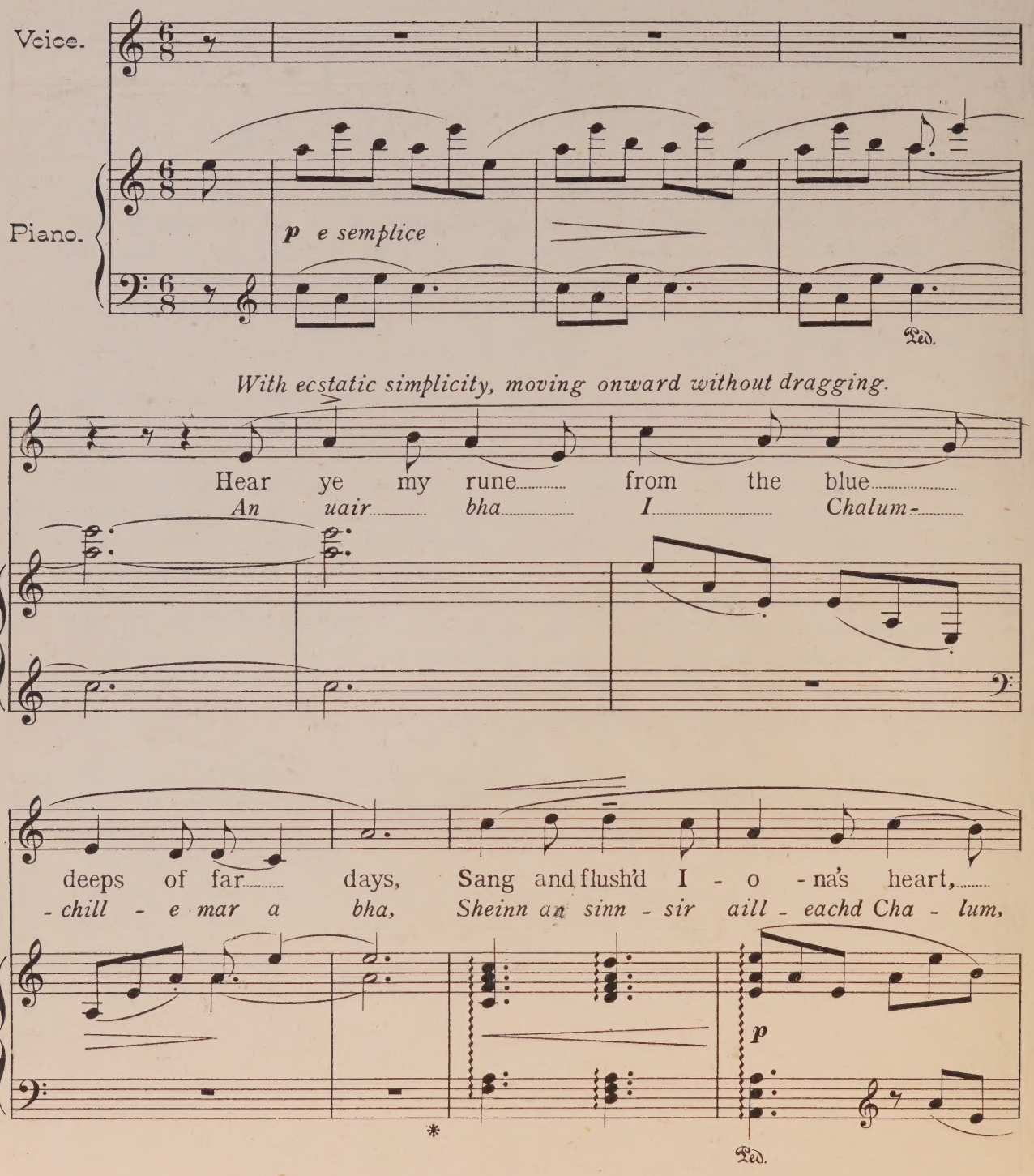
KENNETH MACLEOD.

THE RUNE OF COLUMCILL.

AILLEACHD CHALUM-CHILLE.

Words adapted by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by M. & P. KENNEDY-FRASER,
From Penny O'Henly, Eriskay.


Voice.
Piano.
p e semplice
Ped.
With ecstatic simplicity, moving onward without dragging.
Hear ye my rune from the blue
An uair bha I Chalum-
deeps of far days, Sang and flush'd I - o - na's heart,
-chill - e mar a bha, Sheinn an sinn - sir aill - eachd Cha - lum,
p
*
Ped.

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[1]Col - um- cill hath the keen eye of ea - gles,
Suil na h-io - lair ta an ceann Cha - lum - chill - e
So to seek the noon - tide of nine
Chum e dh'amh - airc air naoi gath - a grein - e mheadh-on
rays.
Hear
la.
An
p
Ped.
ye my rune from the blue deeps of far days,
uair bha I Cha - lum - chill - e mar a bha!

[1]Colum of the cell- pronounced like English words "column"—"keel"

Sang and throbbed I - o - na's heart, Col - um - cill
Sheinn ar sinn - sir ail - leachd Chalum, Lùgh an daimh.
p
Ped.
hath the strong back of elk - stag, So to bear
ta an druim Cha - lum-chil - le Chum e ghiulan
With elation.
all our peo - ple's bur - - - dens
cuall - - - a' mhuinn - - tir fein.
deciso.
Hear ye my rune
An uair bha
p
Ped.

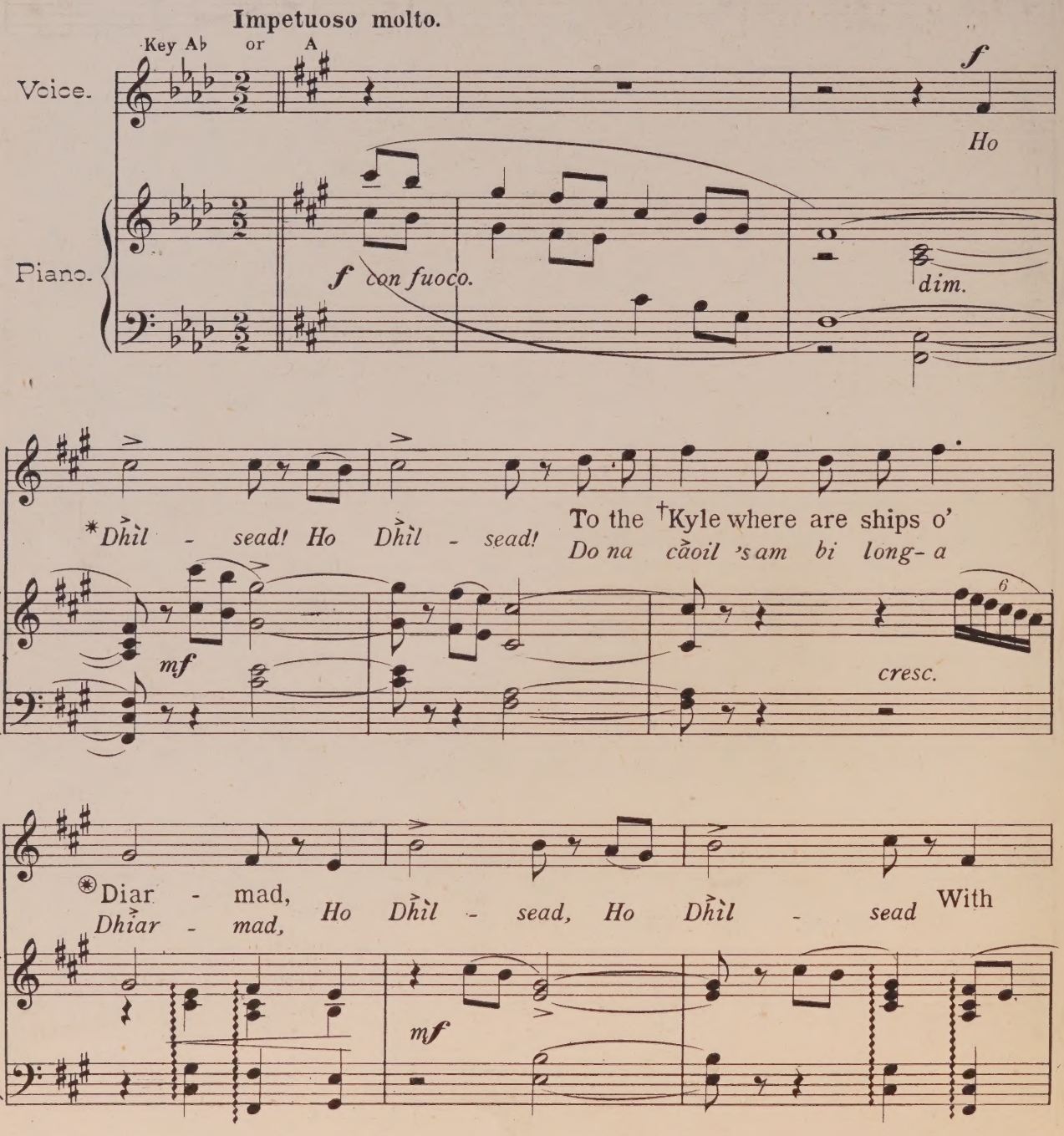
from the blue deeps of far days,
I Cha - lum - chil - le mar a bha,
Sang and thrilled I - o - na's heart, Col - um - cill
Sheinn ar sinn - sir ail - leachd Chalum, Mìn - e maigh - dinn
p
Ped.
hath the soft hand of wo - man, So to soothe the
ta an laimh Cha - lum-chil - le Chum e leigh - eas
2
2
sore wounds of bruis - - ed ones.
leòn nam brui - - te sgith.
p
mf
Ped.
Ped.

HEBRIDEAN SMUGGLER'S SONG.

Braid air a' Bhraid.

Old Gaelic words adapted by
KENNETH MACLEOD.
Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Air collected by KENNETH MACLEOD
and M KENNEDY-FRASER from
BELLA MACDONALD, Berneray, Lewis.



* Name of the ship, pronounced Yeelshut, meaning Loyalty. ⊛ Traditional ancestor of the Campbells, pronounce Deermat.

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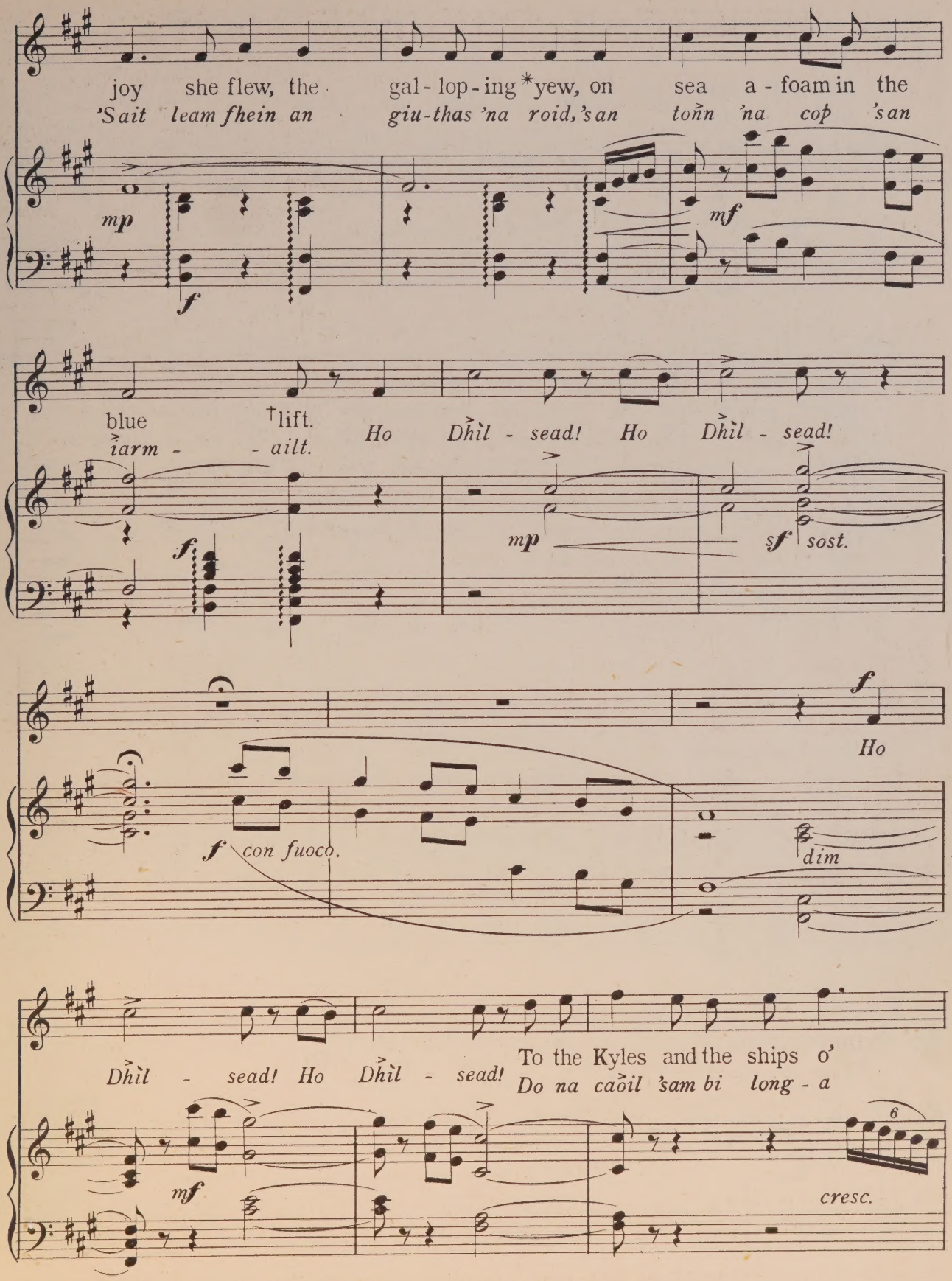
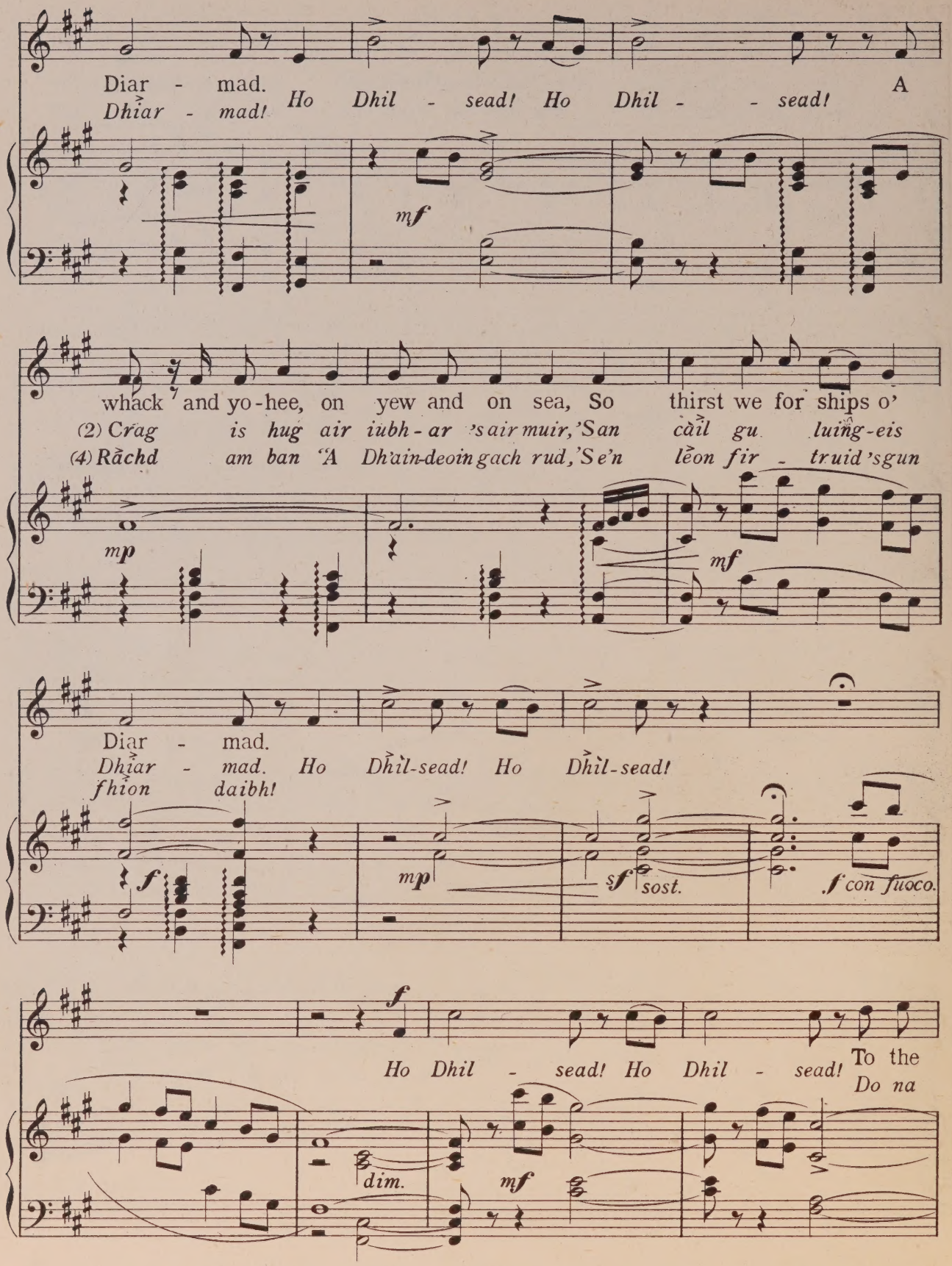
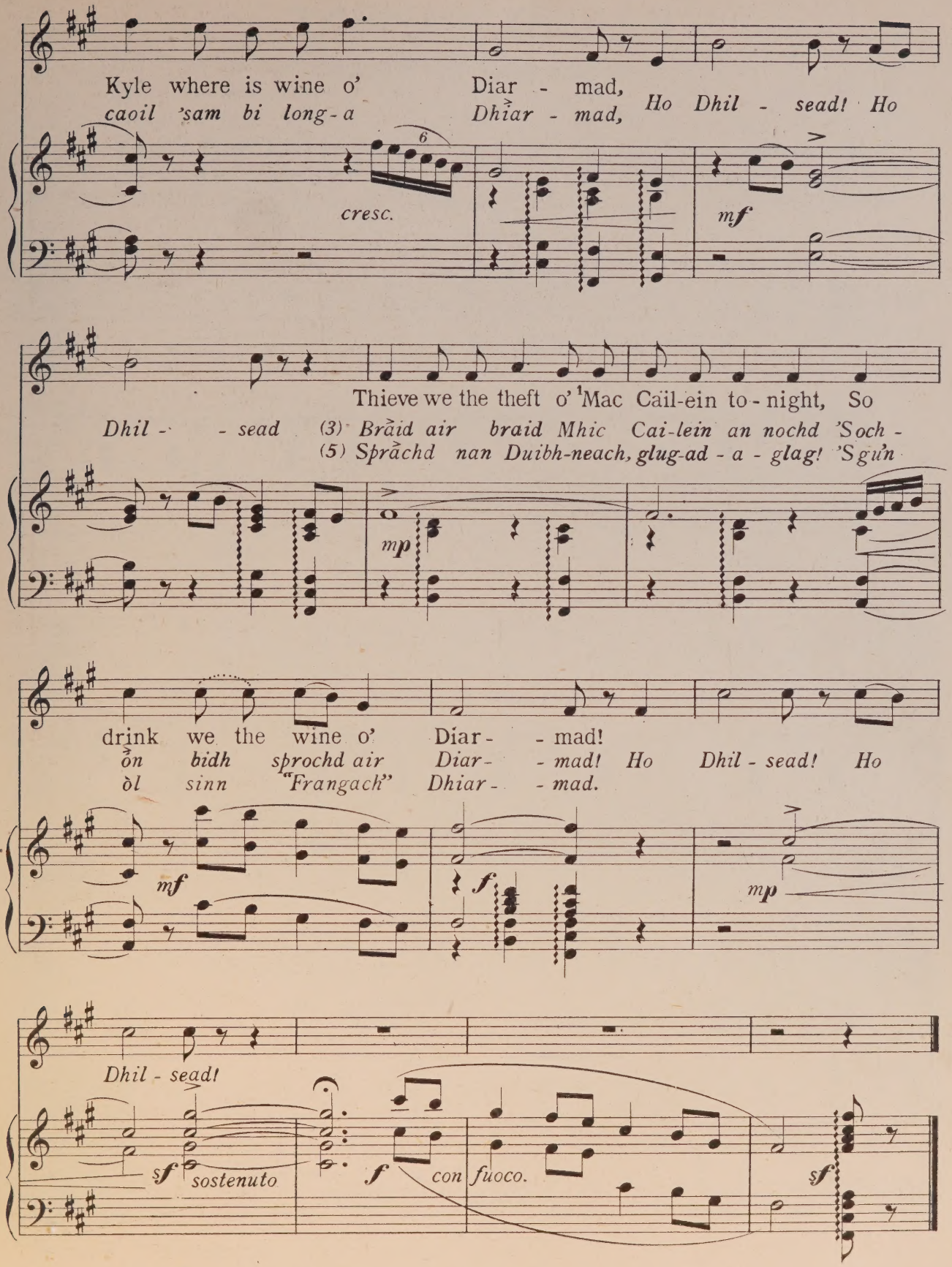
†Straits.



*The boats were built of the wood of the Yew tree.

†Sky.


Diar - mad. Ho Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - - sead! A
Dhiar - mad!
mf
whack and yo-hee, on yew and on sea, So thirst we for ships o'
(2) Crag is hug air iubh-ar 's air muir, 'San càil gu luing-eis
(4) Rachd am ban "A Dh'ain-deoin gach rud, 'S e'n leon fir - truid 'sgun
mp
mf
Diar - mad. Ho Dhìl-sead! Ho Dhìl-sead!
Dhiar - mad.
fhion daibh!
f
mp
sf sost.
f con fuoco.
f
Ho Dhil - sead! Ho Dhil - sead! To the
Do na
dim.
mf


Kyle where is wine o' Diar - mad, Ho Dhil - sead! Ho
caoil 'sam bi long-a Dhiar - mad,
cresc.
mf
Thieve we the theft o' [1]Mac Cail-ein to-night, So
Dhil - - sead (3) Brâid air braid Mhic Cai-lein an nochd 'Soch -
(5) Sprâchd nan Duibh-neach, glug-ad - a - glag! 'Sgu'n
mp
drink we the wine o' Diar - - mad!
ôn bidh sprochd air Diar - - mad! Ho Dhil - sead! Ho
òl sinn "Frangach" Dhiar - - mad.
mf
f
mp
Dhil - sead!
sf sostenuto
f con fuoco.
sf

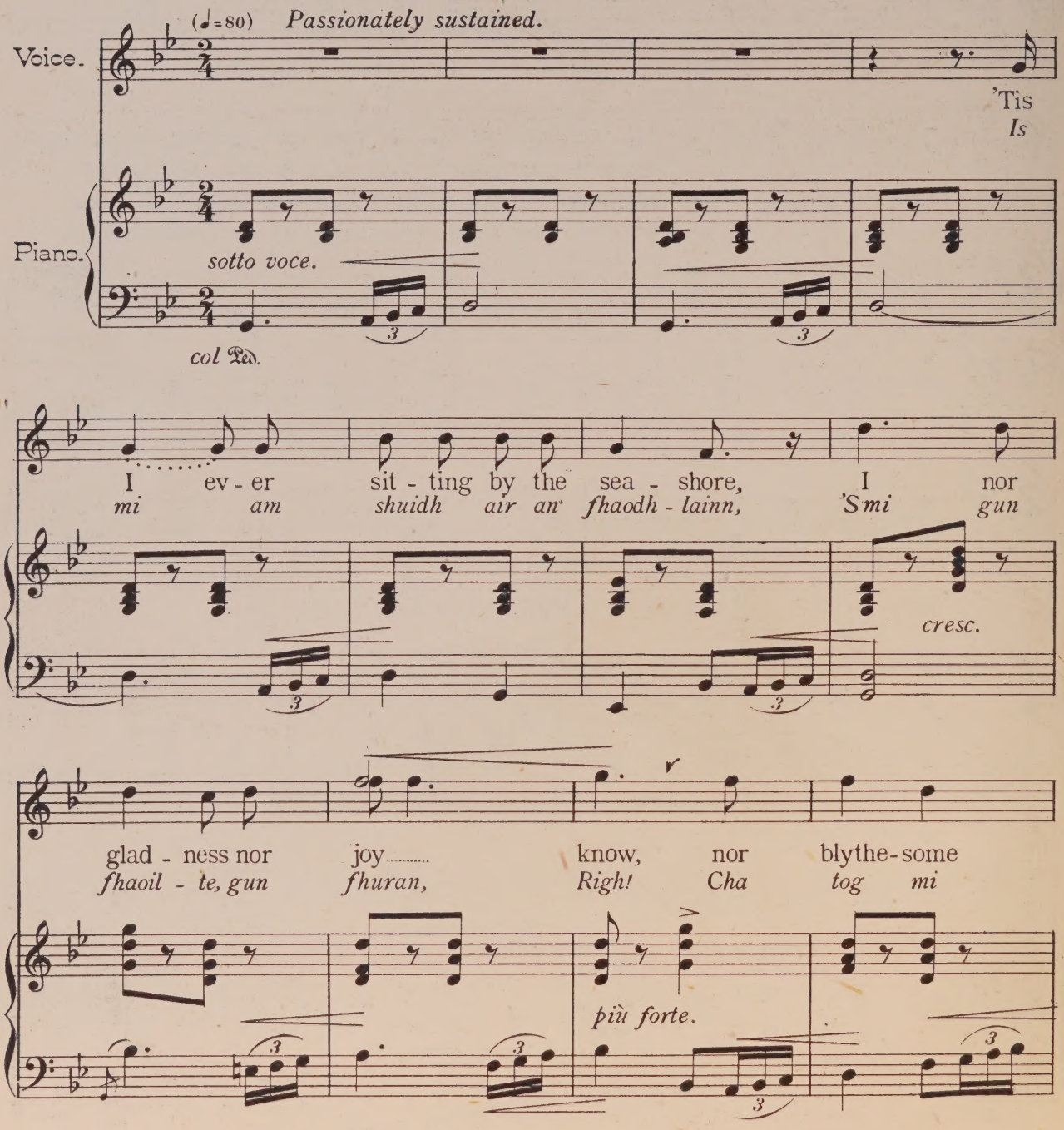
[1] Patronymic of the Argylls, pronounced Mackallan.

RAASAY LAMENT.

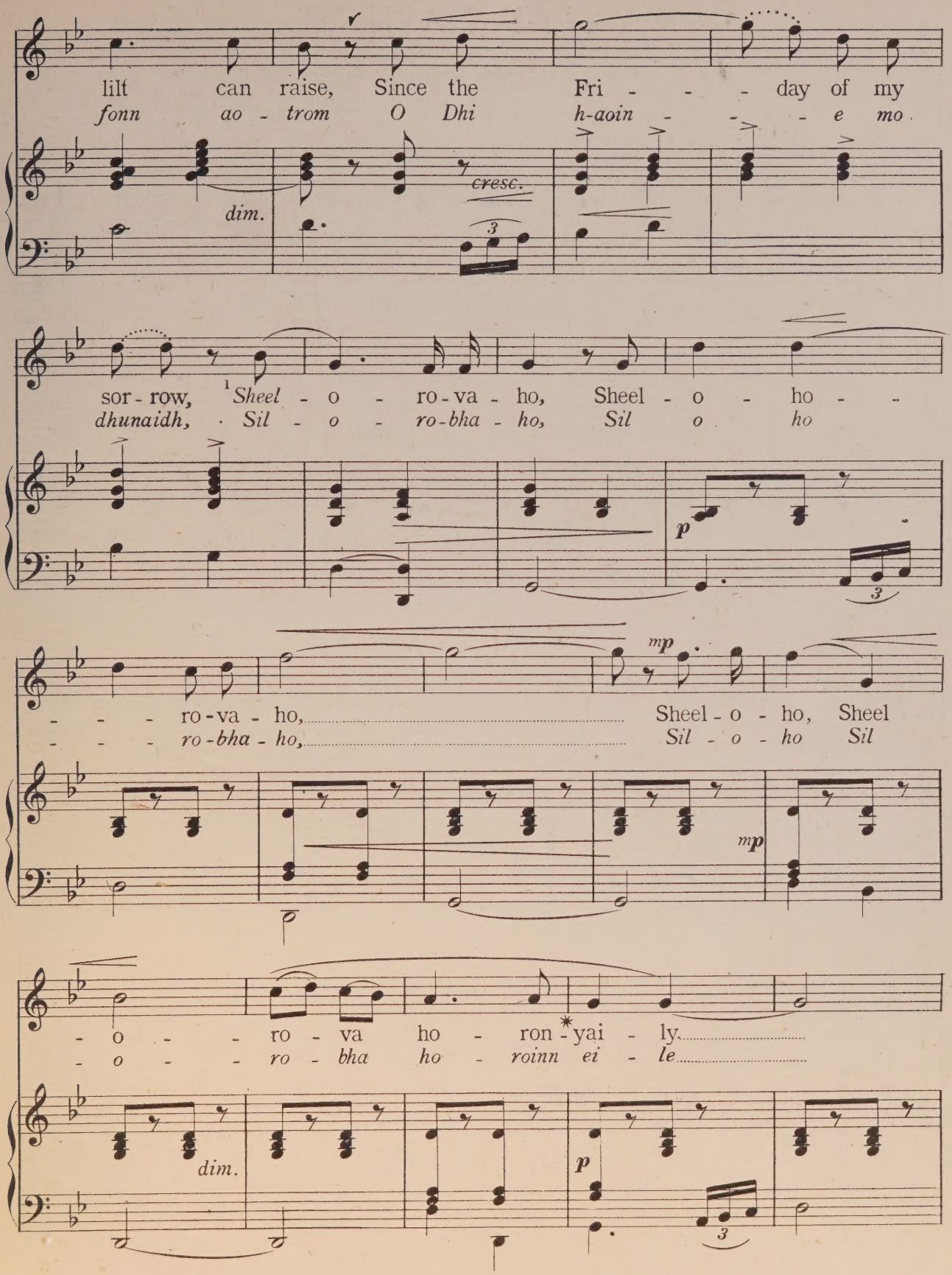
Cumha Mhic 'ille Chalum.

Gaelic words from Eigg,
Collected, edited and translated by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air phonographed from the singing of
FATHER IAIN MACMILLAN, Benbecula, and
Arranged for Voice and Piano by M. KENNEDY-FRASER.

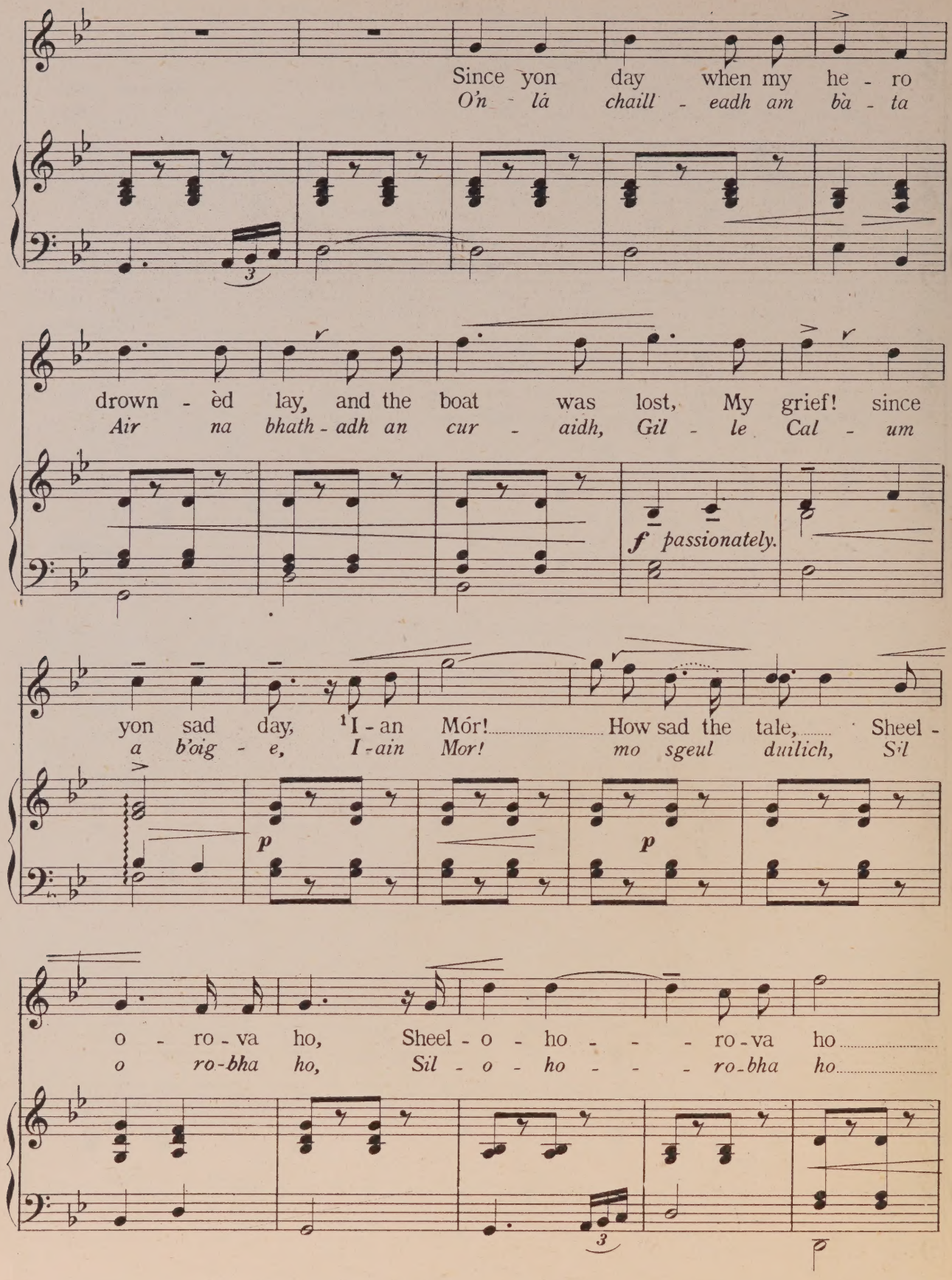

(♩=80) Passionately sustained.
Voice.
'Tis
Is
Piano.
sotto voce.
col Ped.
I ev - er sit - ting by the sea - shore, I nor
mi am shuidh air an fhaodh - lainn, 'S mi gun
cresc.
glad - ness nor joy..... know, nor blythe-some
fhaoil - te, gun fhuran, Righ! Cha tog mi
più forte.

N.B. Any breath marks given are understood to apply to the English words only.

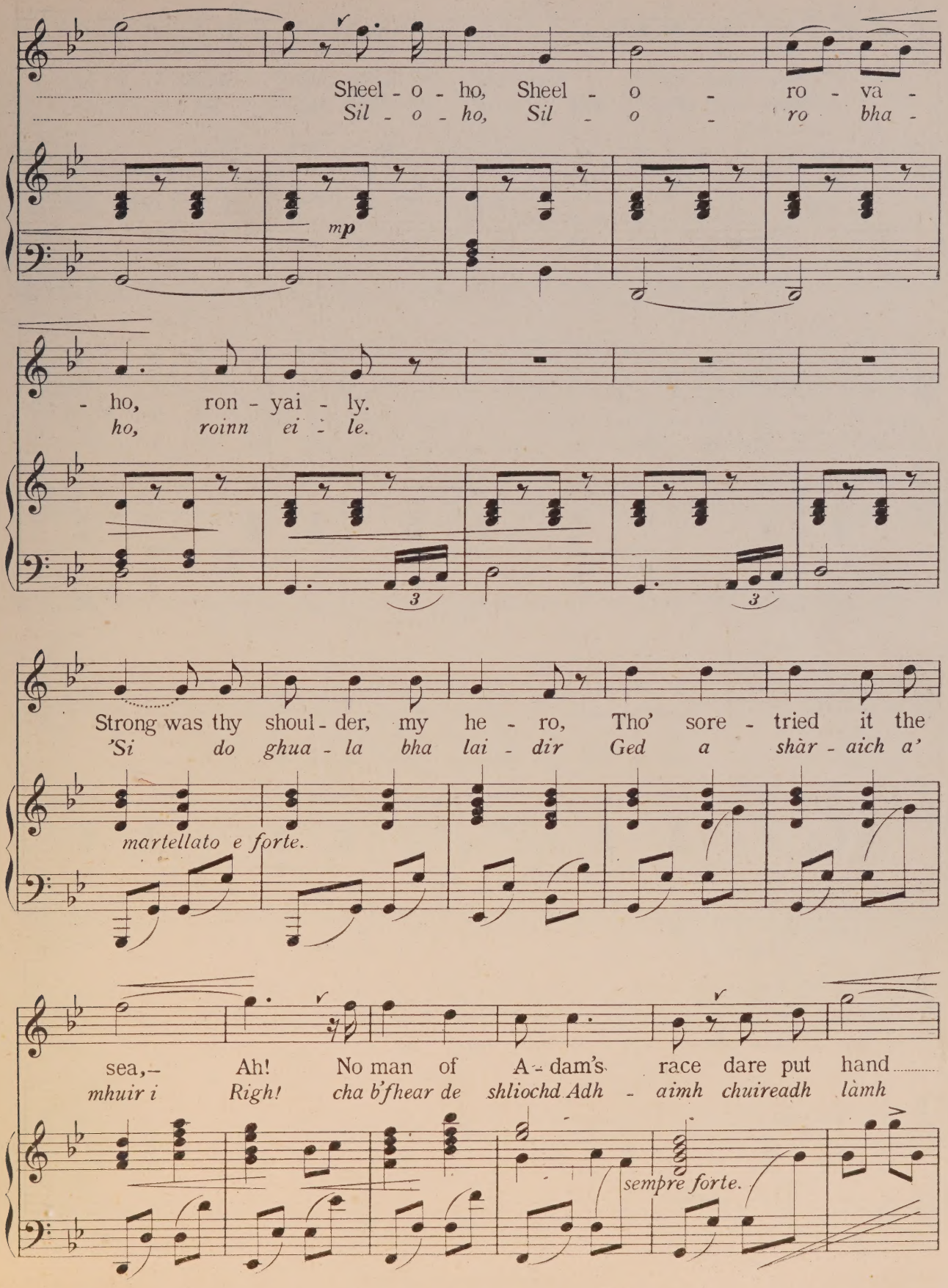

lilt can raise, Since the Fri - - - day of my
fonn ao - trom O Dhi h-aoin - - - e mo
dim.
cresc.
3
sor - row, [1] Sheel - o - ro - va - ho, Sheel - o - ho - -
dhunaidh, Sil - o - ro-bha - ho, Sil o ho
p
3
mp
- - - ro - va - ho, Sheel - o - ho, Sheel
- - - ro - bha - ho, Sil - o - ho Sil
mp
- o - - ro - va ho - ron - [*] yai - ly.
- o - - ro - bha ho - roinn ei - le
dim.
p
3

[1] Refrain (meaning "Flow o Tears" to be sung very Sostenuto with ever-recurring swell and diminish in tone and with passionate sorrow.

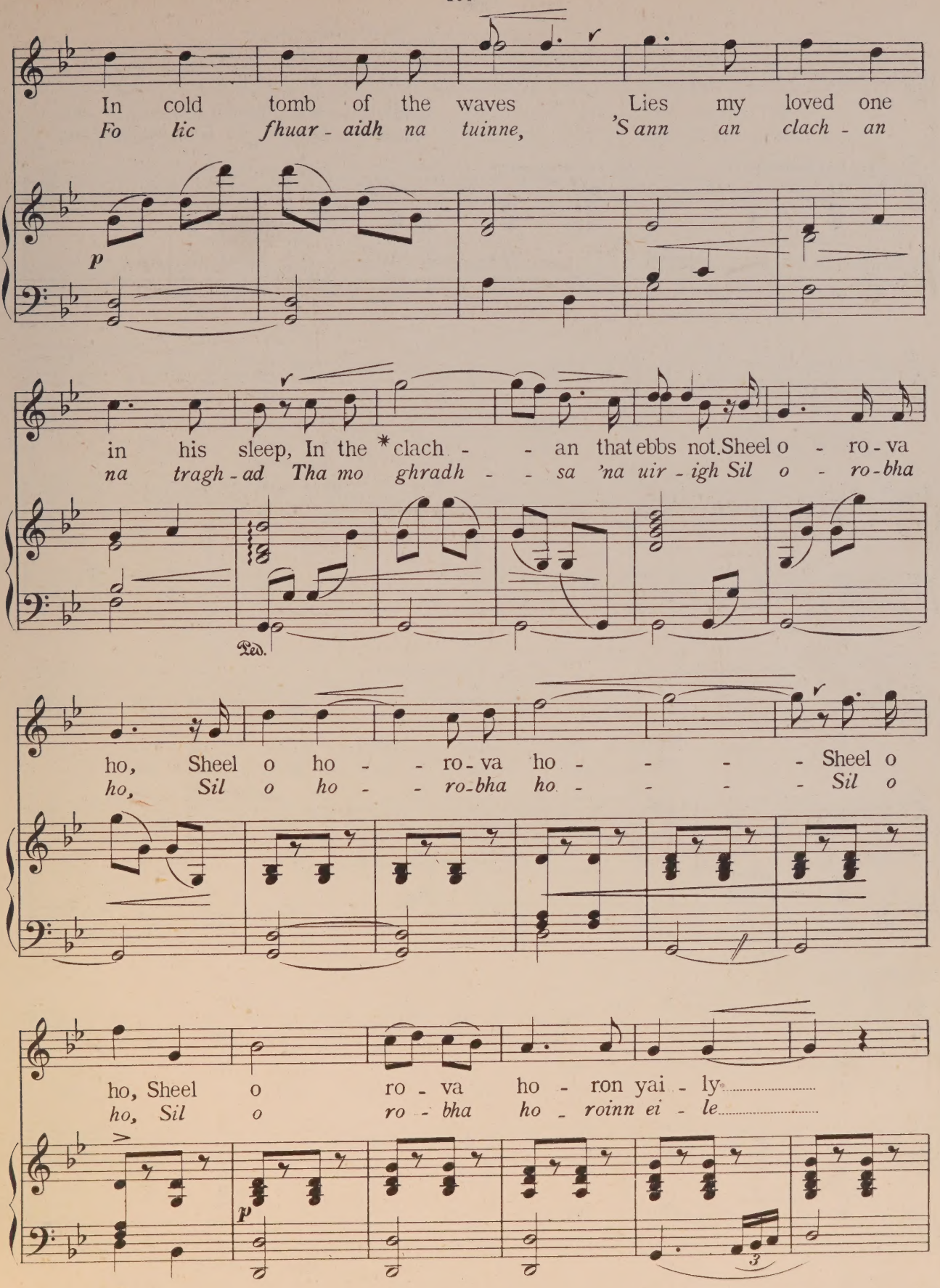
[*] To rhyme with daily.


Since yon day when my he - ro
O'n là chaill - eadh am bà - ta
drown - èd lay, and the boat was lost, My grief! since
Air na bhath - adh an cur - aidh, Gil - le Cal - um
f passionately.
yon sad day, [1]I - an Mór! How sad the tale, Sheel -
a b'oig - e, I - ain Mor! mo sgeul duilich, Sil
p
p
o - ro - va ho, Sheel - o - ho - - - ro - va ho
o ro - bha ho, Sil - o - ho - - - ro - bha ho
3
3

[1] John the great (Italian pronunciation)

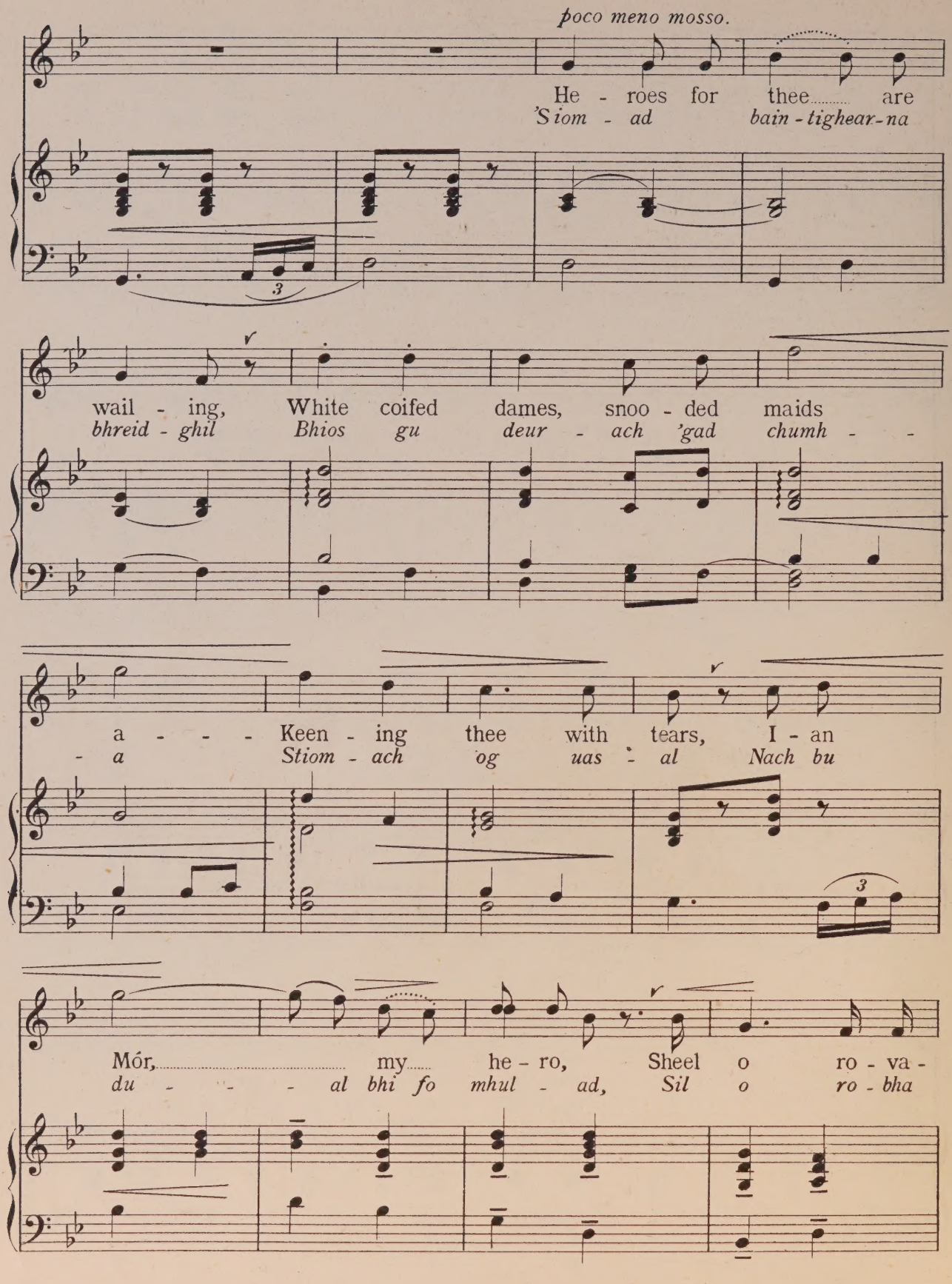

Sheel - o - ho, Sheel - o - ro - va -
Sil - o - ho, Sil - o - ro bha -
mp
- ho, ron - yai - ly.
ho, roinn ei - le.
3
3
Strong was thy shoul - der, my he - ro, Tho' sore - tried it the
'Si do ghua - la bha lai - dir Ged a shàr - aich a'
martellato e forte.
sea,- Ah! No man of A - dam's race dare put hand
mhuir i Righ! cha b'fhear de shliochd Adh - aimh chuireadh làmh
sempre forte.

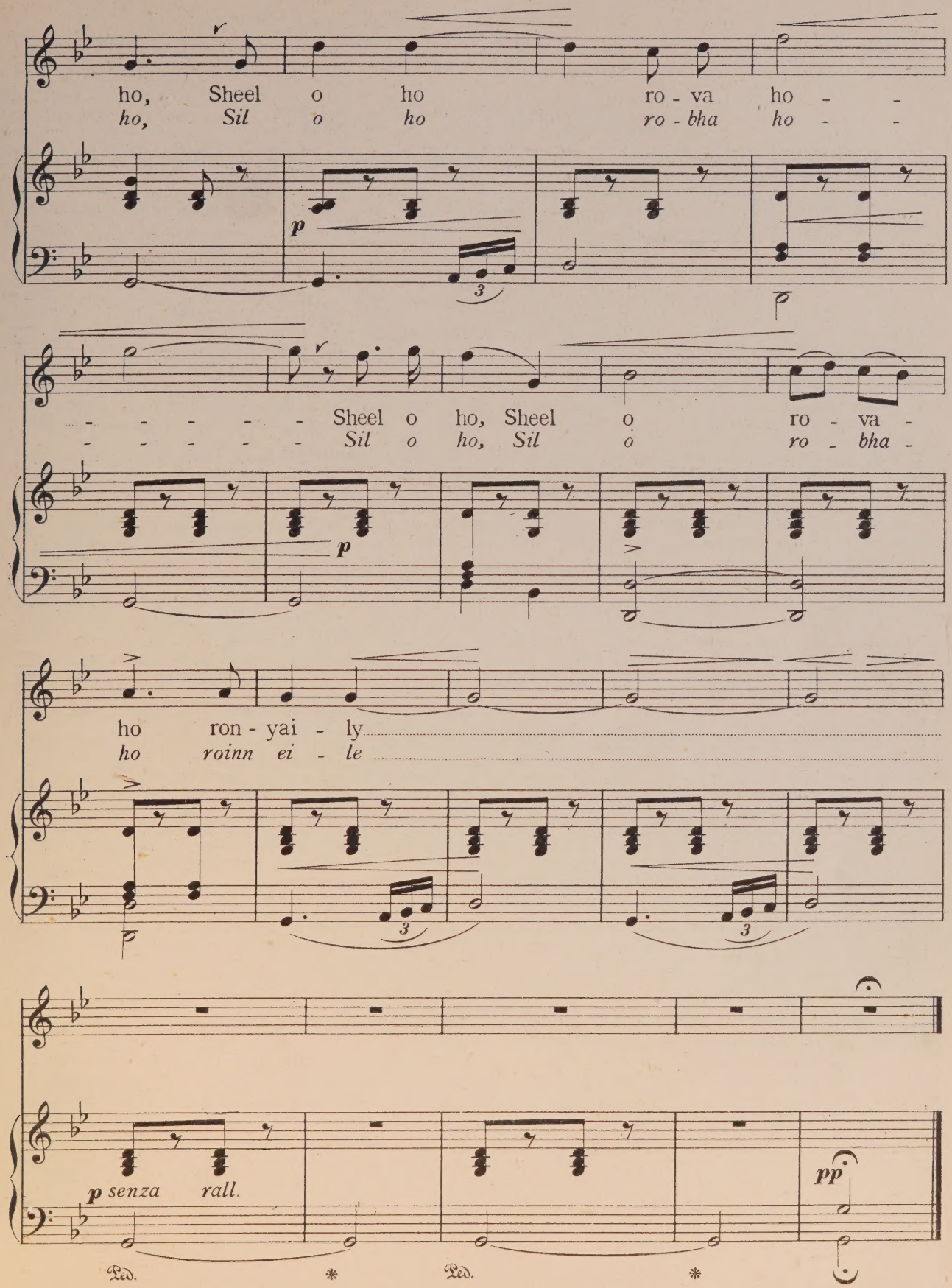
dim.
on the he-ro, Sheel - o - ro-va ho, Sheel o - ho -
anns a' chur - aidh Sil - o - ro bha ho, Sil o - ho -
mp
- - ro - va ho Sheel o ho, Sheel
- - ro - bha ho Sil o ho, Sil
mp
*
o ro - va - ho - ron - yai - ly
o ro - bha - ho - roinn ei - le
p
3
Low - ly to - night thy pil - low,
Nochd gur h-iosal do chluasag,
sostenuto espressivo.
p
3


In cold tomb of the waves Lies my loved one
Fo lic fhuar - aidh na tuinne, 'S ann an clach - an
p
in his sleep, In the *clach - - an that ebbs not. Sheel o - ro - va
na tragh - ad Tha mo ghradh - - sa 'na uir - igh Sil o - ro - bha
Ped.
ho, Sheel o ho - - ro - va ho - - - - Sheel o
ho, Sil o ho - - ro - bha ho - - - - Sil o
ho, Sheel o ro - va ho - ron yai - ly.....
ho, Sil o ro - bha ho - roinn ei - le.....
p
3

Raasay Lament.

*Or, in the waters that ebb not.


poco meno mosso.
He - roes for thee..... are
'Siom - ad bain - tighear - na
wail - ing, White coifed dames, snoo - ded maids
bhreid - ghil Bhios gu deur - ach 'gad chumh - -
a - - - Keen - ing thee with tears, I - an
- a Stiom - ach og uas - al Nach bu
Mór,..... my..... he - ro, Sheel o ro - va -
du - - - al bhi fo mhul - ad, Sil o ro - bha


ho, Sheel o ho ro - va ho - -
ho, Sil o ho ro - bha ho - -
p
3
- - - - - - Sheel o ho, Sheel o ro - va -
- - - - - - Sil o ho, Sil o ro - bha -
p
ho ron - yai - ly
ho roinn ei - le
3
3
p senza rall.
pp
Ped. * Ped. *

HEBRIDEAN LABOUR SONGS.

Although there is surely "a delicious sadness in Celtic song," yet there are humorous songs to be heard in the Isles, dealing with the doings of houseman and housewife, after the fashion of Lowland song in "Get up an' bar the door, O," and "Tak' yer auld cloak about ye." And this song of the *Bodachan** who, coming home hungry and angry, and finding no food in the house, crunches the great, grey, granite quern-stones in his wrath, finds a parallel also in Breton song where, in a similar quandary, a gudewife sings:

Mon mari m'a commandé
Des crépes pour son dîner,
Mais comment le contenter, commère?
La poële est chez l'chaudronnier,
La farine à récolter,
Et le beurre est au marchè, commère!

I heard the *Bodachan* sung at a *waulking* in the Isle of Barra in the summer of 1911. These waulking songs are probably among the oldest of the surviving songs of the Isles. Communal labour tends to conserve the chants used in its practice, and in waulking (shrinking and fulling of the home-made cloth), which calls for the collaboration of from ten to twenty neighbours, the heavy, long-sustained, steadily rhythmical work could only be performed with the help of strongly rhythmical song. And if waulking is the most important of communal labour-song functions, it is also the gayest. And its gaiety is infectious, as anyone who has had the good fortune to "assist" at a waulking can testify. Little wonder the old wives tell that when they were girls it was held a greater privilege to be invited to a waulking than to a dance! At a waulking the young men take no active part, they look on from a respectful distance by the open door or skylight window of the barn where the women, young and old, are seated at work. No doubt the lads make note the while of the particular maiden they hope to see home after the function, but the onlookers here are not essential. The real source of joy for the women lies in the strangely exhilarating effect of continuously repeated bodily movements accompanied by song.

At this waulking we were women only, the men were out with the boats, and the women were already tired with a hard day's herring-packing. Yet the stirring old waulking song dispelled weariness and stimulated even the aged leaders to long-sustained exertion.

The cloth to be shrunk was blanketing, and for the process a long narrow table had been improvised in a candle-lit barn. The women were seated on benches on either side. At one end stood a wooden tub in which the blanket was soaking in dilute ammonia. From the tub it was lifted and gathered in the hand like a thick woollen scarf, then stretched down the table to the far end, where, turned back on itself, it lay along the boards like an elongated "U."

The seated women, grasping in both hands the portion of thick scarf which lay before them, lifted it and began slowly to beat it rhythmically on the boards, the two sides alternating in movement.

An old woman, one of two song-leaders, began to croon softly. And, as one listened, a quaint refrain shaped itself, a theme fashioned in strong rhythmic and melodic outlines, calculated, like a fugue subject, to impress itself easily on the memory. This was caught up and repeated by the workers *tutti*. A verse phrase of a more recitative-like character, perhaps consisting of only eight notes to eight syllables, was then intoned by the leader, and this was followed by a second refrain, longer than the first, but again of a strongly rhythmical character. This, in its turn, was caught up and repeated in chorus. And now the leader sang the alternating verse portions only, leaving the refrains to the other women. But the musical interest was not yet exhausted, for the leader skilfully varied the verse themes, and I have tried in vain to catch and note *all* the changes rung on a few notes by one of these capable, practised folk-singers of the Isles.

As the workers get heated with the excitement of tone and rhythm, and carried away by the hypnotic effect of repetition, the work becomes more and more rapid, and the cloth passes gradually round the table sunwise. The possibilities of one song having been exhausted, a second is intoned by a fresh leader, who, in her turn, sets the pattern of the refrain or refrains (some songs have only *one* recurrent refrain), and exercises her skill also in the improvisation of verse strains.

And when, after many songs, the waulking proper has come to an end, the web is carefully rolled up and "clapped." And the *Bodachan* was the clapping song we heard that night. The hungry rage of the man, with his "uabh, uabh, uabh, uabhan," and the mocking glee of the woman with her "hì, rì, rì, rì, rì, rì, rì, vak," clapped the cloth into shape and the fun was at an end. In the old days, but it is going out of fashion now, they sang also the consecration of the cloth:—

Car deiseal a h-aon,	Turn sunwise once,
Car deiseal a dha,	Turn sunwise twice,
Car deiseal a tri.	Turn sunwise thrice.
Beannachd an Dòmhnaich air an aodach so.	The Blessing of the Lord on this cloth.

MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

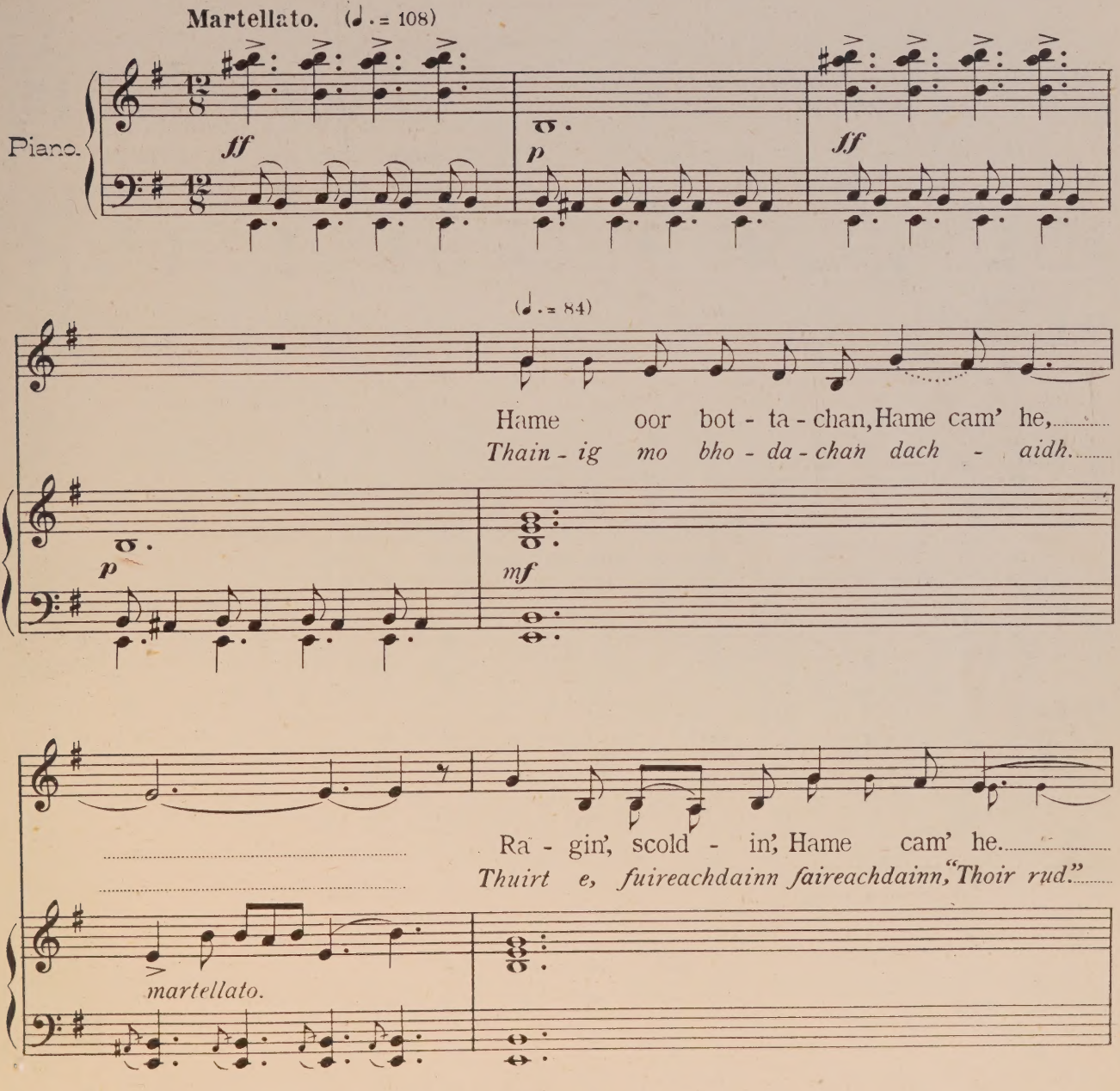
* Bodachan = little old man.

†HAME OOR *BOTTACHAN, HAME CAM' HE.

HO RO BHODACHAN.

Noted from the singing of
Mrs CAMERON. *Barra.*

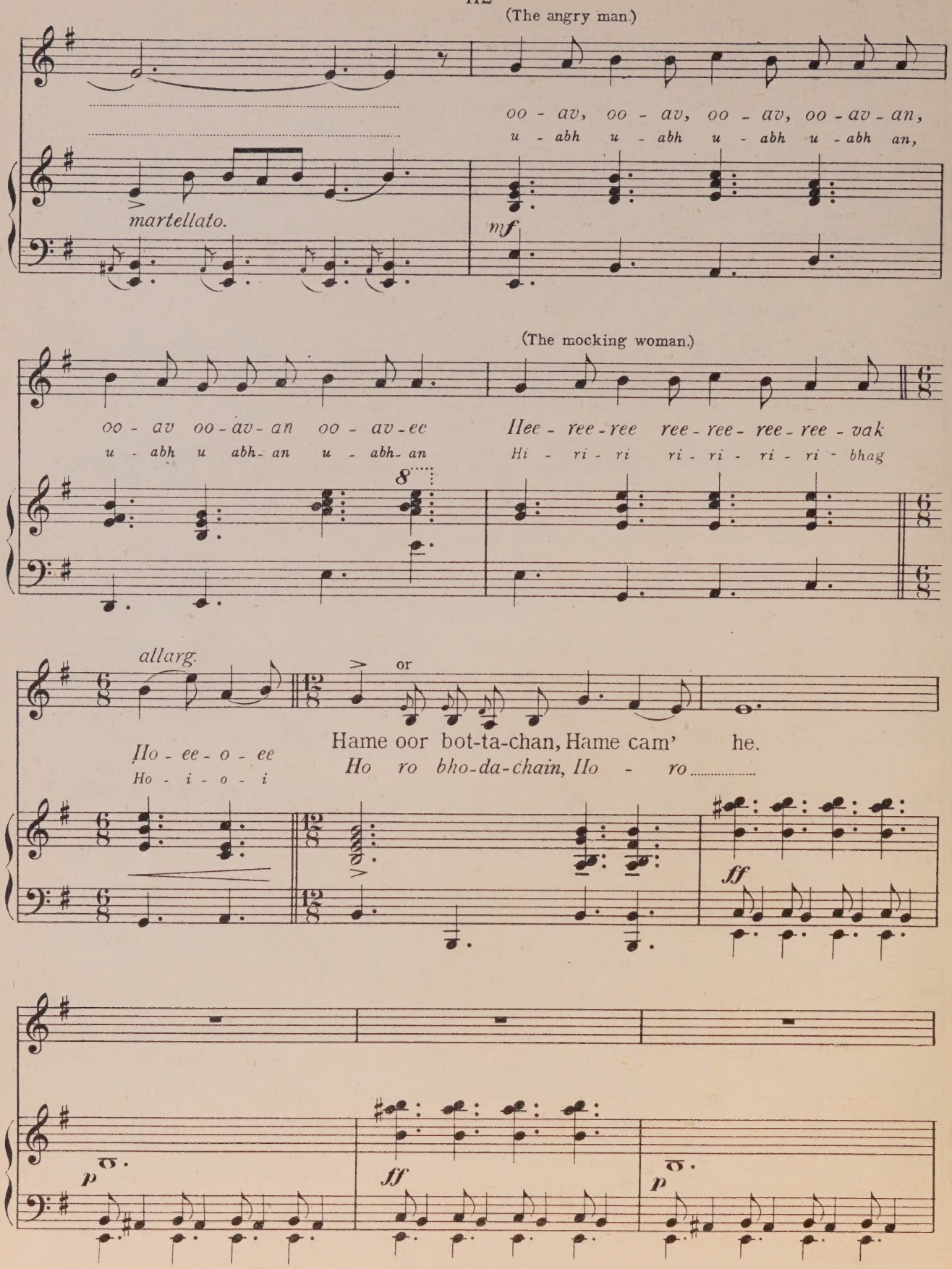
Arranged and translated by
MARJORY KENNEDY–FRASER.



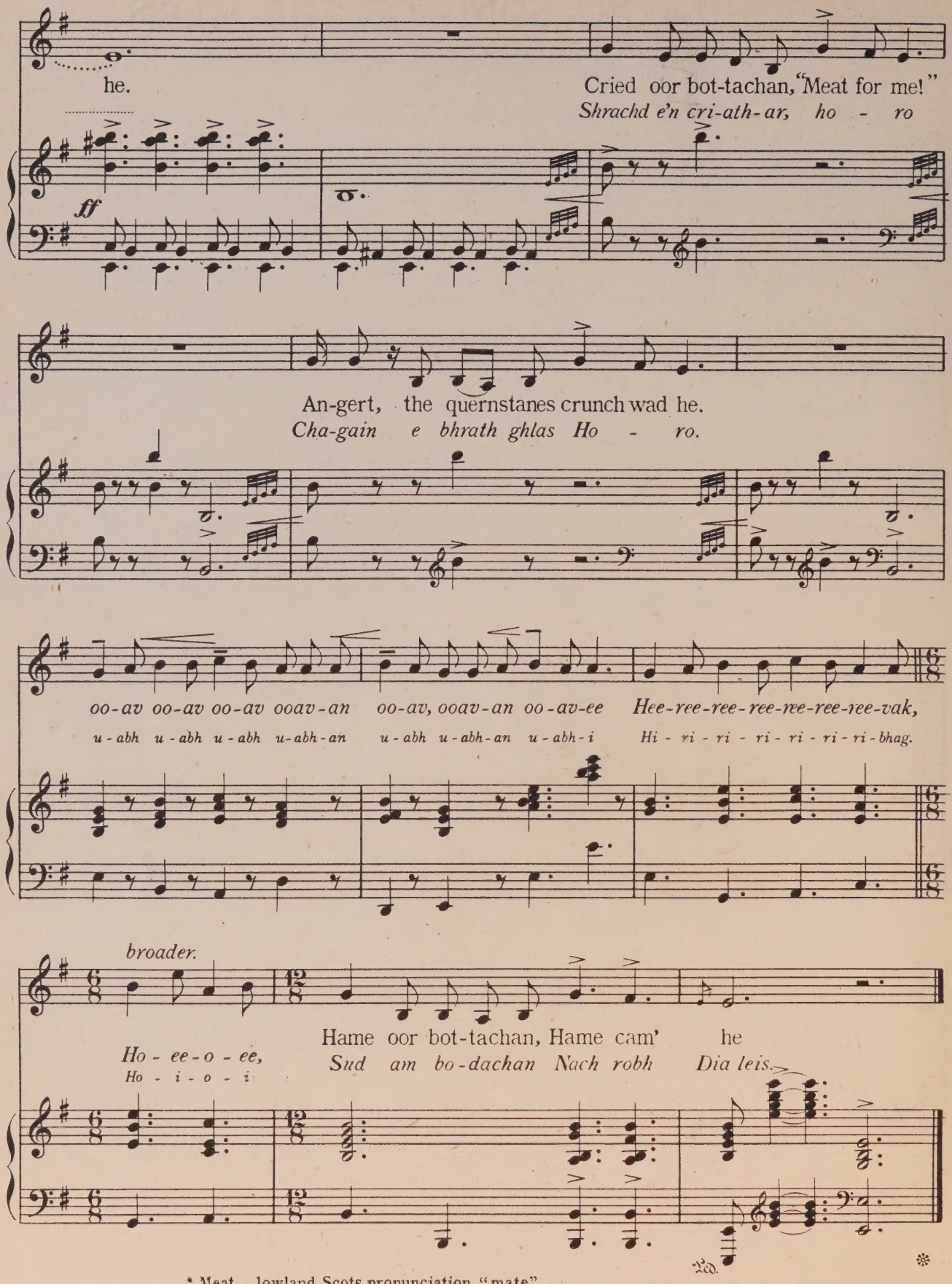
†Lowland Scots, meaning "Home our."

*bottachan (bodachan) = little old man.

Copyright 1913 by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser.


(The angry man.)
oo - av, oo - av, oo - av, oo - av - an,
u - abh u - abh u - abh u - abh an,
martellato.
mf
(The mocking woman.)
oo - av oo - av - an oo - av - ee
u - abh u abh - an u - abh - an
Hee - ree - ree ree - ree - ree - ree - vak
Hi - ri - ri ri - ri - ri - ri - bhag
8
allarg.
or
Hame oor bot-ta-chan, Hame cam' he.
Ho ro bho-da-chain, Ho - ro
Ho - ee - o - ee
Ho - i - o - i
ff
p
ff
p

Ra - gin', scold - in', Hame cam' he
Bhrist e'n gui - te Ho - - ro,
mf
martellato.
An-gert sair, hun-gert sair, Hame cam' he.
Shrachd e'n cri - a - thar, Ho - ro
mf
martellato.
oo - av oo - av oo - av oo - av - an
u - abh u - abh u - abh u - abh - an
oo - av oo - av - an oo - av - ee
u - abh u - abh - an u - abh - i
8
mf
allargando.
a tempo.
Hee-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-vak
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ri - ri - ri vhag
Ho-ee-o- ee
Ho - i - o - i
Hame oor bot-ta-chan, Hame cam'
Ho - ro bhod-o-chain ho - ro
rit.
a tempo.


he.
Cried oor bot-tachan, "Meat for me!"
Shrachd e'n cri-ath-ar, ho - ro
ff
An-gert, the quernstanes crunch wad he.
Cha-gain e bhrath ghlas Ho - ro.
oo-av oo-av oo-av ooav-an
u-abh u-abh u-abh u-abh-an
oo-av, ooav-an oo-av-ee
u-abh u-abh-an u-abh-i
Hee-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-ree-vak,
Hi - ri - ri - ri - ri - ri - ri - bhag.
broader.
Ho - ee-o - ee,
Ho - i - o - i
Hame oor bot-tachan, Hame cam' he
Sud am bo-dachan Nach robh Dia leis.
rd.

* Meat – lowland Scots pronunciation "mate"

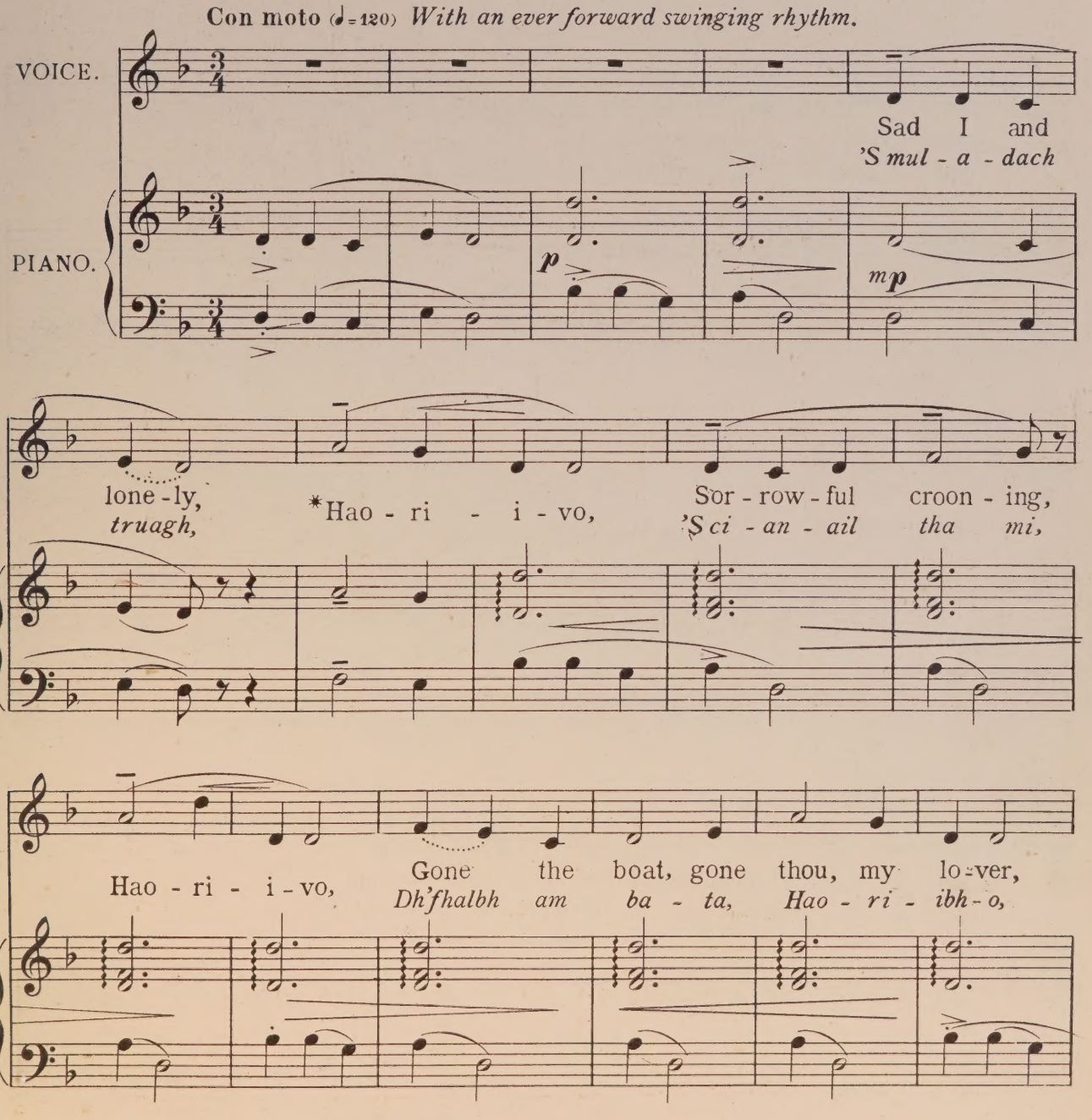
A WAULKING SONG OF THE GLEN.

Gone the Boat and gone my Lover.

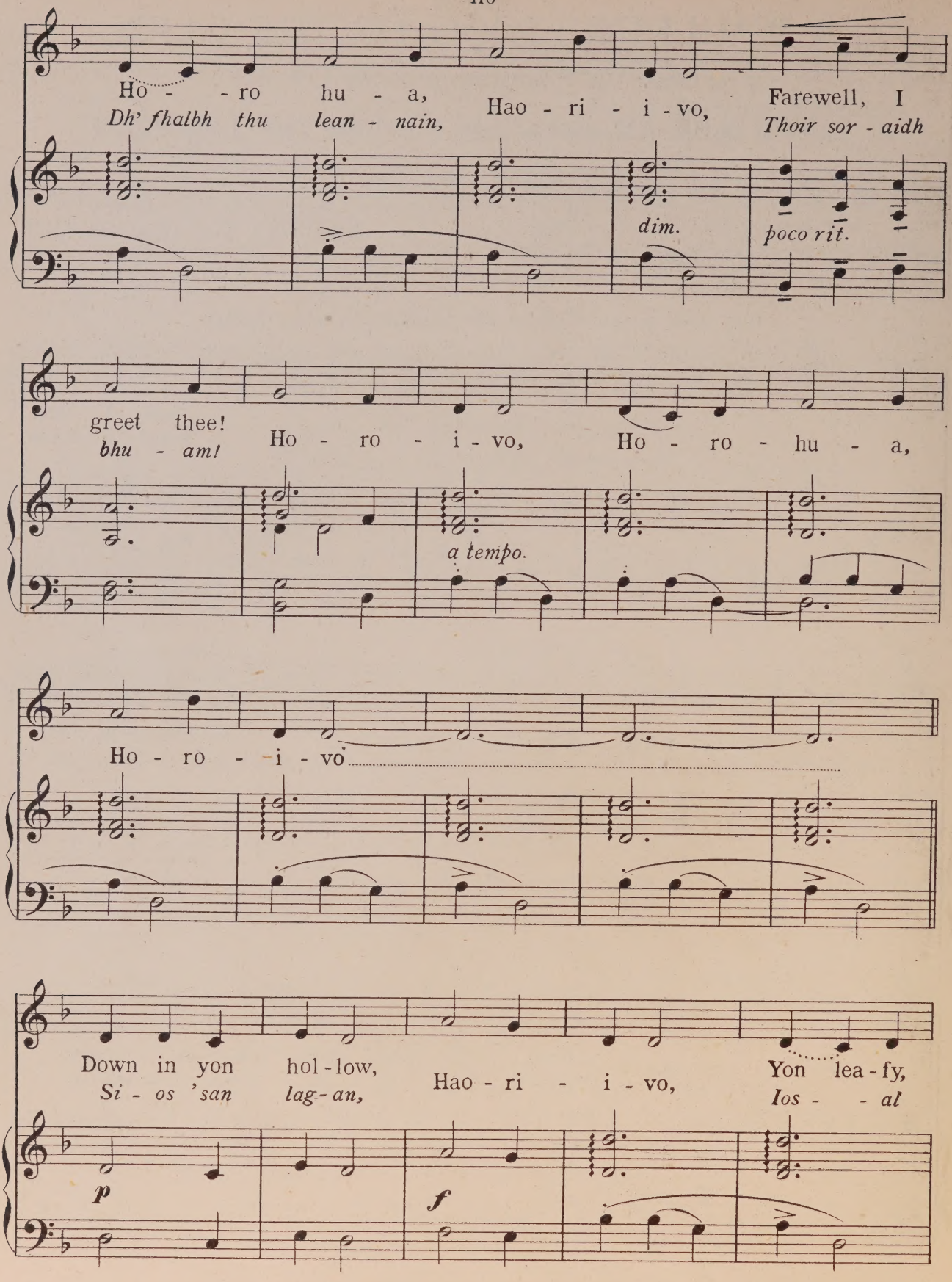
DH' FHALBH AM BATA, DH' FHALBH THU LEANNAIN.

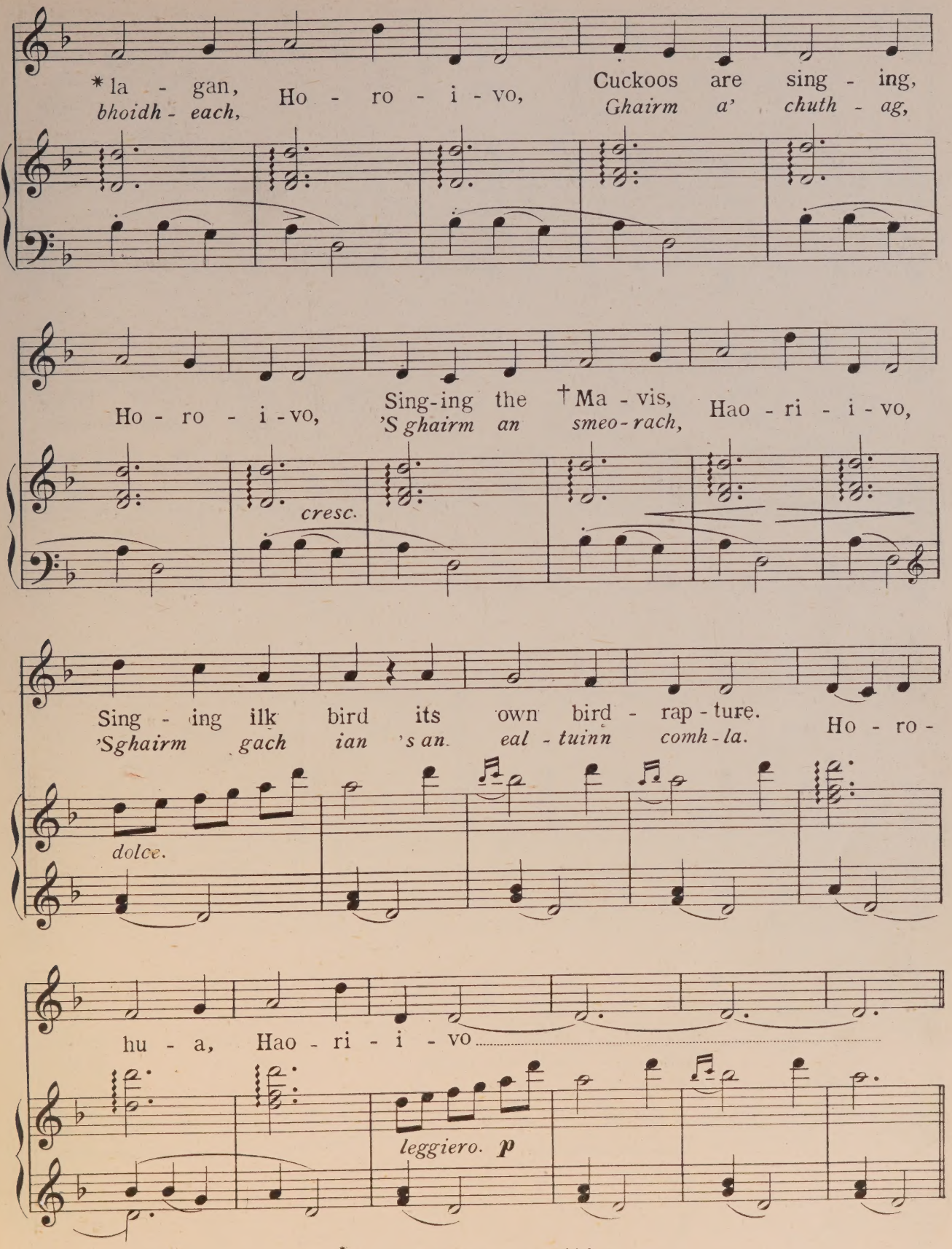
Air and Words collected
by M. Kennedy-Fraser
and Annie Johnson at the Glen, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Con moto (♩=120) With an ever forward swinging rhythm.
VOICE.
PIANO.
Sad I and
'S mul - a - dach
p
mp
lone - ly,
truagh,
*Hao - ri - i - vo,
Sor - row - ful croon - ing,
'S ci - an - ail tha mi,
Hao - ri - i - vo,
Gone the boat, gone thou, my lo-ver,
Dh'fhalbh am ba - ta, Hao - ri - ibh - o,

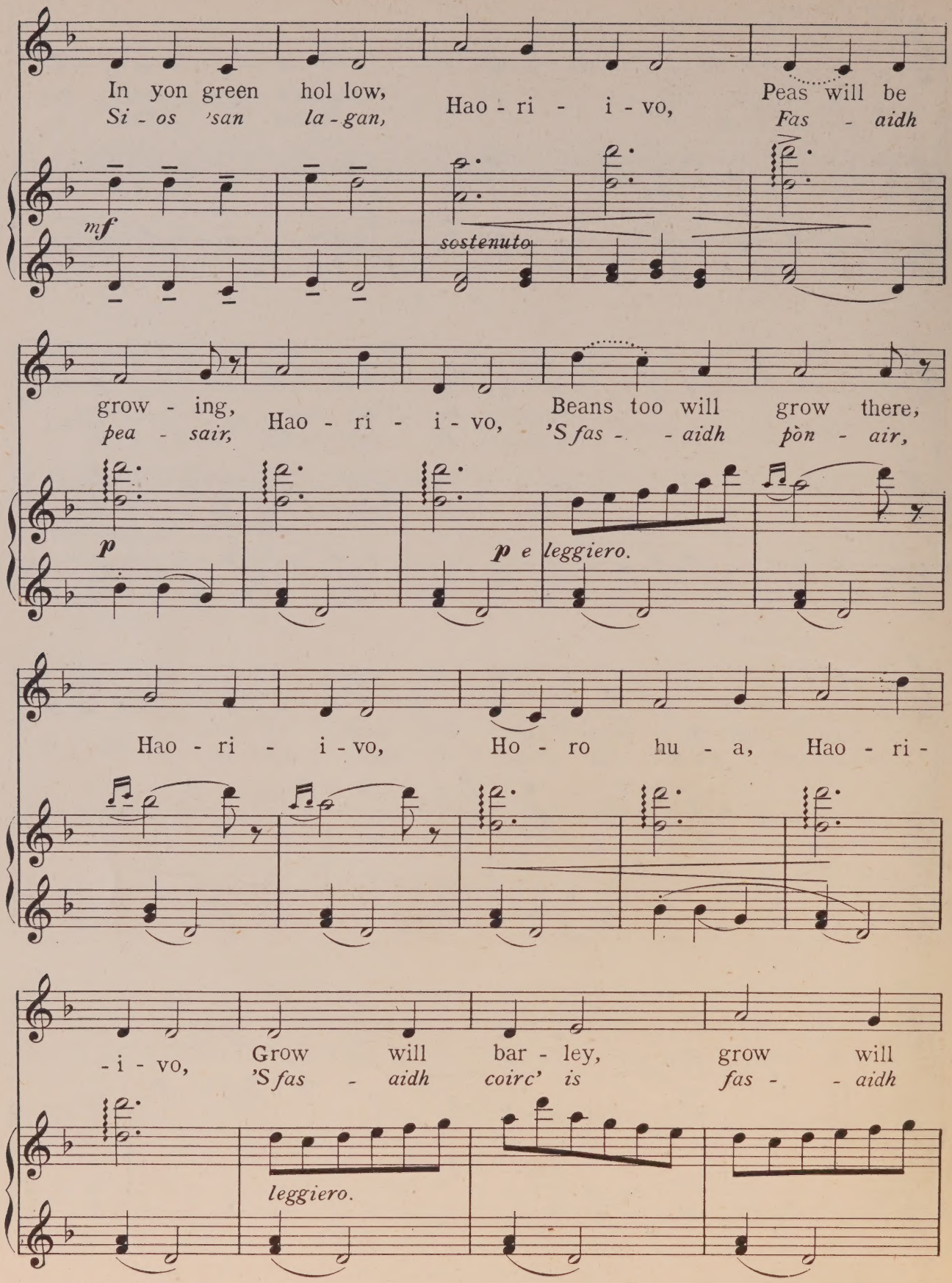
*Ao = French eu. Other vowels of refrain as Italian a.i.o.u.

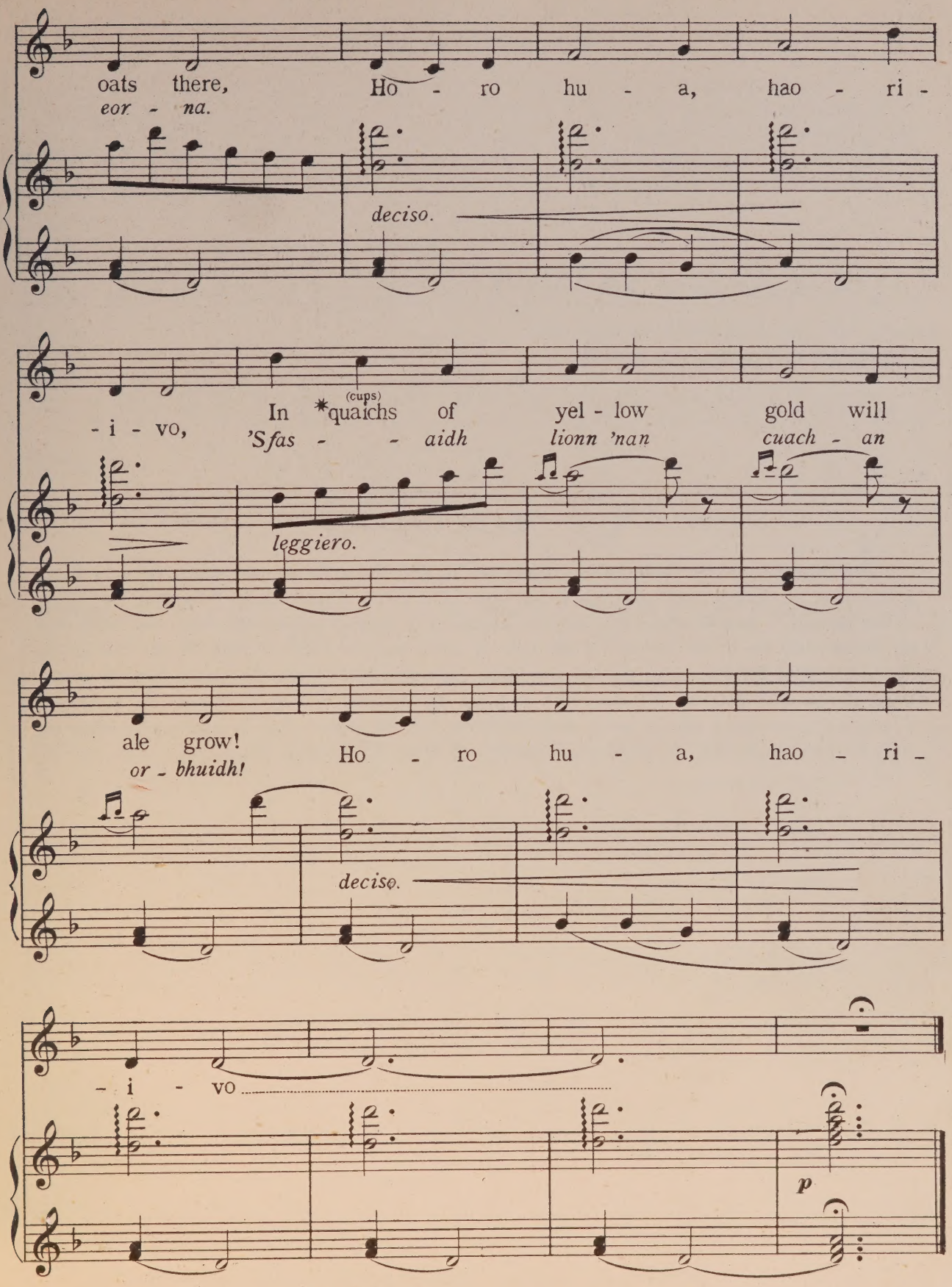

Ho - - ro hu - a, Hao - ri - i - vo, Farewell, I
Dh' fhalbh thu lean - nain, Thoir sor - aidh
dim.
poco rit.
greet thee!
bhu - am! Ho - ro - i - vo, Ho - ro - hu - a,
a tempo.
Ho - ro - i - vo
Down in yon hol - low, Hao - ri - i - vo, Yon lea - fy,
Si - os 'san lag - an, Ios - - al
p
f


*la - gan, Ho - ro - i - vo, Cuckoos are sing - ing,
bhoidh - each, Ghairm a' chuth - ag,
Ho - ro - i - vo, Sing-ing the †Ma - vis, Hao - ri - i - vo,
'S ghairm an smeo - rach,
cresc.
Sing - ing ilk bird its own bird - rap - ture. Ho - ro -
'Sghairm gach ian 's an eal - tuinn comh - la.
dolce.
hu - a, Hao - ri - i - vo
leggiero. p

*lagan. green hollow; pronounced lakan.

† thrush. lowland Scots, pronounced May-vis.


In yon green hol low,
Si - os 'san la - gan,
Hao - ri - i - vo,
Peas will be
Fas - aidh
mf
sostenuto
grow - ing,
pea - sair,
Hao - ri - i - vo,
Beans too will grow there,
'S fas - - aidh pòn - air,
p
p e leggiero.
Hao - ri - i - vo,
Ho - ro hu - a,
Hao - ri -
- i - vo,
Grow will bar - ley,
'S fas - aidh
grow will
coirc' is
fas - - aidh
leggiero.


oats there, Ho - ro hu - a, hao - ri -
eor - na.
deciso.
- i - vo, In *quaichs of yel - low gold will
(cups)
'Sfas - - aidh lionn 'nan cuach - an
leggiero.
ale grow! Ho - ro hu - a, hao - ri -
or - bhuidh!
deciso.
- i - vo
p

*Goblets of gold or silver.
Pronounce like quail, substituting guttural *ch* for *l*

THE GRAIL GALLEY.

The Islesman, in his Grail tracking, puts out to sea; in a Barge, too, which is unto him according to his longing, and according to his vow. But as the Gaelic has it, "So frail the boat, so vast the sea!" And he who is wise with the wisdom of a hundred storms will have two tillers to his rudder: the Art of the Druids for the luck of wind, and the Faith of Iona for the stilling of the waves. And for the young the *cala*, the haven, is in the *Eilean Uaine*, the Green Isle, the place where all the good that has not been shall be; and for the aged it is in *Tir-nan-og*, the Land of Youth, the place where all the good that has been shall be again. But be the course what it may the two Barges will, at fall of night, speak each other off the same shore.

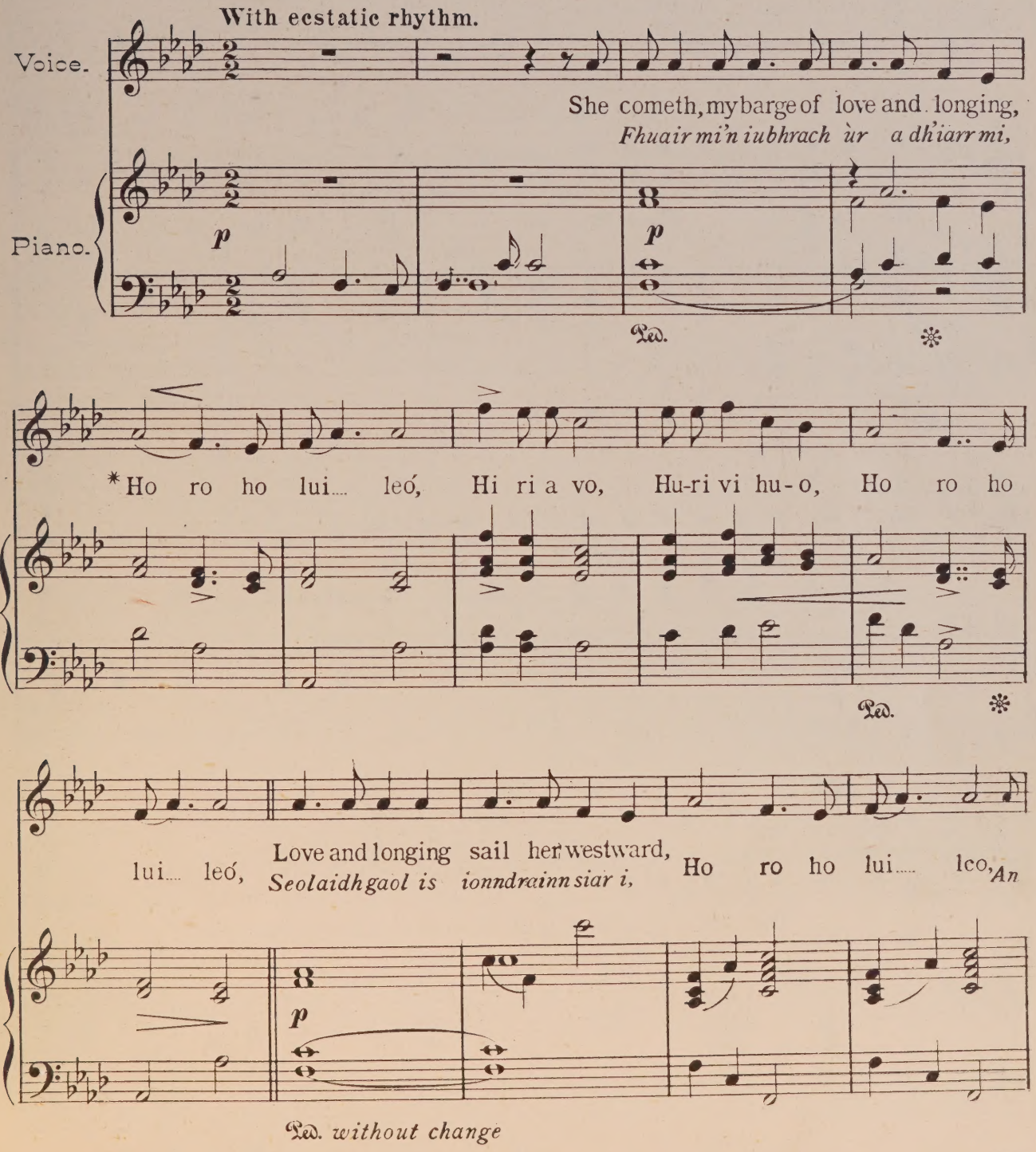
K. M.

THE GRAIL GALLEY.

Long mo Bhruadair.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected by
M. and E. P. Kennedy-Fraser,
in Benbecula from Mrs Macmillan.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With ecstatic rhythm.
Voice.
Piano.
She cometh, my barge of love and longing,
Fhuair mi'n iubhrach ùr a dh'iarr mi,
p
p
Ped.
*Ho ro ho lui.... leó, Hi ri a vo, Hu-ri vi hu-o, Ho ro ho
Ped.
lui.... leó, Love and longing sail her westward,
Seolaidh gaol is ionndrainn siar i,
Ho ro ho lui.... lco, An
p
Ped. without change

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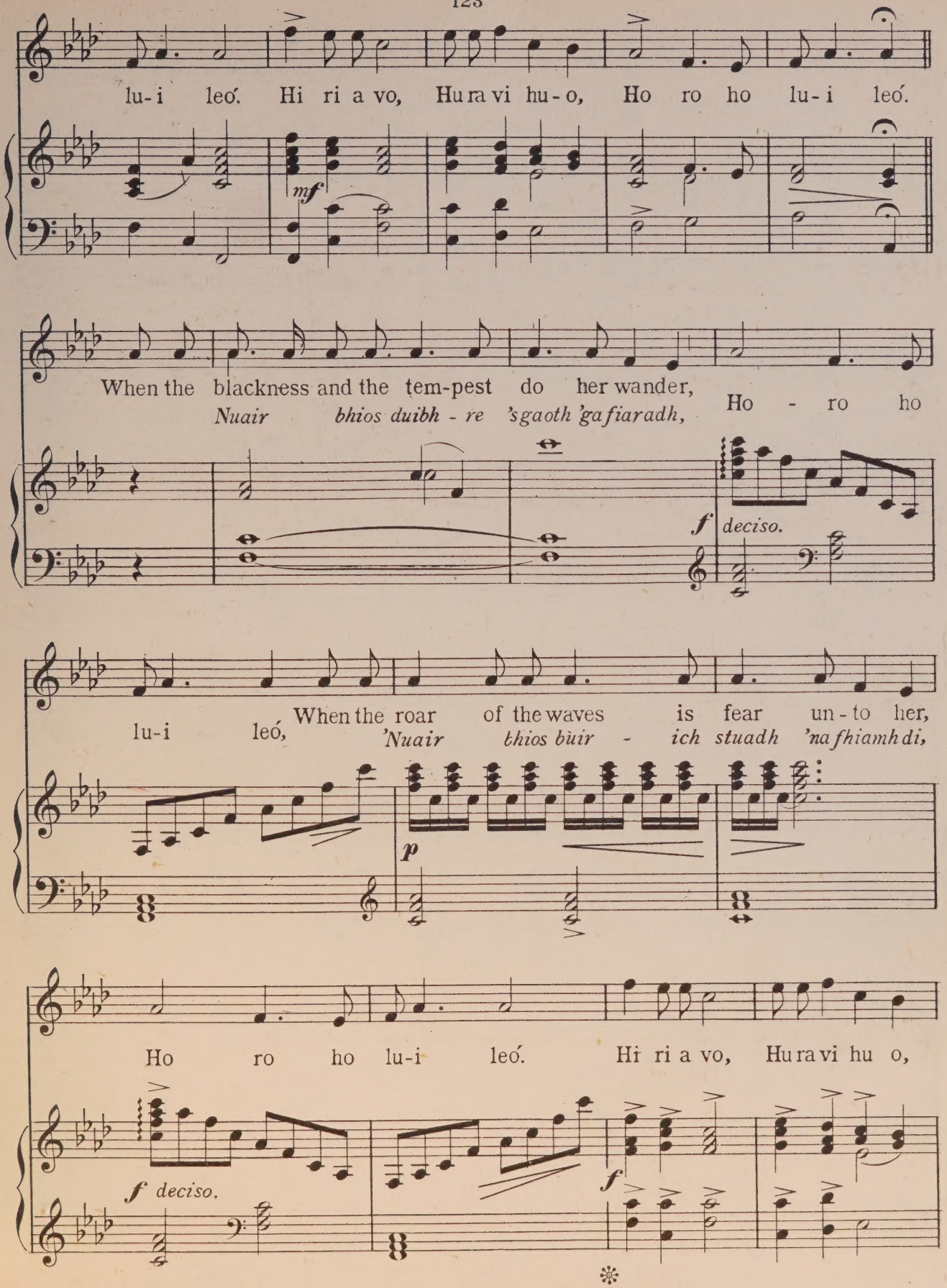
*Italian vowel sounds.

Where may rest each wish a-seek-ing, Ho ro ho lu-i leó,
ti air àit' an tàmh m'uil'iarrtus,
p
Hi ri a vo, Hu-ri vi hu a, Ho ro ho lu-i leó,
mf
The truth of I-o-na in her saining, in her go-ing, Ho ro ho
Ceart na h-I 'na si-an 'na gluasad,
p
Ped. Ped.
lu-i leó, The art of the Druids in her course, in her wind-warding, Ho ro ho
Feart nan Draoi 'na caoir 'na fuaradh
Ped. Ped. Ped.


lu-i leó. Hi ri a vo, Hu ra vi hu-o, Ho ro ho lu-i leó.
mf
When the blackness and the tem-pest do her wander, Ho - ro ho
Nuair bhios duibh - re 'sgaoth 'gafiaradh,
f deciso.
lu-i leó, When the roar of the waves is fear un-to her,
'Nuair bhios bùir - ich stuadh 'nafhiamhdi,
p
Ho ro ho lu-i leó. Hi ri a vo, Hu ra vi hu o,
f deciso.
f

Tranquillo.
Ho ro ho lu - i leó, Westward goes she to the Green Isle,
Siar gun teid do'n Eil - ean Uaine,
Ped.
Ho ro ho lui leo, The qui - et haven of the
Ca - la mìn nan
Ped.
Ped.
animato.
tired, the wand'ring,
sgith 's nam fuadan
Ho ro ho lui leó, Where grail drinks the vow, the
Anns an..... còrnar
8
3
3
f
allargando.
vow of our dreaming,
bòid is brua-dar,
Ho ro ho lu - i leó.....
colla voce
3
mp
Ped.

BENBÈCULA BRIDAL PROCESSION.

AN TRIALL-BAINNSE

Gaelic poem by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected in Benbecula by
M. and E. P. Kennedy-Fraser from
Father Iain Macmillan.
English words and Piano accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Delicately. *With a joyous swinging rhythm.*

*Italian Vowel sounds.

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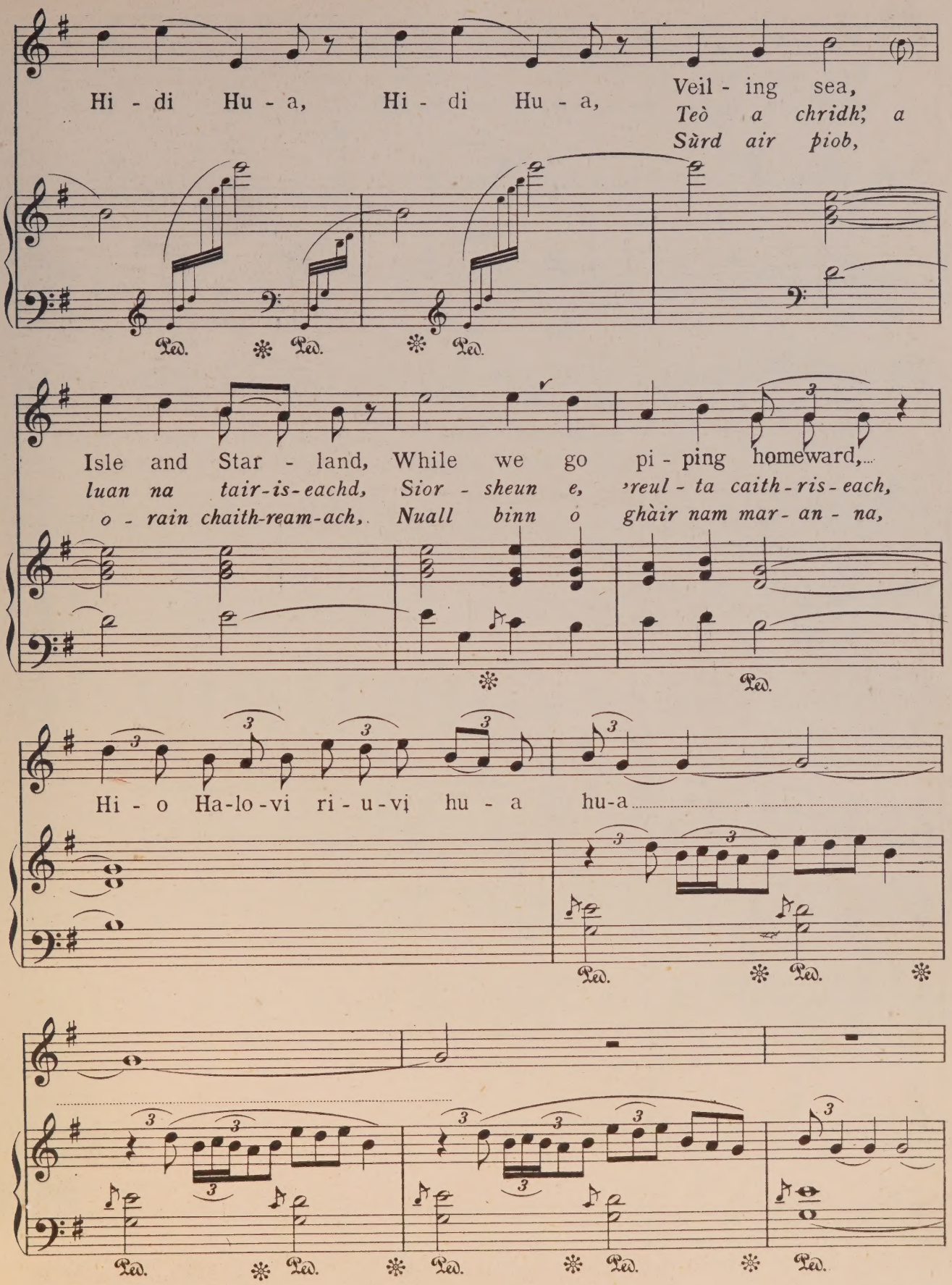
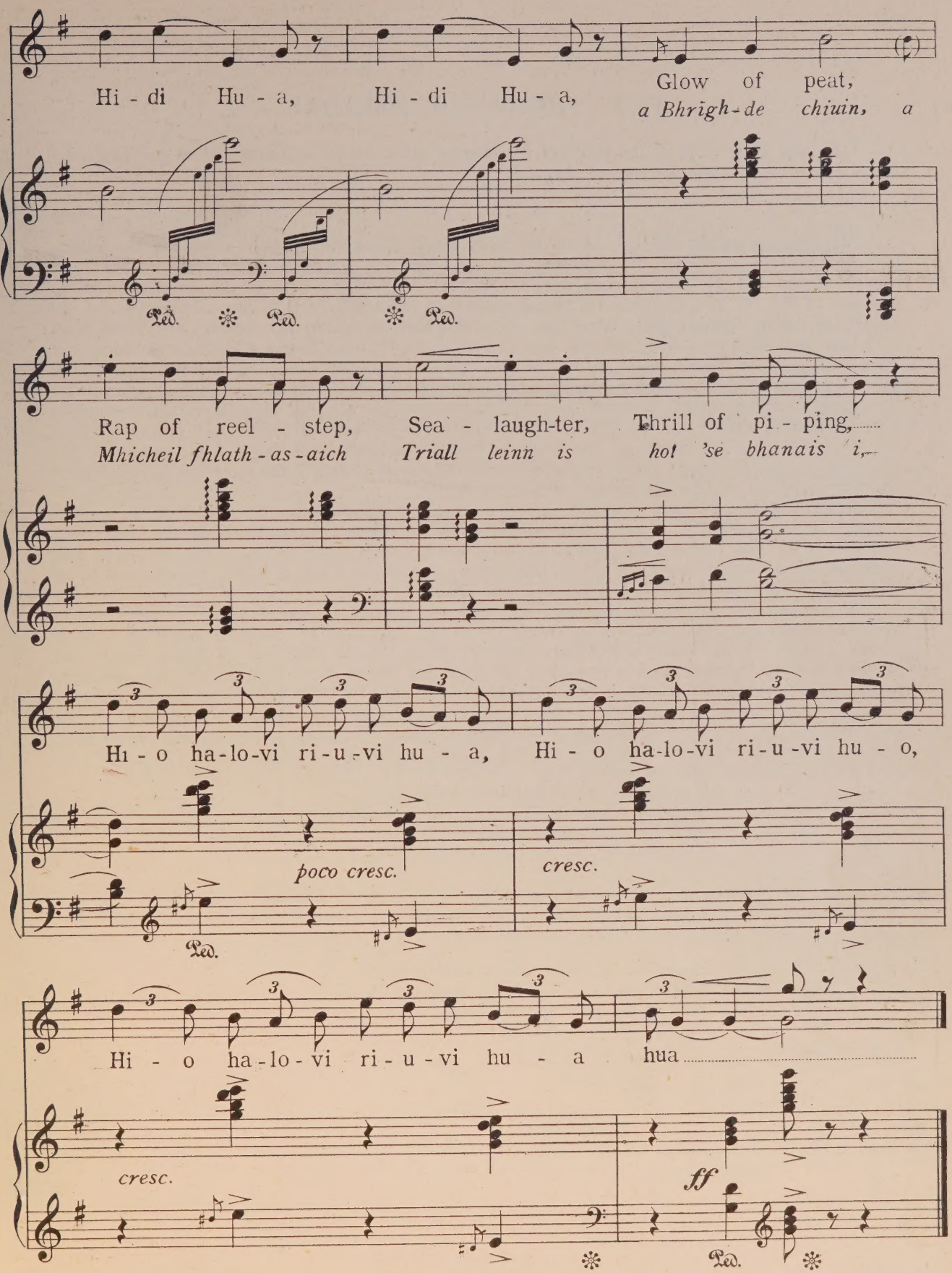
Hi - di Hu - a, 'Tween brown lochs, By green shore - land,
Òr a ciabh, a ghrian an an - a - moich,
Hie we with song and pi-ping, *Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a
Sròl mìn, a cheo, nan canach dhi,
hua.
White the mist the tarns a - veil - ing,
Triall an àigh, ho ho 'se bhanais i,


Hi - di Hu - a, Hi - di Hu - a, Veil - ing sea,
Teò a chridh', a
Sùrd air piob,
Isle and Star - land, While we go pi - ping homeward,
luan na tair-is-eachd, Sior - sheun e, 'reul - ta caith-ris-each,
o - rain chaith-ream-ach, Nuall binn o ghàir nam mar - an - na,
Hi - o Ha-lo-vi ri - u - vi hu - a hu-a
Ped.

Red the moon swings o'er the moor - land, Hi - di Hu - a,
Triall an àigh, ho ho se bhanais i,
Hi - di Hu - a, From the houses hear the [1] gun - shots,
Mìn do'n cheum fòid na machar - ach,
Friend - ly their fes-tal greeting, Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a
Dheoin Dia, cho mìn gach al-la-ban,
hu - a,
Home at last the bri - dal con - voy,
Triall an àigh ho ho - 's e bhan-ais i,
Ped.


Hi - di Hu - a, Hi - di Hu - a, Glow of peat,
a Bhrigh-de chiuin, a
Rap of reel - step, Sea - laugh-ter, Thrill of pi - ping,
Mhicheil fhlath - as - aich Triall leinn is hol 'se bhanais i,
Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a, Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - o,
poco cresc.
cresc.
Hi - o ha-lo-vi ri-u-vi hu - a hua
cresc.
ff
Ped.

THE VISION OF DEIRDRE.

Love and blood were in the prophecy for Deirdre, our woman of beauty and of goodness; her life is one of the "three sorrows of story-telling."

*Deirdre was out on the hill taking the scene and drinking the sun, and whom saw she passing but three men on a journey. "Something tells me," said she to herself, "that these are the three sons of Uisne, and that Naoise is he who has all that is above the slope of the shoulders over all the men of Erin." And the love of Naoise became so implanted in the heart of Deirdre that she could not remain without going after him. His two brothers seeing her coming whom the King of Ulster was wishing to wed, said the one to the other: "Let us hasten our feet and hurry our steps; we have the long distance to do, and the darkness of night falling." "Naoise, thou son of Uisne," called Deirdre once, twice, thrice, "Naoise, thou son of Uisne, is it intending to leave me thou art?" "What is the wounded sore cry, the sweetest my ear has ever heard, and the sorest that has ever struck my heart, of all the cries that have ever reached me?" said Naoise. "It is but the wail of the lake-swans of the King of Ulster," said his brothers. "There is one of the three cries of distress there," said Naoise, "and with the vow of a hero upon me, I can go no further than this till I see whence the cry."

Naoise and Deirdre met. "Never in the course of the day nor in the dream of the night," thought Naoise to himself, "have I seen in bodily form a blood-drop so lovely as the blood-drop that is here." And Naoise gave love to Deirdre that he never gave to thing, nor to vision, nor ro person, but to herself alone. And for fear of the anger of the King of Ulster, the three sons of Uisne crossed the sea to Alba, and Deirdre with them.

An ambassador came from the King of Ulster to the three sons of Uisne in Alba. "The best tale I have for you," said the ambassador, "is that the King of Ulster is preparing a great joyous banquet for his friends and kinsmen throughout the whole length of all Erin; and he has vowed a vow by the earth that is beneath him, by the sky that is above him, and by the westward-passing sun, that he will never have day-peace nor night-rest if the Children of Uisne, his own kinsmen, do not return to the land of their home to sit down by his side at the banquet." "We will go," said Naoise. "We will go," said his brothers. "You will go," said the ambassador. Said Deirdre: "I have seen a vision, and, oh! Naoise, explain it to me—

> 'I have seen the three black ravens
> With the three sad leaves of the yew-tree of death;
> And, oh! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
> Enlighten to me the darkness of my tale.'

"It is but the disturbance of sleep, and woman's melancholy, O Deirdre," said Naoise—"it will be unfriendly of us if we do not go, Deirdre." "It will be unfriendly," said the ambassador. But Deirdre was heavy-showering the tears, and she sang:

> "Beloved is the land, that yonder land,
> Alba of the woods and the lakes,
> Sore to my heart to be leaving thee,
> But I go with Naoise."

And she went.

Tears and blood were in the prophecy for Deirdre, our woman of sorrow.

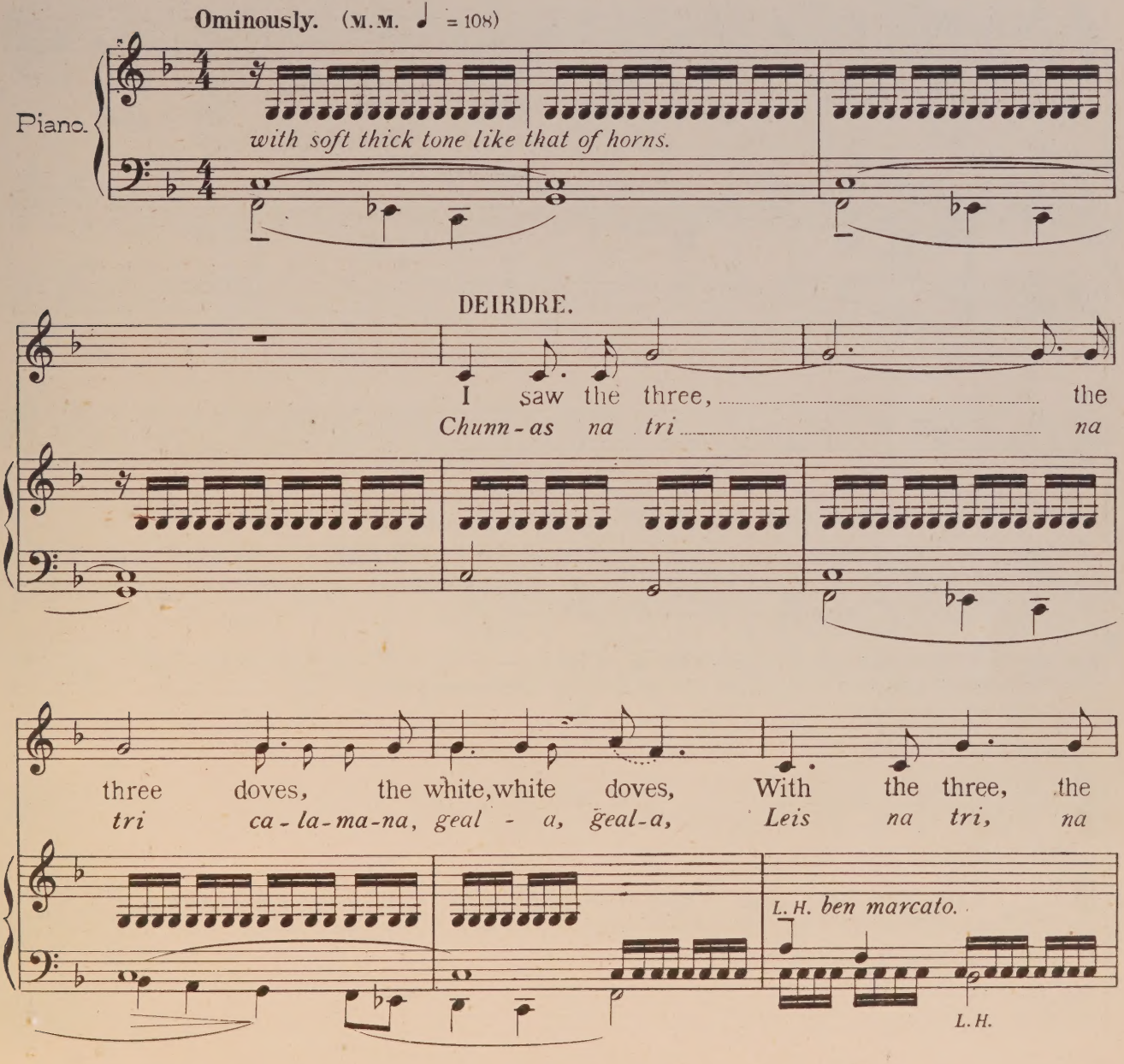
* Condensed by Kenneth Macleod from the middle part of Dr. Alexander Carmichael's "Deirdire" (orally collected in Barra in 1867).

THE VISION OF *DEIRDRE.

Aisling Diardre.

Words from the version collected by
Dr ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL.
in the Isle of Barra.

Air from KENNETH MACLEOD. *Eigg.*
Arranged for Voice and Pianoforte by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


Ominously. (M.M. ♩ = 108)
Piano.
with soft thick tone like that of horns.
DEIRDRE.
I saw the three, the
Chunn-as na tri na
three doves, the white, white doves, With the three, the
tri ca-la-ma-na, geal - a, geal-a, Leis na tri, na
L.H. ben marcato.
L.H.

*The Gaelic pronunciation of this name may be arrived at approximately by conjoining the two English words "Jeer"—"dray" thus.

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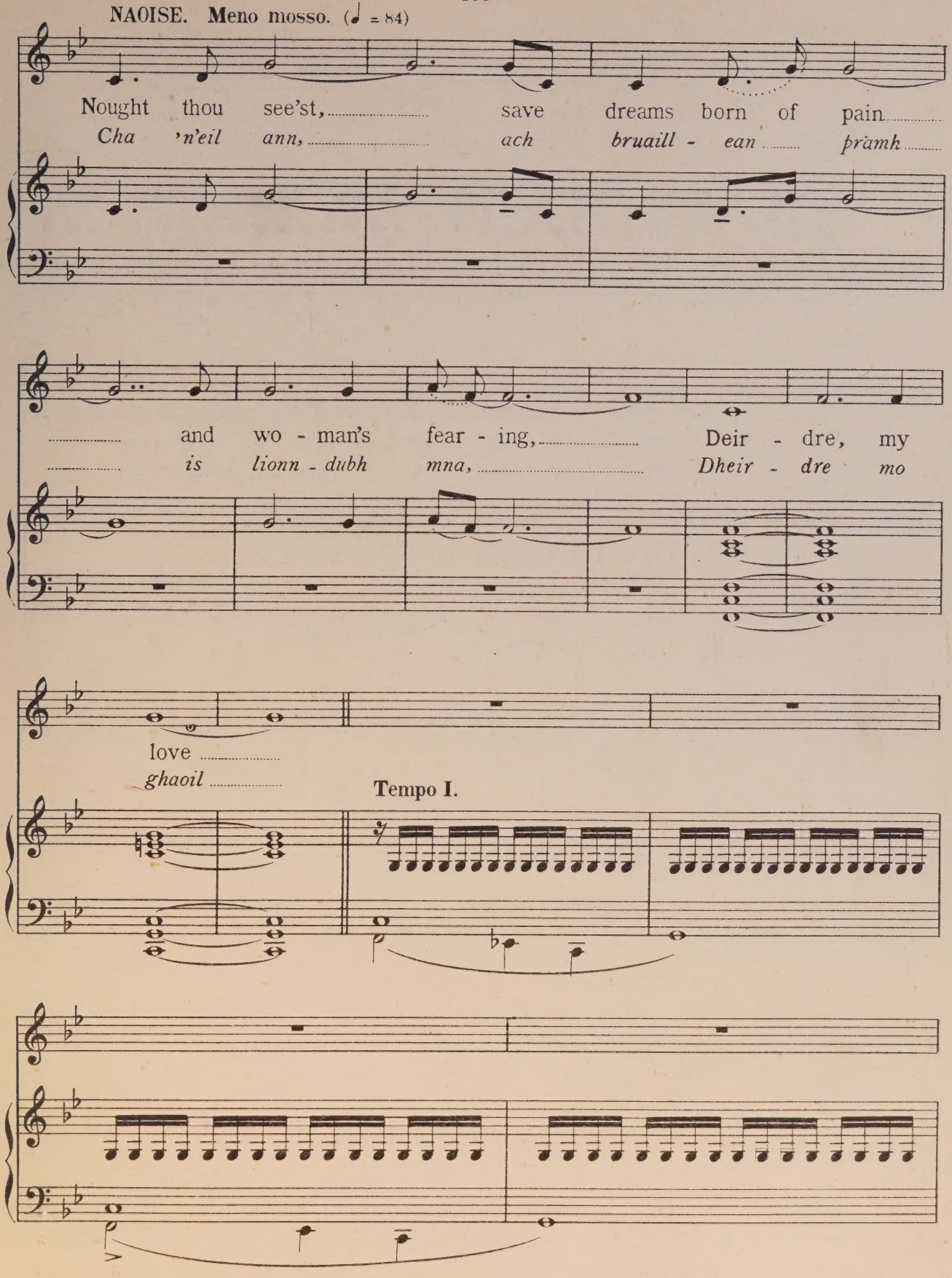
three drops, Three drops of honey in their mouths.
tri ba-la-ga-ma meal - - a, meala, meal - a 'nam beul.
Ped.
Oh Noi - sha, Vichk Oosh - na, Clear thou to
'S o Naoi - se, Mhic Uish - ne, sor - chair
me the dark - ness of my tale.
thu - sa dhomh dubh - ar mo sgeuil.
poco allarg.
a tempo.
Ped.

*Naoise, pronounce naoi = English noy in "annoy," and second syllable se = English "shut," without the final "t."


NAOISE. Meno mosso. (♩ = 84)
Nought thou see'st, save dreams born of pain
Cha 'n'eil ann, ach bruaill - ean pràmh
and wo - man's fear - ing, Deir - dre, my
is lionn - dubh mna, Dheir - dre mo
love
ghaoil
Tempo I.

DEIRDRE.
I saw the three, the
Chunn - as, na tri, na
three hawks, the dour, dour hawks,
tri, seabh - a - ga du - airc, duairc,
With the three, the three cold drops of
Leis na tri, na tri brao - - - na,
L. H.
L. H.
blood of Heroes, cold drops of blood.
brao - - - na, fa - la, fuar - fhuil nan treun.

O Noi - sha, Vichk oosh - na,
's O Naoi - se, Mhic Uis - ne,
Clear thou to me the dark - - ness of my
Sor - chair thu - sa, dhomh dubh - ar mo
ritenuto.
tale.
sgeuil.
a tempo.
Ped.

NAOISE. **Meno mosso.** (M.M. ♩ = 84)

Nought thou see'st, save vi - sions of pain
Cha 'n'eil ann, ach bruaill - ean pràmh

and wo - man's fear - ing, Deir -
is lionn - dubh, mna, Dheir -

- dre, my own.
- *dre mo ghaoil*

Tempo I.

DEIRDRE.
I saw the three, the
Chunn - as na tri na
three ra - vens, the three black ra - vens,
tri fith - each - a dubh - - a, dubh - a,
With the three, the three leaves of the
Leis na tri, na tri duill - eag - a
L. H.
L. H.
rit un poco.
tree of sor - row, Leaves of the yew tree of
dubh - - ach, dubh - ach, Crann iubh ar an

death. O Noi - sha, Vichk
éig. 'S o Naoi - se, Mhic
oosh - na, Clear thou to me the dark - - ness of my
Uis - ne, Sor - chair thu - sa, dhomh dubh - ar mo
rit.
tale.
sgeuil.
a tempo.
Ped.

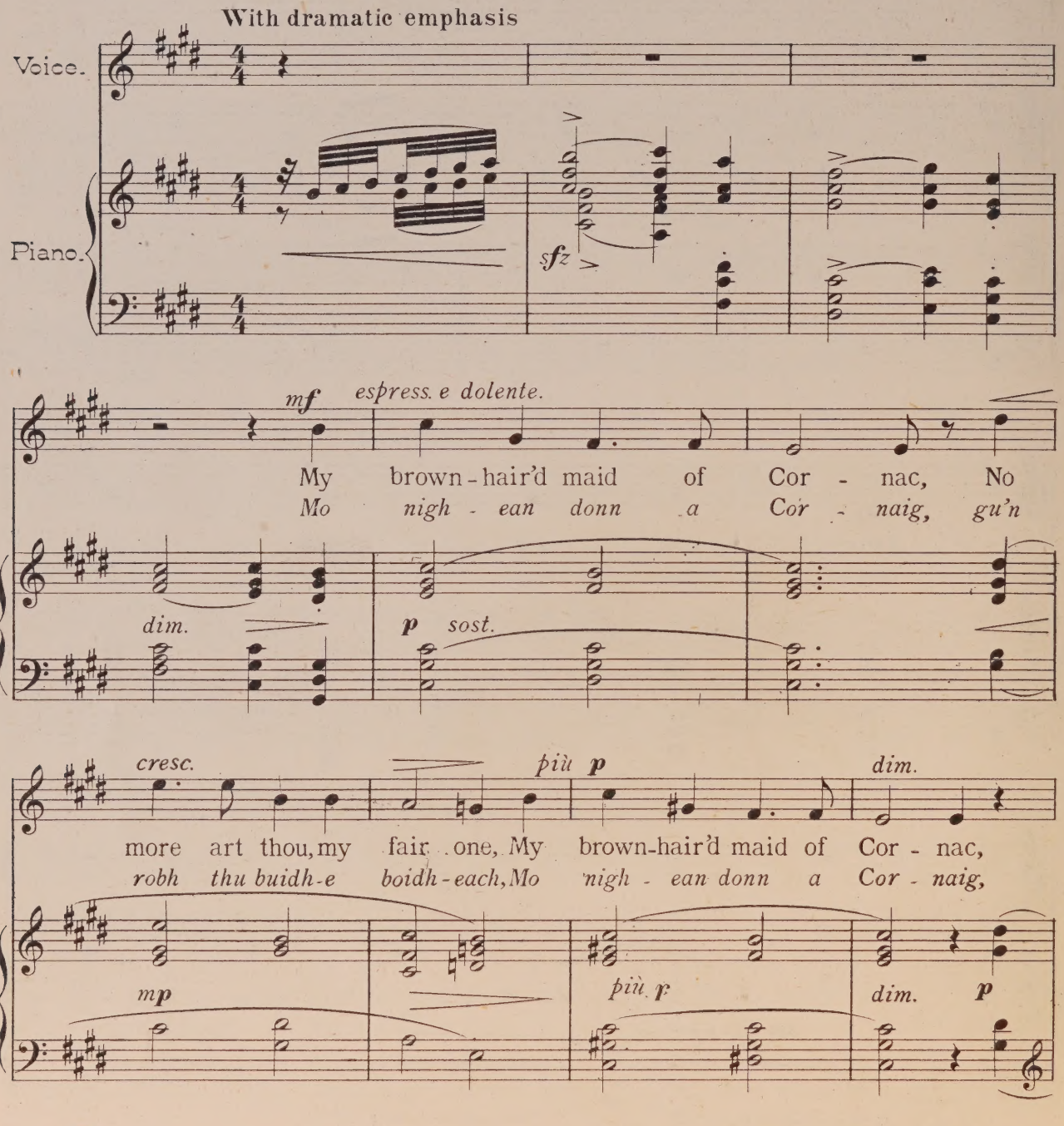
NAOISE. Meno mosso.
Nought thou see'st save dreams born of pain
Cha 'n'eil ann, ach bruaill - ean pràmh
più lento.
and wo - man's sor - row,
is lionn - dubh mna,
Deir - - dre, my love.
Dheir - - dre mo ghaoil
pp
Ped. una corda.

A TIREE TRAGEDY.

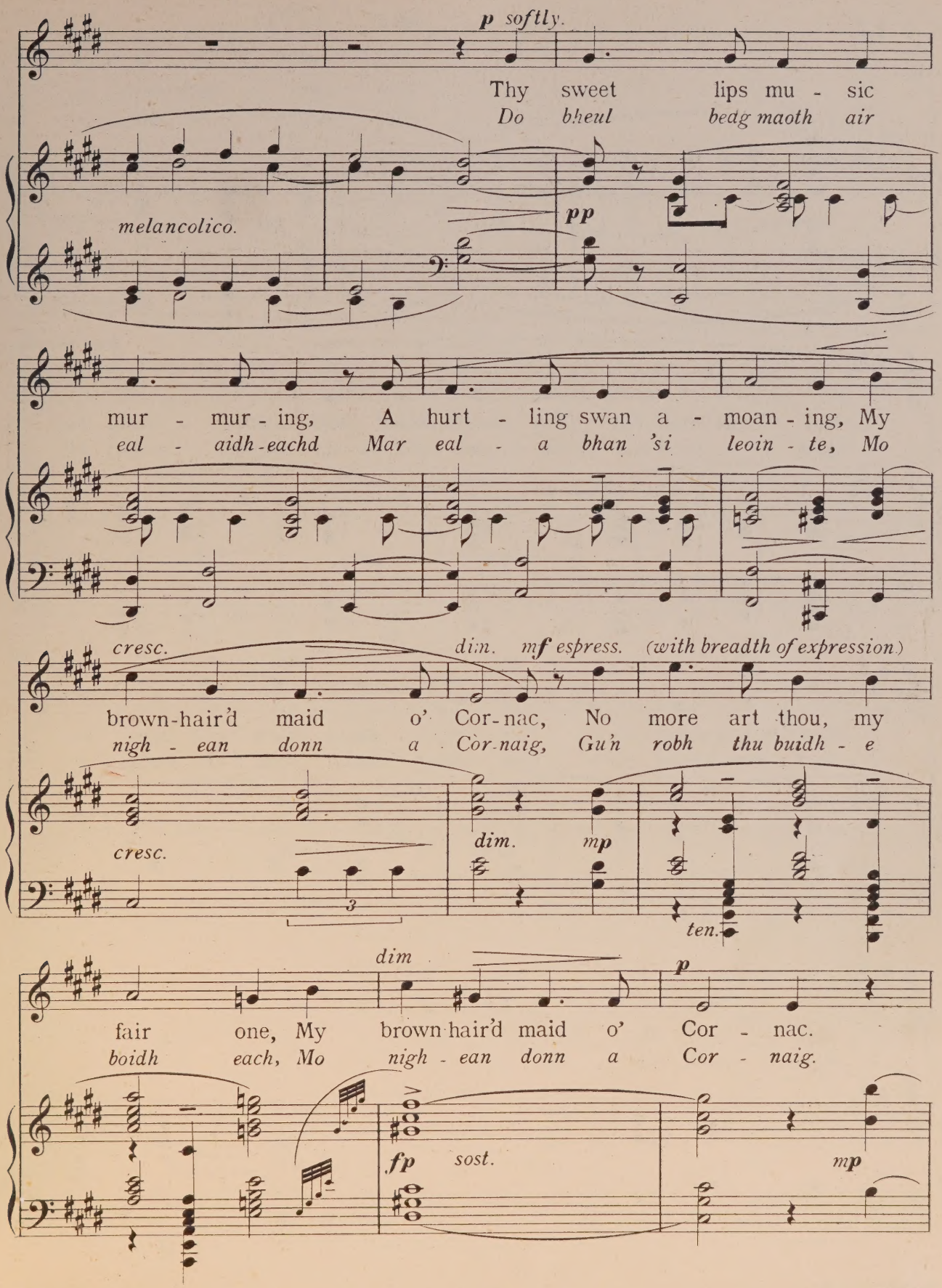
Mo Nighean donn a Cornaig.*

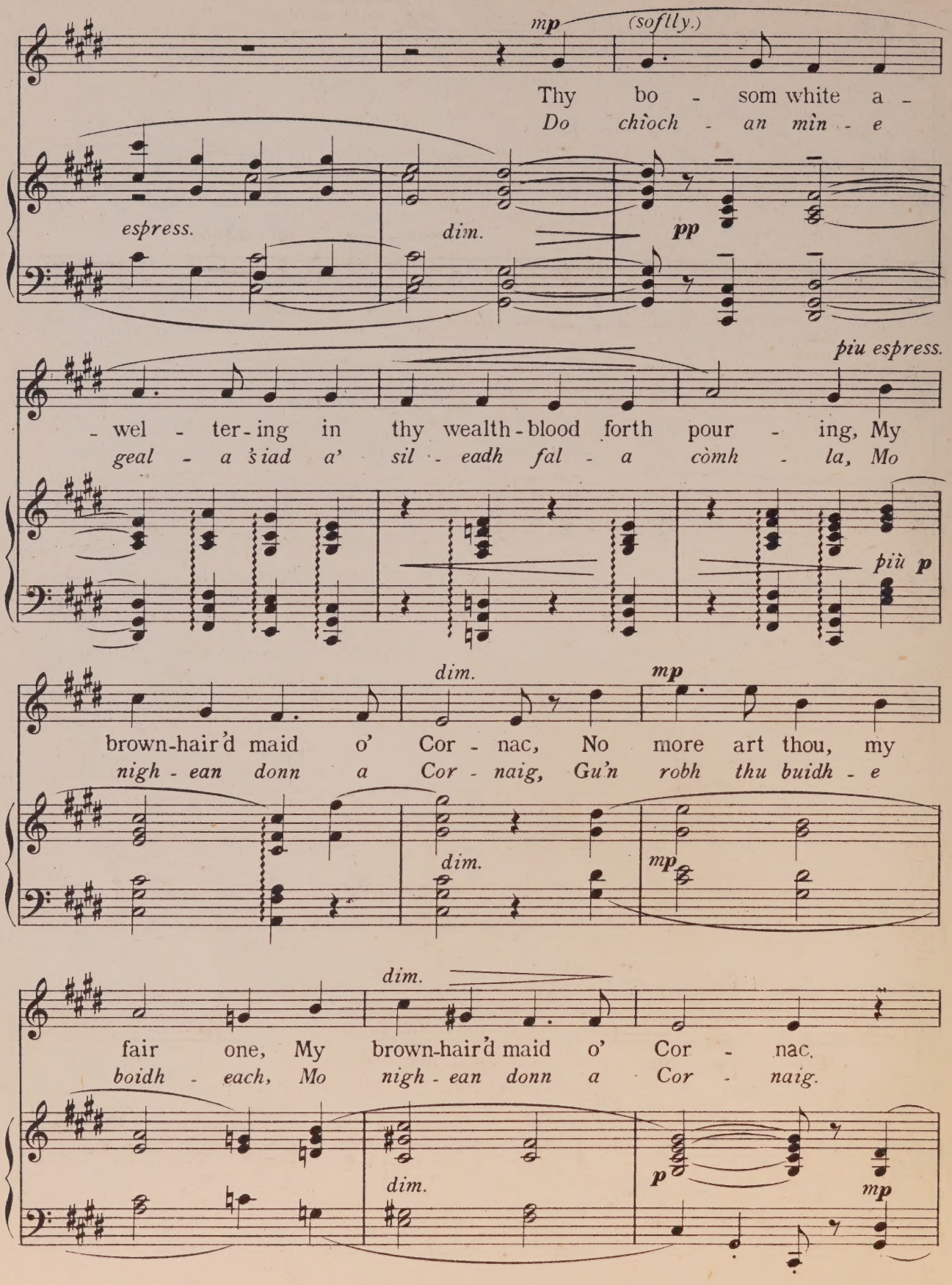
Air collected by PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER
from ANNIE MACNEILL, Eriskay.
Words collected in Eigg
And translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.

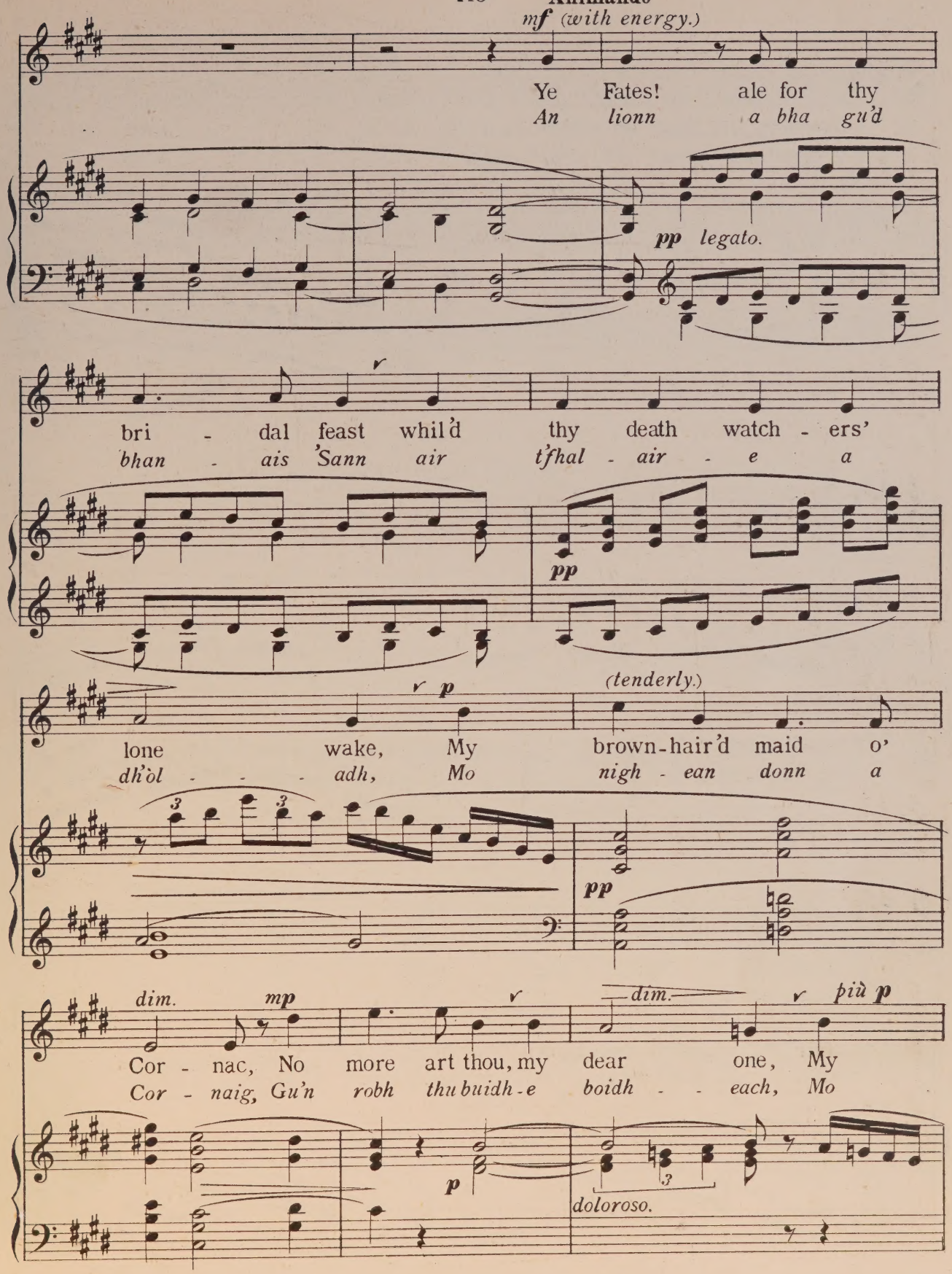
Piano accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.



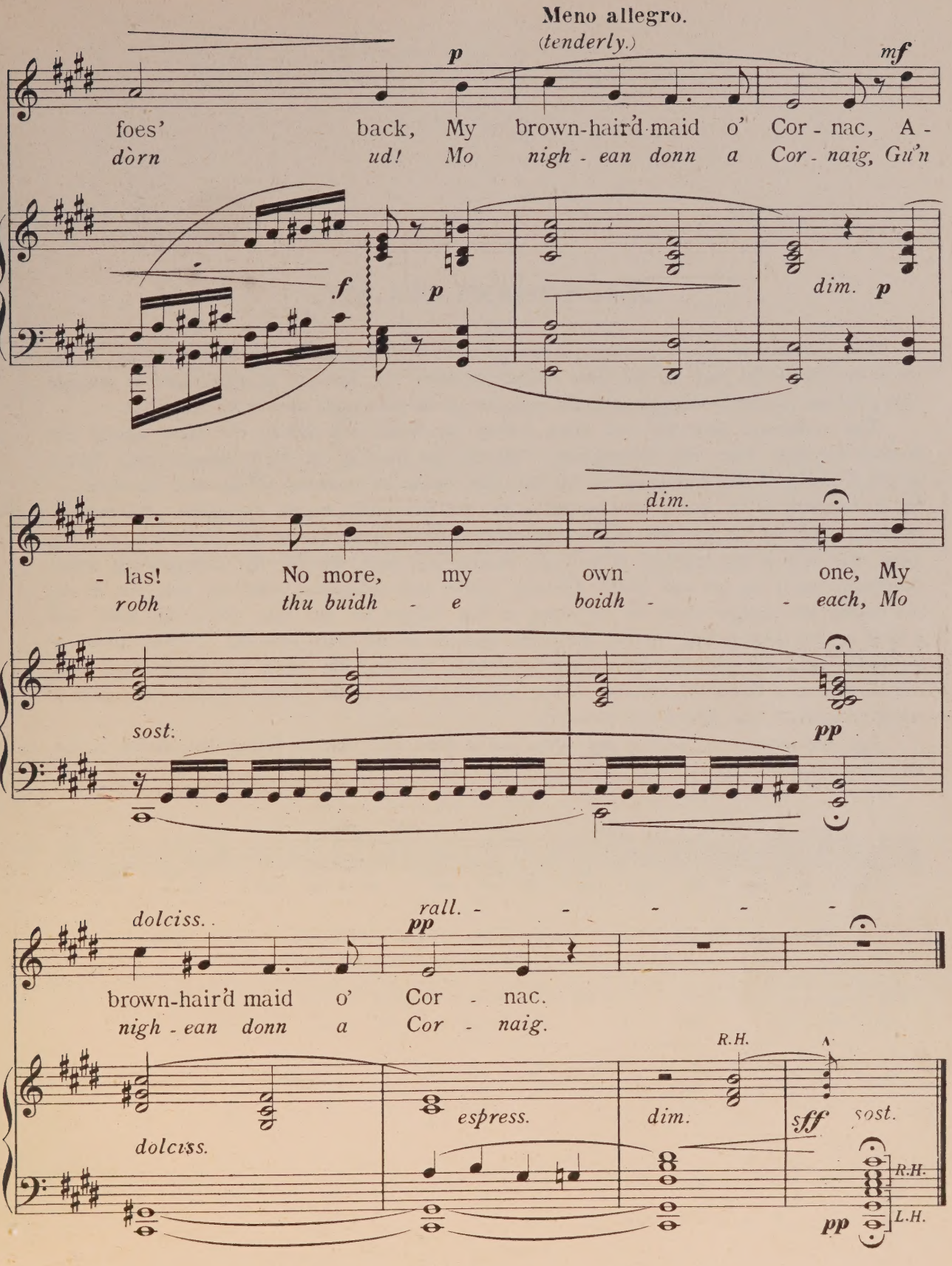
* The three brothers of the Maid of Cornac had it in their minds to shoot her lover; by mischance they shot their sister instead; the lover spent the rest of his years making passionate songs to her who had given her life for his own.


p softly.
Thy sweet lips mu - sic
Do bheul beag maoth air
melancolico.
pp
mur - mur - ing, A hurt - ling swan a - moan - ing, My
eal - aidh - eachd Mar eal - a bhan 'si leoin - te, Mo
cresc.
dim. mf espress. (with breadth of expression)
brown-hair'd maid o' Cor-nac, No more art thou, my
nigh - ean donn a Còr-naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e
cresc.
3
dim. mp
ten.
dim
p
fair one, My brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
boidh each, Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.
fp sost.
mp


mp
(softly.)
Thy bo - som white a -
Do chìoch - an mìn - e
espress.
dim.
pp
piu espress.
- wel - ter - ing in thy wealth - blood forth pour - ing, My
geal - a 's iad a' sil - eadh fal - a còmh - la, Mo
più p
dim.
mp
brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac, No more art thou, my
nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e
dim.
mp
dim.
fair one, My brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
boidh - each, Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.
dim.
p
mp


Animando
mf (with energy.)
Ye Fates! ale for thy
An lionn a bha gu'd
pp legato.
bri - dal feast whil'd thy death watch - ers'
bhan - ais 'Sann air t'fhal - air - e a
pp
p
(tenderly.)
lone wake, My brown-hair'd maid o'
dh'òl - - - adh, Mo nigh - ean donn a
pp
dim.
mp
Cor - nac, No more art thou, my dear one, My
Cor - naig, Gu'n robh thu buidh - e boidh - - each, Mo
dim.
più p
p
doloroso.

dim.
Più moto.
brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.
più p
dim.
sf
cresc.
mf
f (with energy. Con fuoco.
O God! in hand, fire -
O Dhia! 'nach mi bh'air
sost.
fp
- flashing sword, High cliffs be-hind my
bhealach orr, Is lain - - nir liath 'san


Meno allegro.
(tenderly.)
p
mf
foes' back, My brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac, A -
dòrn ud! Mo nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig, Gu'n
f
p
dim. p
dim.
- las! No more, my own one, My
robh thu buidh - e boidh - - each, Mo
sost.
pp
dolciss.
rall. - - - - - -
pp
brown-hair'd maid o' Cor - nac.
nigh - ean donn a Cor - naig.
R.H.
A
dolciss.
espress.
dim.
sff
sost.
R.H.
L.H.
pp

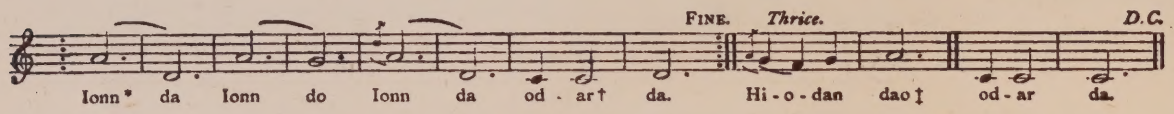
SEALWOMAN'S SEA-JOY.

The Islesman in whom goodness is stronger than love,† finding the sealwoman bathing in the creek, will let her go back to her own natural element; the Islesman in whom love is stronger than goodness cunningly hides her skin, and weds her on the third night after he has found her.

The sealwoman was hot and tired baking the bread and making the churn against her husband's return from the hunting-hill. "Ochōn, the burning of me," thought she, "what would I not give for a dive and a dip into the beauteous coolness of the cool sea-water!" On the very heel of her words, who rushed in but her wee laddie, his two eyes aglow. "O mother, mother," cried he, "is not this the strange thing I have found in the old barley-kist, a thing softer than mist to my touch!" And if she looked, and look she did, this strange thing, softer than mist, was it not her own skin! Quickly, deftly, the sealwoman, tired and hot, put it on, and taking the straight track to the shore, it was nought for her then but a dip down and a keek up, all evening long, in the beauteous coolness of the cool sea-water. "Wee laddie of my heart," said she, ere night came upon her, "when thou and thy father will be in want, thou wilt set thy net off this rock, and thy mother will throw into it the choice fish that will make a laddie grow, and a man pleased with himself."

And the sealwoman, with a dip down and a keek up, went on lilting her sea-joy in the cool sea-water.

KENNETH MACLEOD.



* Pronounce "You'n." † "otter." ‡ dao—like French "deux." All the other vowels as in Italian.

N.B—The words have no meaning save their musical emotional effect.

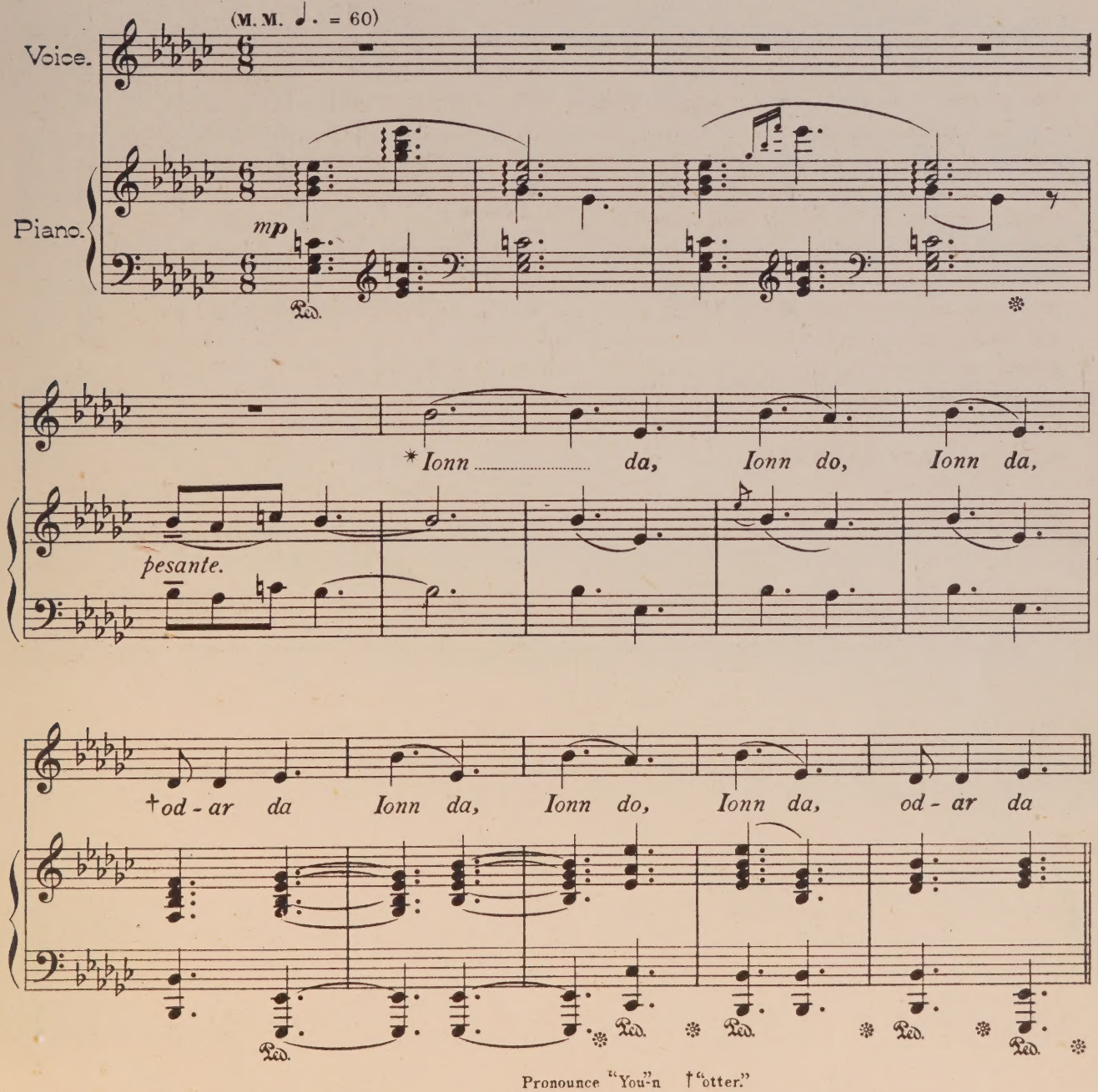
† *See* tale of Sealwoman in Vol. I., p. 15.

SEAL-WOMAN'S SEA-JOY.

Mire-Mara.

Noted from the singing of
CATRIONA CAMPBELL.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER.



Pronounce "You"-n †"otter."

N. B. The words have no meaning save their musical emotional effect.

H.-7588.

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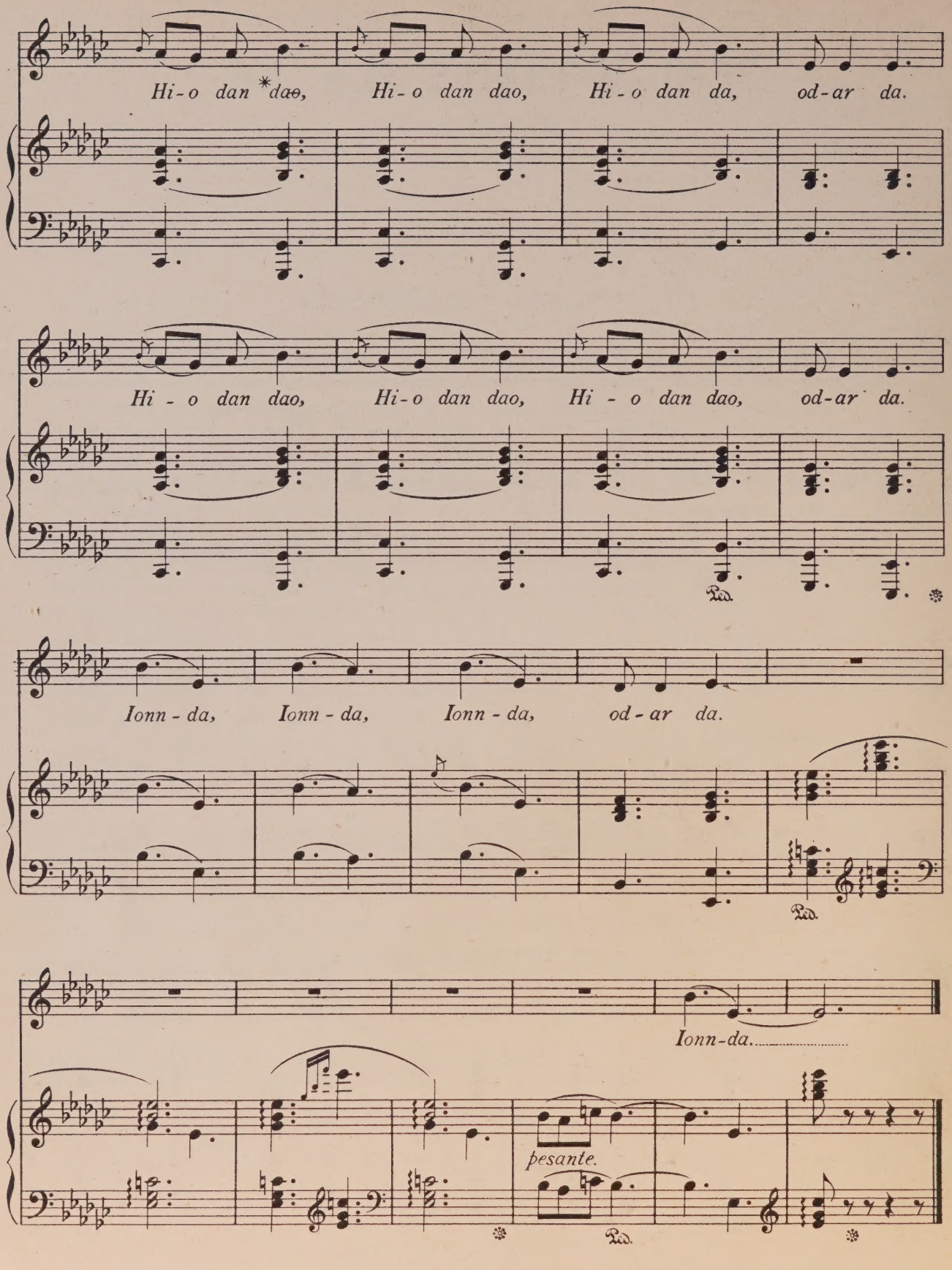

Hi-o dan *dao, Hi-o dan dao, Hi-o dan da, od-ar da.
Hi-o dan dao, Hi-o dan dao, Hi-o dan dao, od-ar da.
Ped.
Ionn-da, Ionn-da, Ionn-da, od-ar da.
Ped.
Ionn-da.
pesante.
Ped.

Seal-woman's Sea joy.

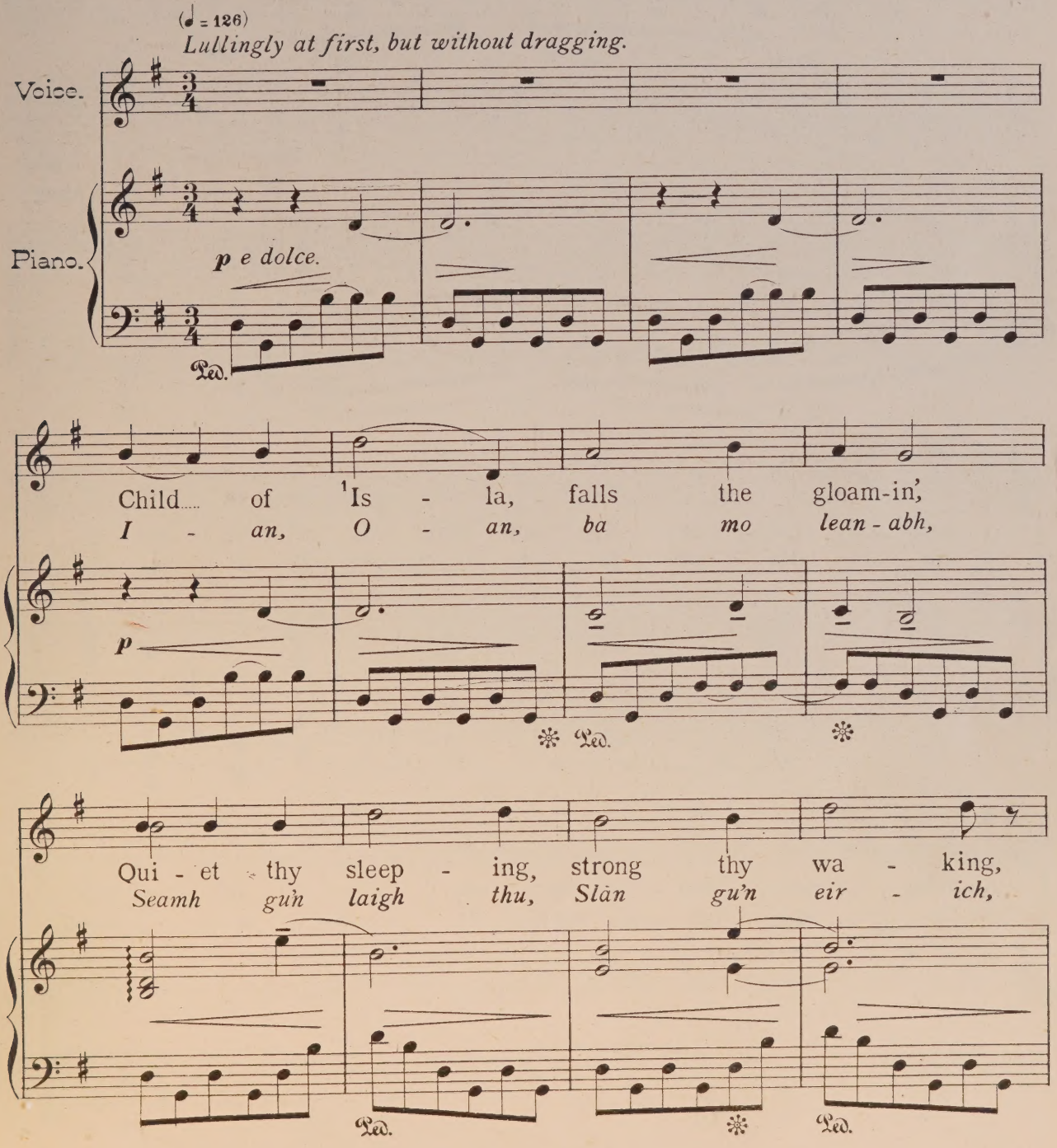
*dao- like French "deux". All the other vowels as in Italian.

TO THE CRADLE LORD OF THE ISLES.

TALADH AN LEINIBH ÌLICH

Words collected and translated by KENNETH MACLEOD.
Arrangement for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected in Eigg from KIRSTY MACKINNON,
by KENNETH MACLEOD
and MARGARET KENNEDY.


(♩ = 126)
Lullingly at first, but without dragging.
Voice.
Piano.
p e dolce.
Ped.
Child..... of [1]Is - la, falls the gloam-in',
I - an, O - an, ba mo lean - abh,
p
Ped.
Qui - et thy sleep - ing, strong thy wa - king,
Seamh guṅ laigh thu, Slàn gu'n eir - ich,
Ped.
Ped.

[1]Pronounced I-la

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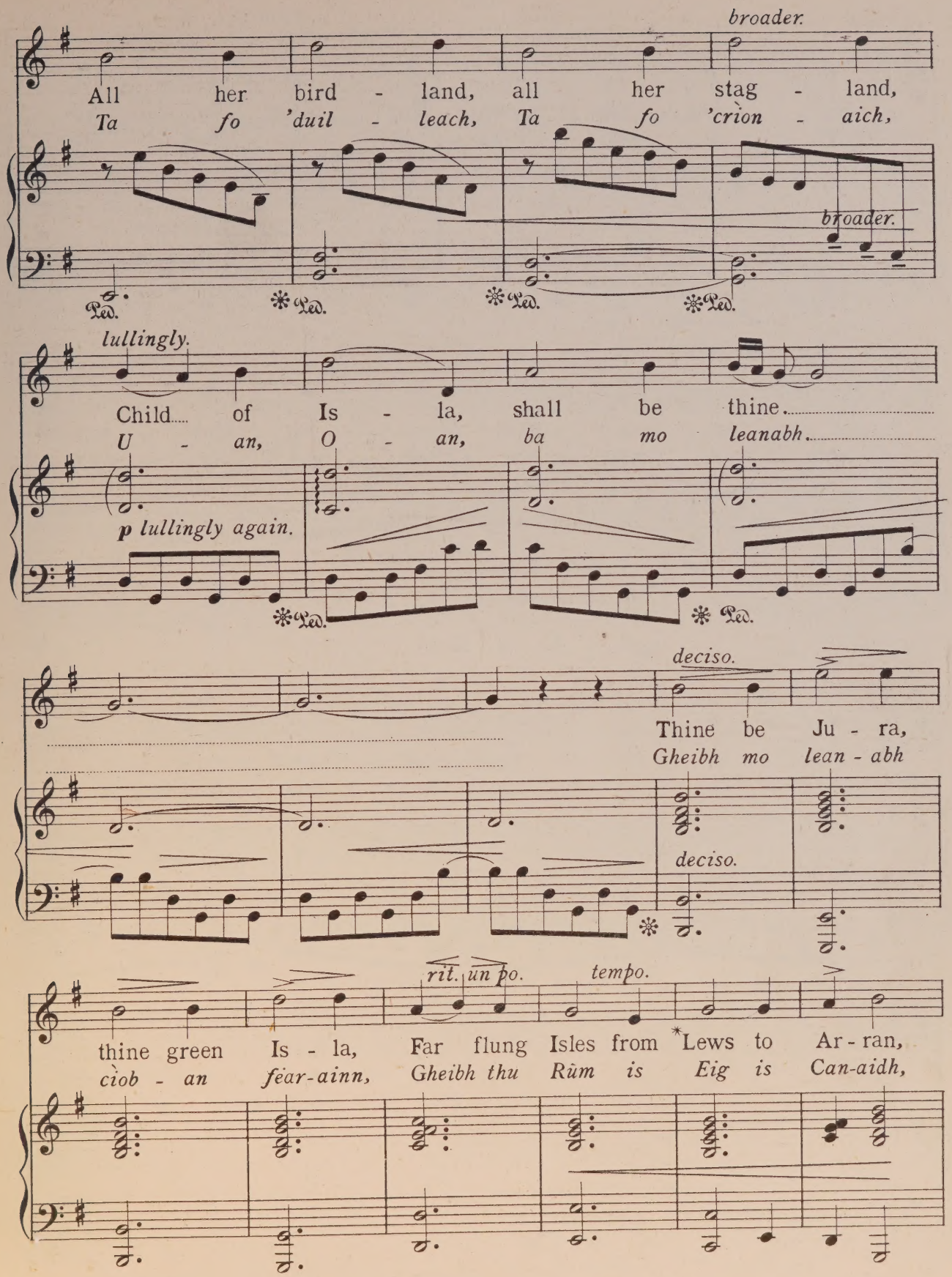
Child of Is - la, falls the gloamin'.
U - an, I - an, ba mo leanabh.
Ped.
West - ern *Al - byn
Ta leth Al - bann
thine for croft, sure, All her Bens and all her cat - tle,
na do dhi - leib, Ta fo 'beann-taibh, Ta fo 'ni dhuit,
All her †row - ans, all her ha - zel,
Ta fo 'cao - runn, Ta fo 'cuil - eann,
Ped.

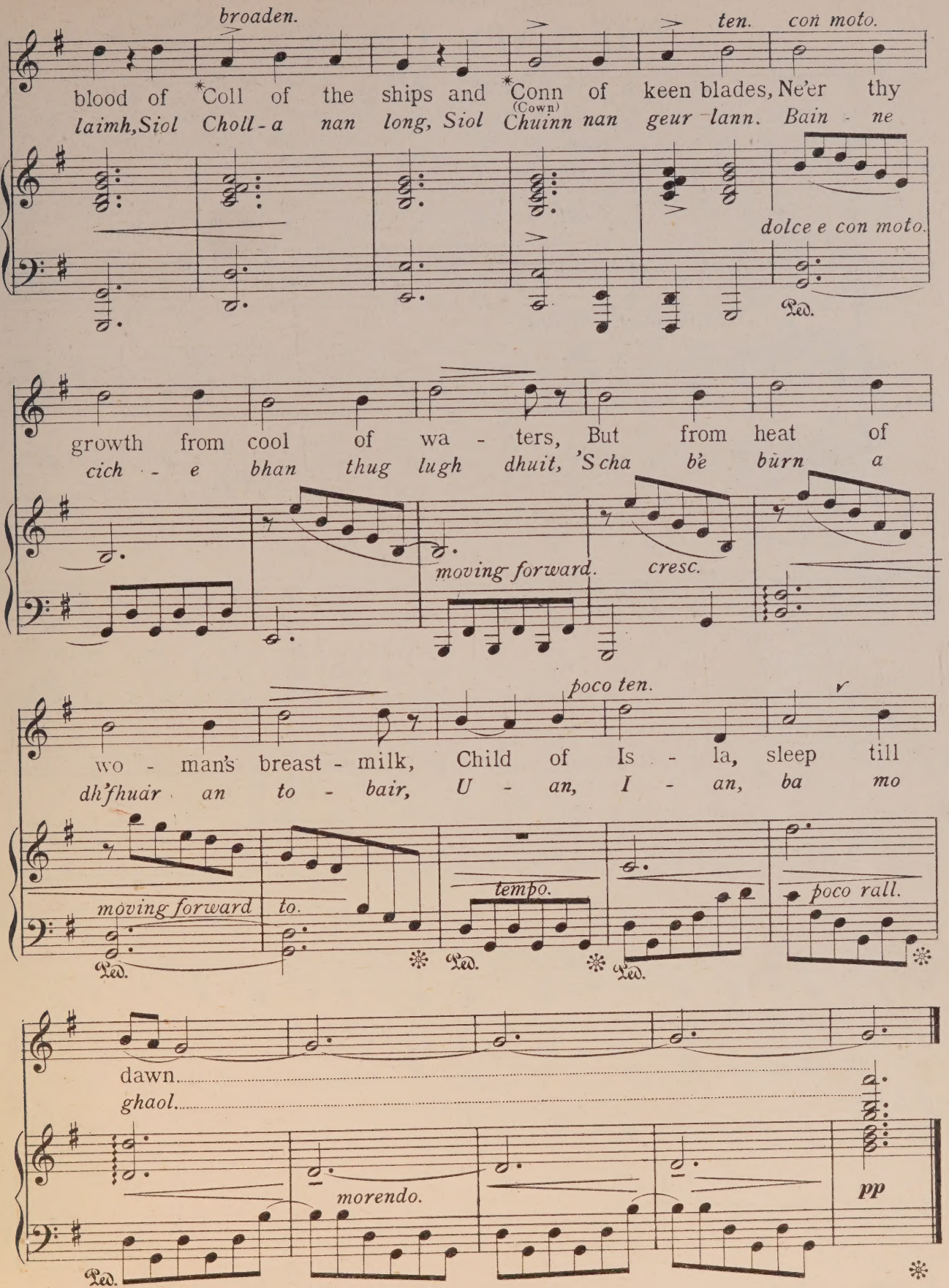
*Pronounce the second syllable like that of "Woodbine"

† Fruit of the mountain ash. Pronounce first syllable as in English "rouse"


broader.
All her bird - land, all her stag - land,
Ta fo 'duil - leach, Ta fo 'crìon - aich,
broader.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
lullingly.
Child..... of Is - la, shall be thine.....
U - an, O - an, ba mo leanabh.....
p lullingly again.
* Ped. * Ped.
deciso.
Thine be Ju - ra,
Gheibh mo lean - abh
deciso.
rit. un po. tempo.
thine green Is - la, Far flung Isles from *Lews to Ar - ran,
cìob - an fear-ainn, Gheibh thu Rùm is Eig is Can-aidh,

*Pronounce exactly like English word "lose."

Mor - vern glens and Moy - dart wa - ters,
I - le ghlas, Cinn - tir - is Main - inn,
All the seas from Moyle to Man - nin,
Diura nam fiadh 's an fhiadh - ach Ar - ainn,
cresc.
exultantly.
broaden
Ped.
Ped.
Child of Is - la, shall be thine
U - an, I - an, ba mo leanabh
tempo p lullingly.
Ped.
Ped.
deciso.
Crown de - scend - ed, thou'rt the
Fuil is feith nan righ fo m'
deciso.
cresc.

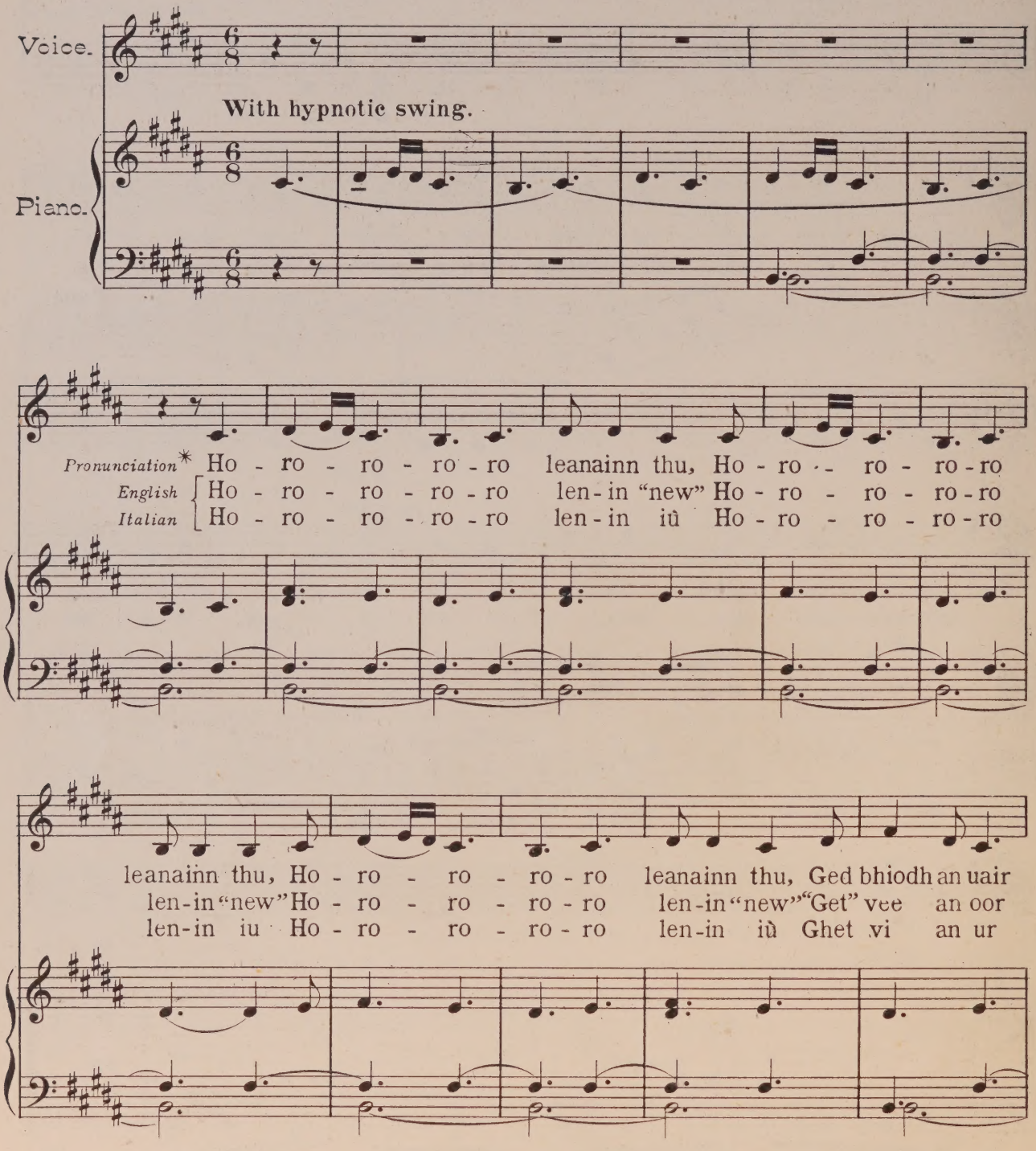

broaden.
ten.
con moto.
blood of *Coll of the ships and *Conn (Cown) of keen blades, Ne'er thy
laimh, Siol Choll-a nan long, Siol Chuinn nan geur lann. Bain - ne
dolce e con moto.
Ped.
growth from cool of wa - ters, But from heat of
cich - e bhan thug lugh dhuit, 'S cha bè burn a
moving forward.
cresc.
poco ten.
wo - man's breast - milk, Child of Is - la, sleep till
dh'fhuar an to - bair, U - an, I - an, ba mo
moving forward
to.
tempo.
poco rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
dawn.....
ghaol.....
morendo.
pp
Ped.

*Conn, pronounce as crown but omitting "r."
*Coll and Conn, ancient Irish Kings from whom the Lords of the Isles were descended.

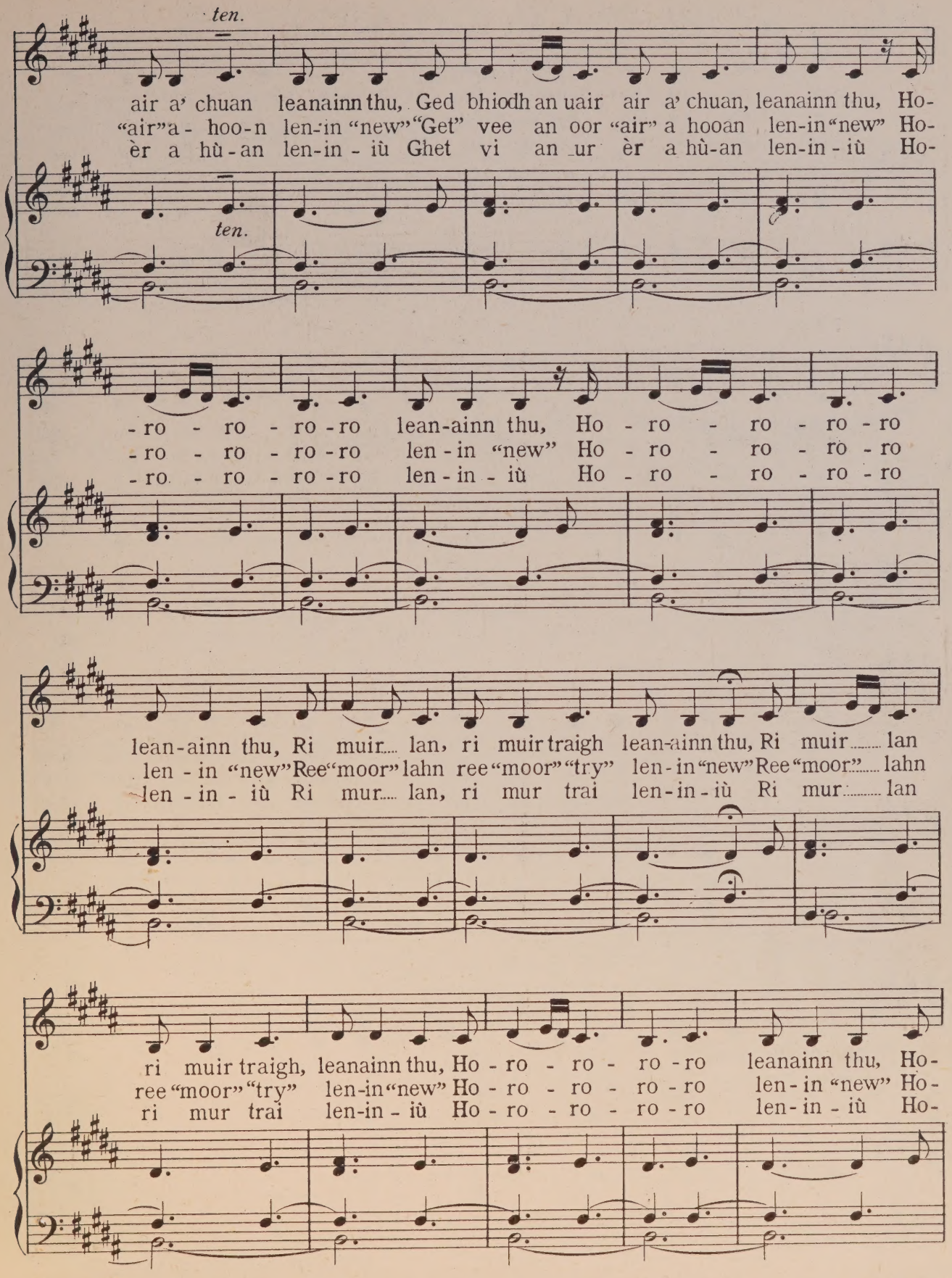
THE FATE CROON.

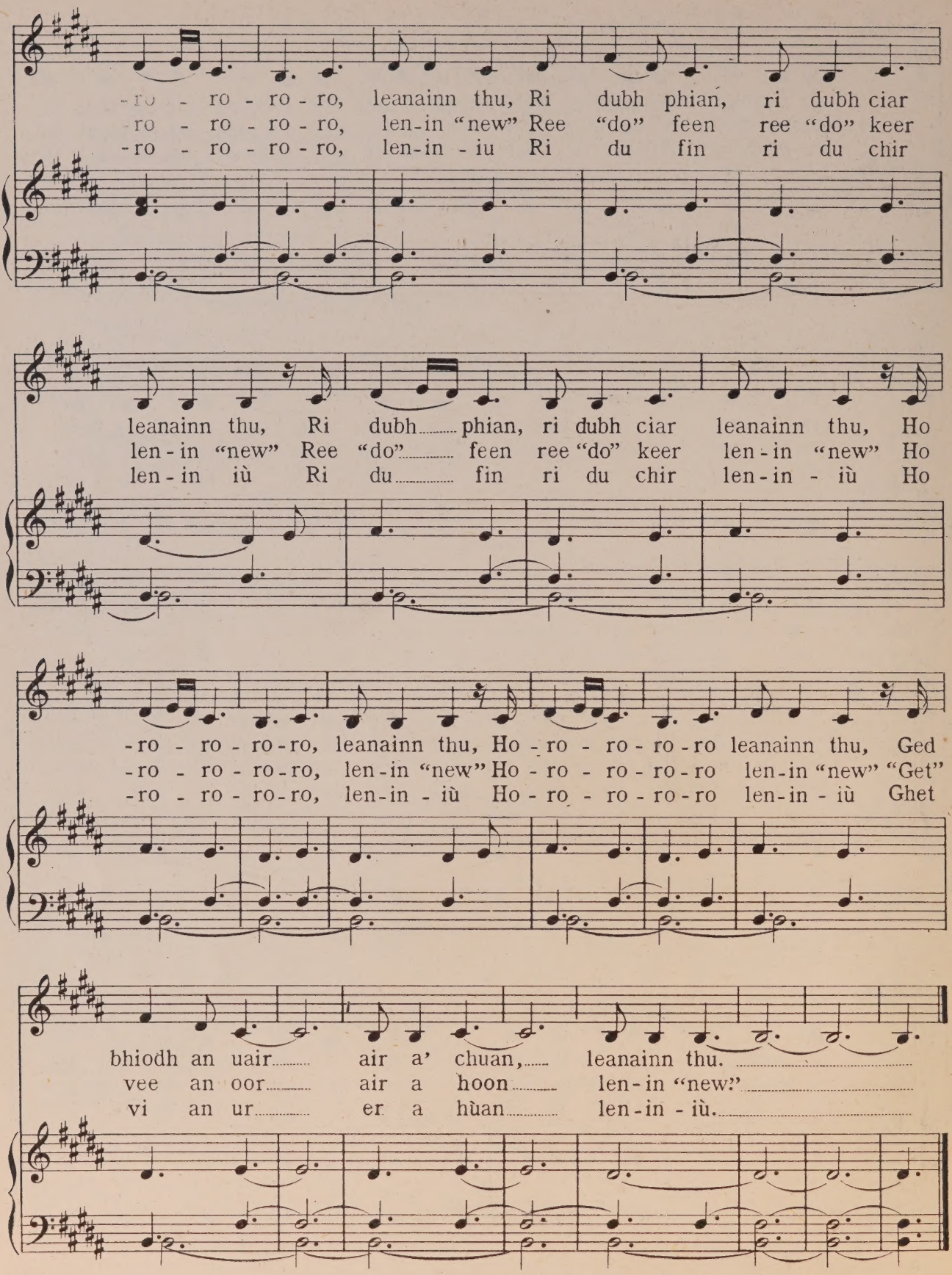
Cronan an Dain.

Collected from Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg,
by M. KENNEDY-FRASER and KENNETH MACLEOD.


Voice.
With hypnotic swing.
Piano.
Pronunciation* Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
English Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
Italian Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair
len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in "new" "Get" vee an oor
len-in iu Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len-in iù Ghet vi an ur

* As only with the sounds of the original Gaelic can the hypnotic effect of this Croon be obtained, a guide to the pronunciation is here given, the 2nd line in English syllables, the 3rd line in Italian syllables within inverted commas; new, air, moor, try, do, pronounced like English words.


ten.
air a' chuan leanainn thu, Ged bhiodh an uair air a' chuan, leanainn thu, Ho-
"air"a - hoo-n len-in "new" "Get" vee an oor "air" a hooan len-in "new" Ho-
èr a hù - an len-in - iù Ghet vi an ur èr a hù-an len-in - iù Ho-
ten.
- ro - ro - ro - ro lean-ainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
- ro - ro - ro - ro len - in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
- ro - ro - ro - ro len - in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro
lean-ainn thu, Ri muir..... lan, ri muir traigh lean-ainn thu, Ri muir..... lan
len - in "new" Ree "moor" lahn ree "moor" "try" len - in "new" Ree "moor"..... lahn
len - in - iù Ri mur..... lan, ri mur trai len - in - iù Ri mur..... lan
ri muir traigh, leanainn thu, Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro leanainn thu, Ho-
ree "moor" "try" len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len - in "new" Ho-
ri mur trai len-in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro - ro len - in - iù Ho-

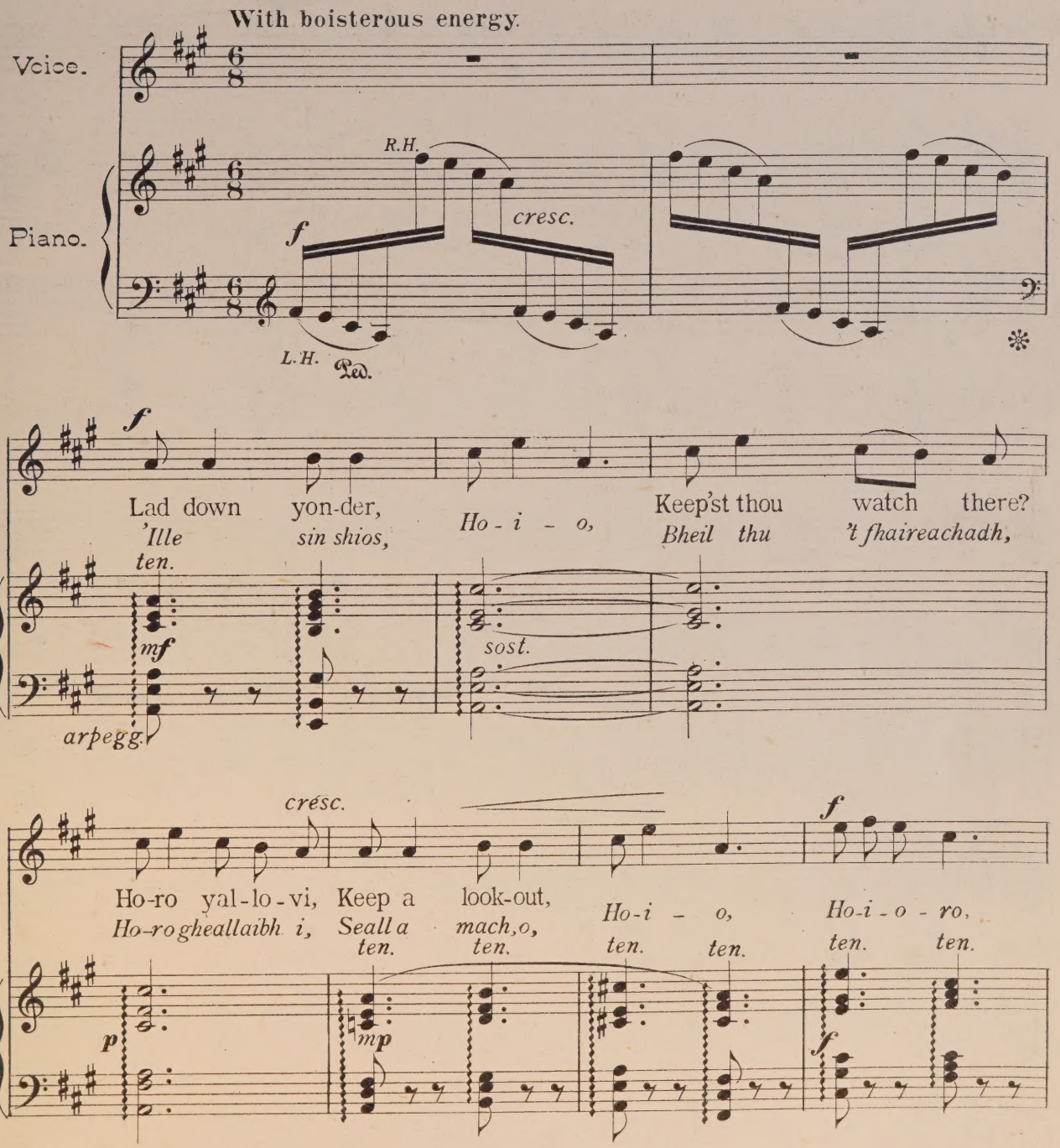

-ro - ro - ro - ro, leanainn thu, Ri dubh phian, ri dubh ciar
-ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in "new" Ree "do" feen ree "do" keer
-ro - ro - ro - ro, len-in - iu Ri du fin ri du chir
leanainn thu, Ri dubh phian, ri dubh ciar leanainn thu, Ho
len-in "new" Ree "do" feen ree "do" keer len-in "new" Ho
len-in iù Ri du fin ri du chir len-in - iù Ho
-ro - ro - ro-ro, leanainn thu, Ho-ro - ro - ro-ro leanainn thu, Ged
-ro - ro - ro-ro, len-in "new" Ho - ro - ro - ro-ro len-in "new" "Get"
-ro - ro - ro-ro, len-in - iù Ho - ro - ro - ro-ro len-in - iù Ghet
bhiodh an uair air a' chuan, leanainn thu.
vee an oor air a hoon len-in "new."
vi an ur er a hùan len-in - iù.

BLOWETH THE WEST WIND.

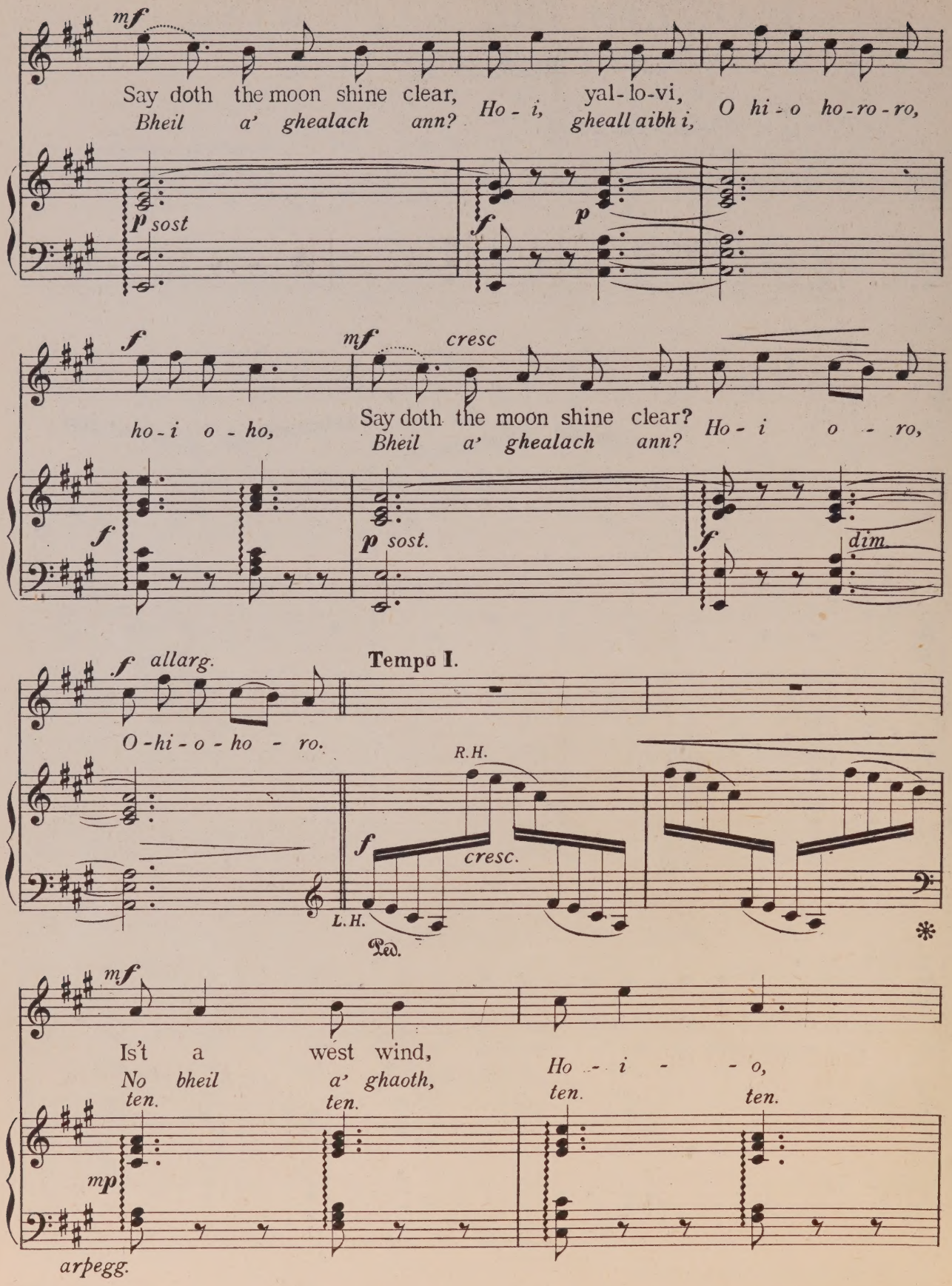
Raonull Òg.*

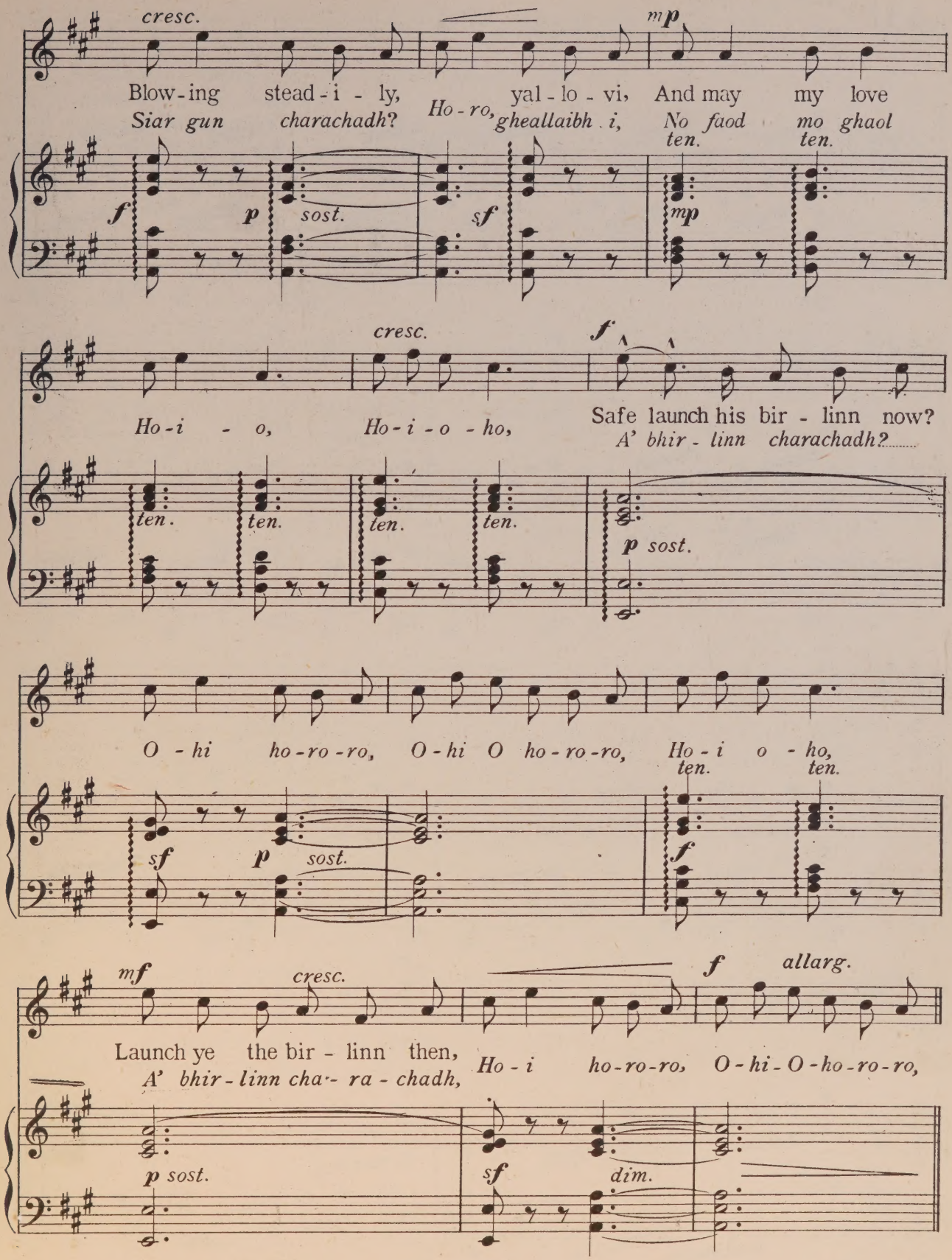
Collected by M. KENNEDY-FRASER and
P. KENNEDY-FRASER in Benbecula,
from the wife of Calum Barrach of the Ossianic Lays.

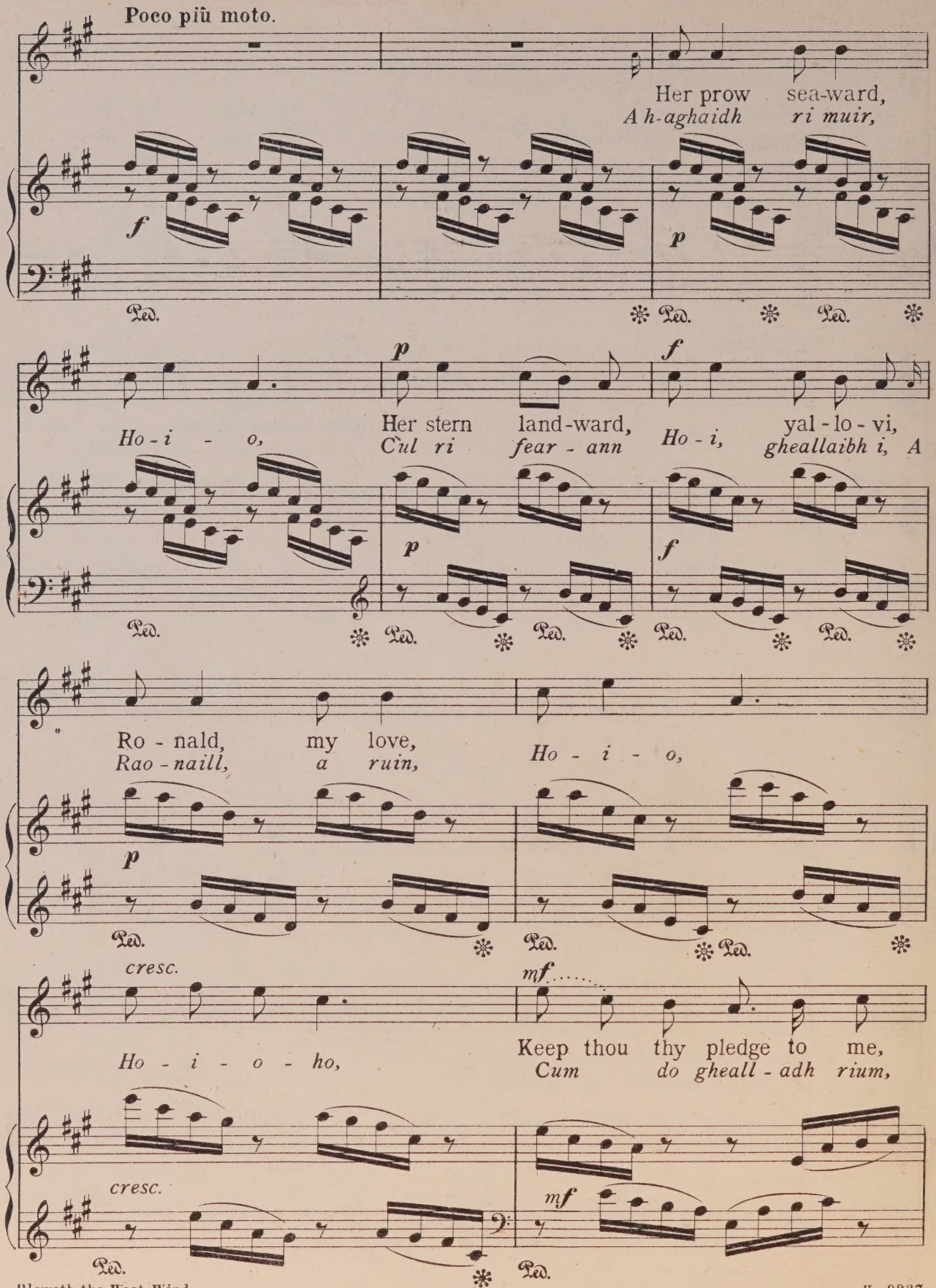
Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

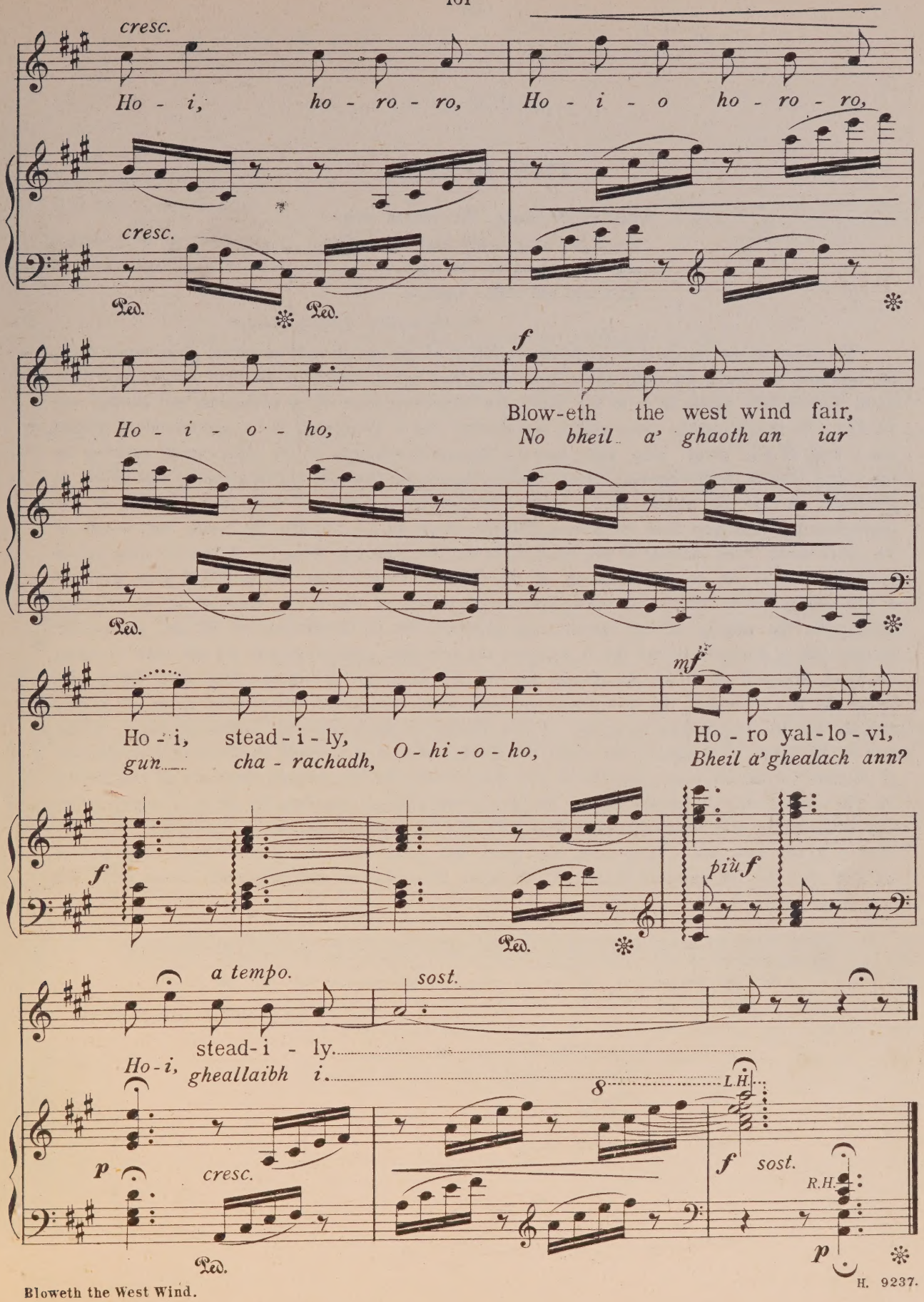


*Song of a moonlight elopement.


mf
Say doth the moon shine clear,
Bheil a' ghealach ann?
Ho - i, yal-lo-vi,
gheall aibh i,
O hi - o ho-ro-ro,
p sost
f
p
f
mf cresc
ho-i o - ho,
Say doth the moon shine clear?
Bheil a' ghealach ann?
Ho - i o - ro,
f
p sost.
f
dim.
f allarg.
O-hi-o-ho - ro.
Tempo I.
R.H.
f
cresc.
L.H.
Ped.
*
mf
Is't a west wind,
No bheil a' ghaoth,
Ho - i - - o,
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
mp
arpegg.


cresc.
mp
Blow-ing stead-i-ly, yal-lo-vi, And may my love
Siar gun charachadh? Ho-ro, gheallaibh i, No faod mo ghaol
ten. ten.
f p sost. sf mp
cresc. f
Ho-i-o, Ho-i-o-ho, Safe launch his bir-linn now?
A' bhir-linn charachadh?
ten. ten. ten. ten.
p sost.
O-hi ho-ro-ro, O-hi O ho-ro-ro, Ho-i o-ho,
ten. ten.
sf p sost. f
mf cresc. f allarg.
Launch ye the bir-linn then, Ho-i ho-ro-ro, O-hi-O-ho-ro-ro,
A' bhir-linn cha-ra-chadh,
p sost. sf dim.


Poco più moto.
Her prow sea-ward,
A h-aghaidh ri muir,
f
p
Ped.
Ho - i - o,
Her stern land-ward,
Cul ri fear - ann
Ho - i, yal - lo - vi,
ghealaibh i, A
Ro - nald, my love,
Rao - naill, a ruin,
Ho - i - o,
cresc.
Ho - i - o - ho,
mf
Keep thou thy pledge to me,
Cum do gheall - adh rium,

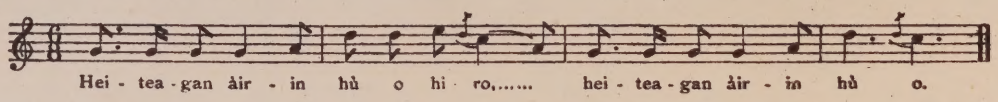

cresc.
Ho - i, ho - ro - ro, Ho - i - o ho - ro - ro,
cresc.
Ped. Ped.
f
Ho - i - o - ho, Blow-eth the west wind fair,
No bheil a' ghaoth an iar
Ped.
mf
Ho - i, stead - i - ly, O - hi - o - ho, Ho - ro yal - lo - vi,
gun cha - rachadh, Bheil a' ghealach ann?
f
Ped.
più f
a tempo.
sost.
stead - i - ly.
Ho - i, gheallaibh i.
8
L.H.
p
cresc.
Ped.
f sost.
R.H.
p

THE REAPER.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending."

Wordsworth's *Solitary Reaper*.

The isles and the mainland of Gaeldom are full of ridges and furrows in which, generations back, the oats and the barley grew and the reapers sang, but which, wrested from their tillers, have long since, for the very shame of it, as the bard* has it, covered themselves with moss and heather and bracken. In the days when those ridges and furrows had a spring-tide and a harvest-tide, Gaeldom was a land of glad song. Sixty years ago, the *Gruagach*, a woman of the other-world, standing on the Laig† brae in Eigg, watched, along with a mystic of the isle, the reaping of the fields of Cleeadale. Across the waving corn rose and fell, like the waves of Laig Bay, the lilt of the reaping song: *Heiteagan àirin hu ho-i-ro, heiteagan àirin hu o.* "O Ian Og," said the woman of the other-world, "the making of the bread, is it not the gladsome thing!" It was—it may be—it should be. And yet the reaping-song of the Gael has never been the purely joyous gladness of the young mavie[1] which has never known the sorrow of the empty nest or of the deserted wood. To the singing of the harvest-song goes the life of a year, or of all the years—the summer that is gone, the winter that is coming; the ones who have sown but are not here to reap; the ones who will sow when the reapers that are will have been forgotten; the Good Being who makes the sun shine and the corn ripen, and who opens the ear to the singing sands of Morar, and the eye to the phantom kingliness of the Coolins of Rùm and the Coolins of Skye. There may be the breath of a sigh in that song, but there is also in it a whole storm of rapture, perhaps of feyness.[2] Gladness must come to its own some time; for the sorrows there are all the times; for the reaping there is but one time. To the harvest-field go we, then, for life as it ought to be. The sickle is fate, the hand that holds it is ours, and for once we will be the conqueror. Cut we down a sorrow here and a pain there, bind them, and make them our slaves. Sure, then, this is the glad day, and the beautiful world, and the brave life—what we shall afterwards dream of in the long winter night.



KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Calum Campbell Macphail, Bard of Lorn.

† Pronounced as English "like" (prolonged vowel).

[1] Thrush.

[2] Uncannily high spirits.

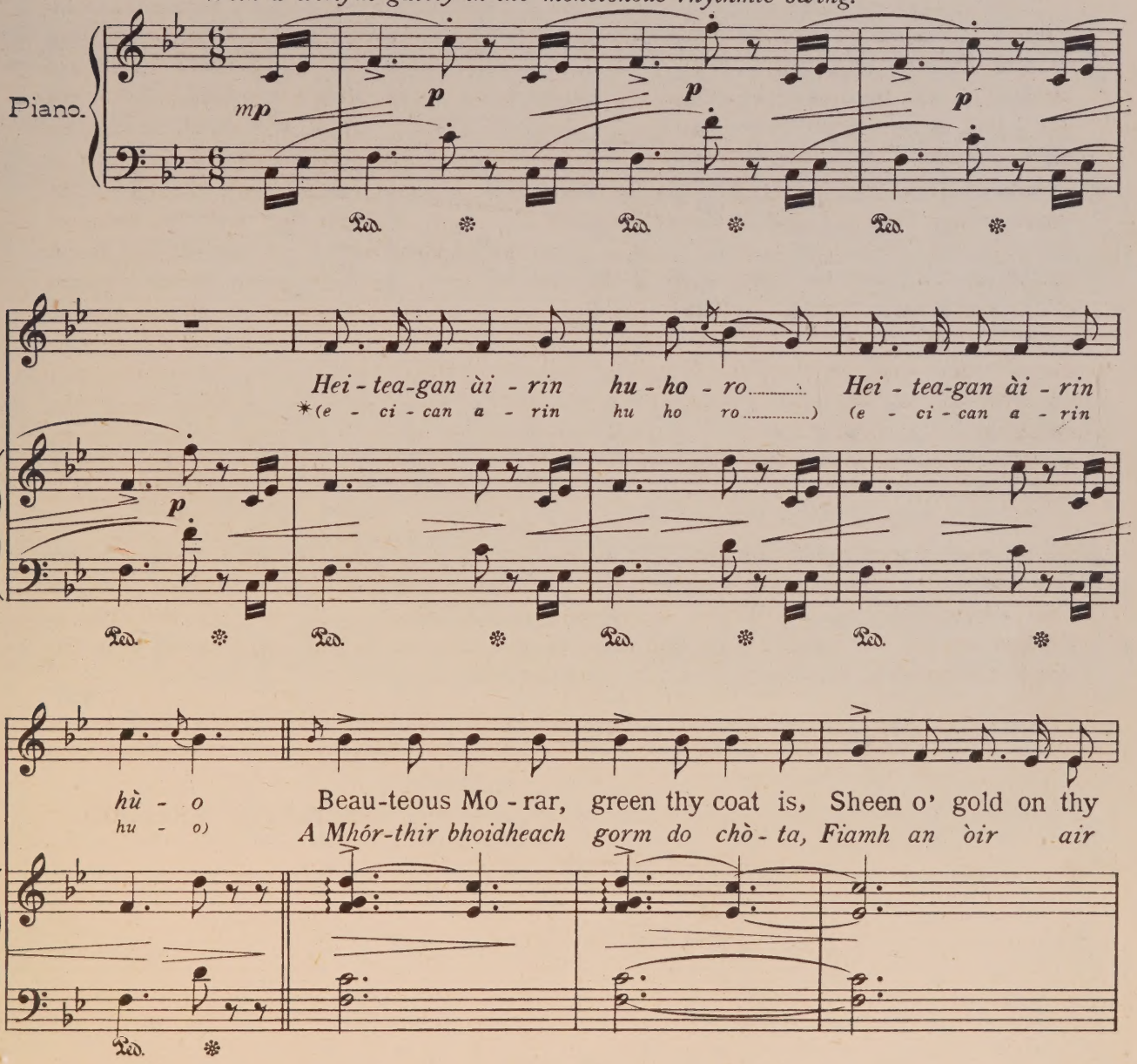
A MORAR REAPER'S SONG.

ORAN BUANA.

Gaelic words† adapted by
KENNETH MACLEOD
from
ALEXANDER MACDONALD,
with a literal English Translation.

Phonographed from the singing of
Mrs MALLOCH, CRIANLARICH.
(Native of N. UIST.)

With a wistful gaiety in the monotonous rhythmic swing.


Piano.
mp
p
Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu - ho - ro..... Hei - tea-gan ài - rin
*(e - ci - can a - rin hu ho ro.....) (e - ci - can a - rin
hù - o Beau-teous Mo - rar, green thy coat is, Sheen o' gold on thy
hu - o) A Mhór-thir bhoidheach gorm do chò - ta, Fiamh an òir air

† First verse as sung by Mrs Malloch.

*Italian phonetic rendering of the Gaelic refrain.

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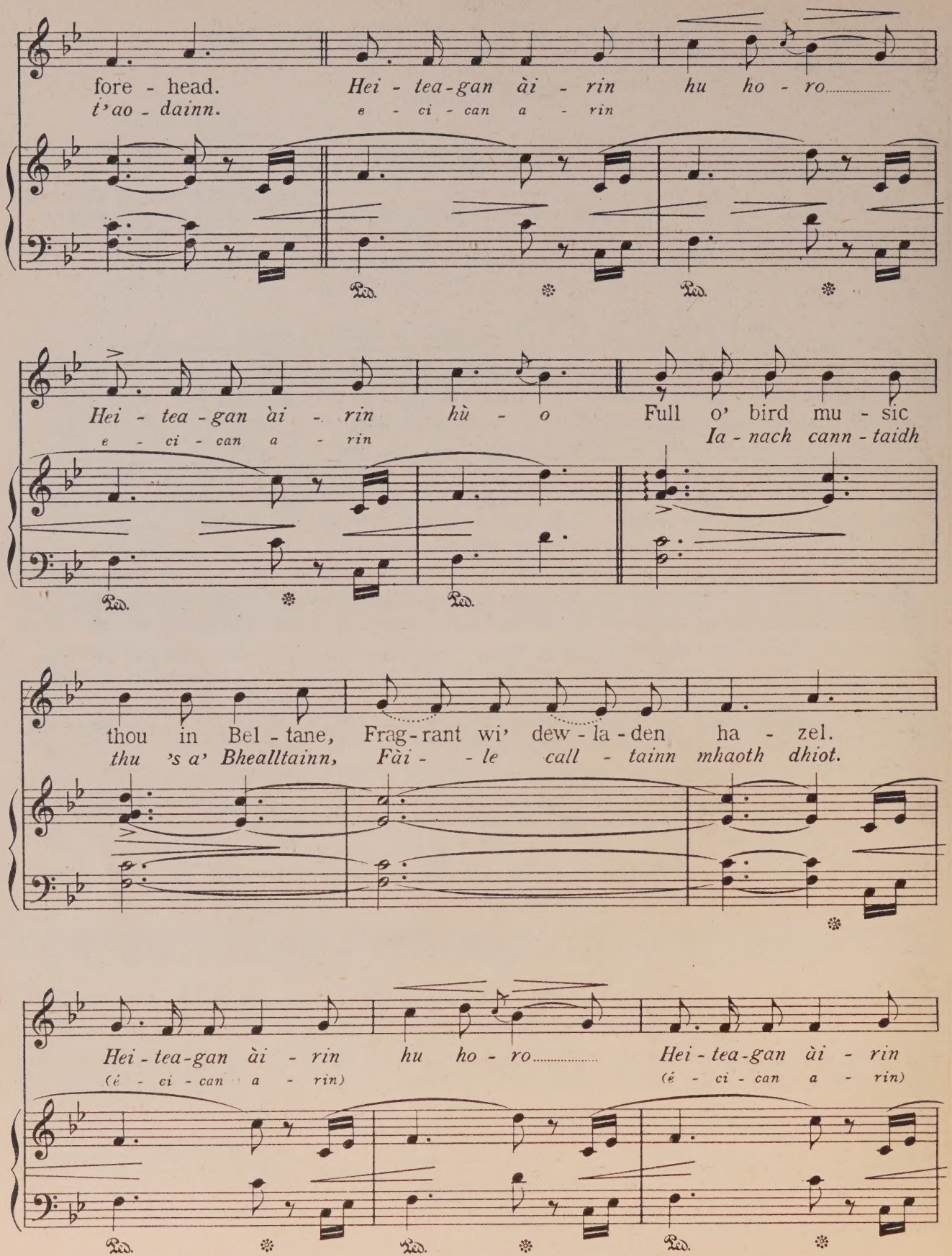
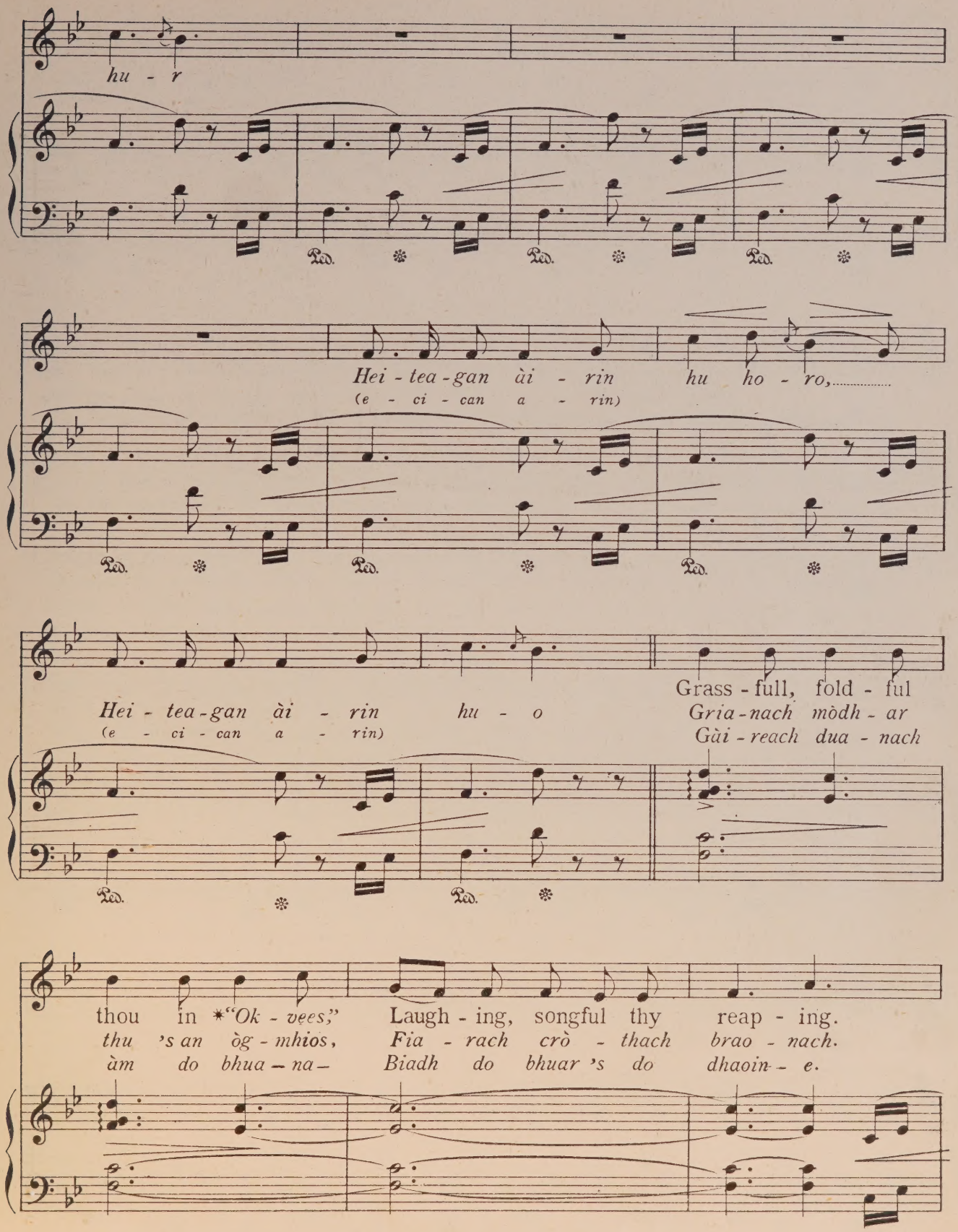
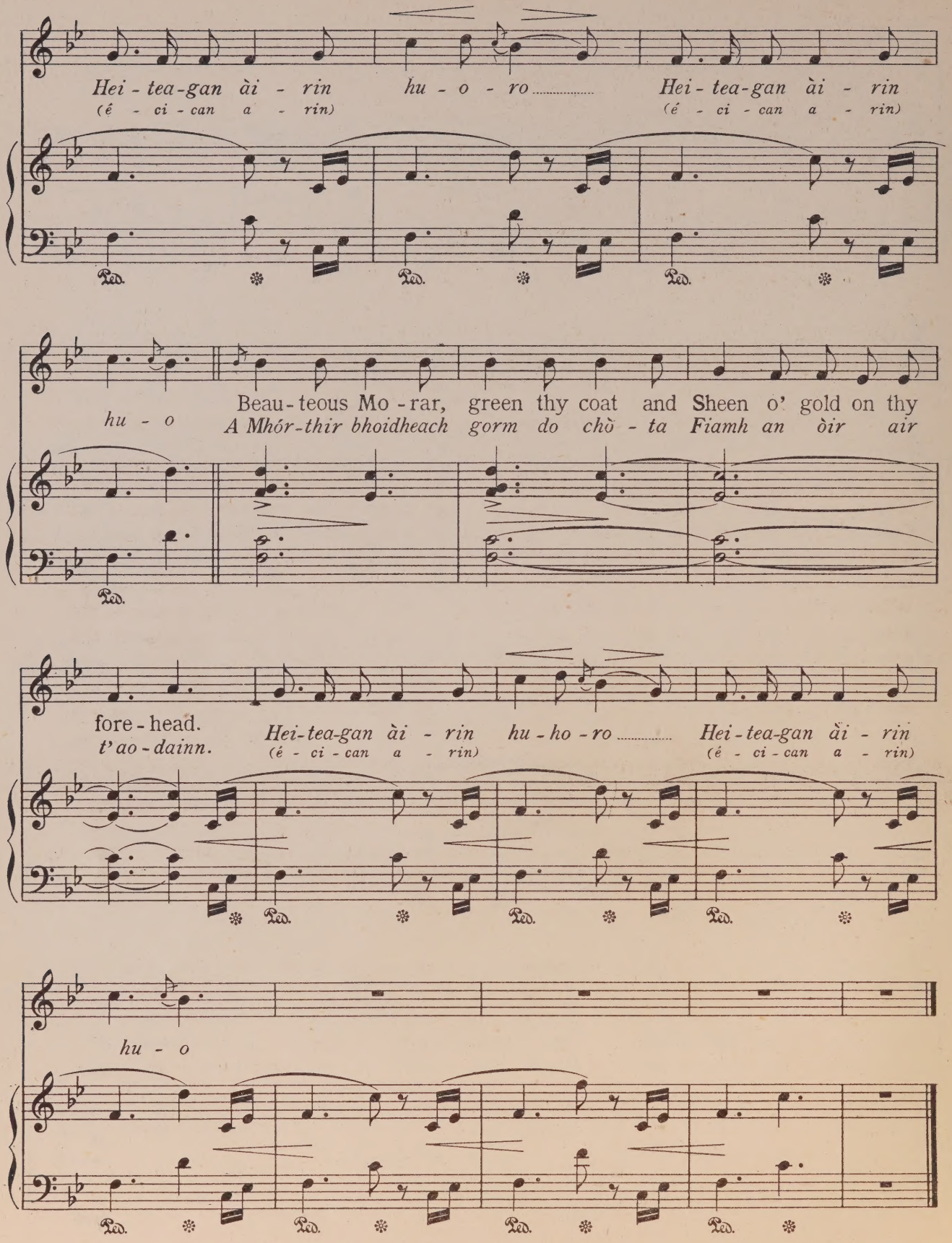

fore - head.
t'ao - dainn.
Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu ho - ro.....
e - ci - can a - rin
Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hù - o
e - ci - can a - rin
Full o' bird mu - sic
Ia - nach cann - taidh
thou in Bel - tane, Frag - rant wi' dew - la - den ha - zel.
thu 's a' Bhealltainn, Fài - - le call - tainn mhaoth dhiot.
Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu ho - ro.....
(é - ci - can a - rin)
Hei - tea-gan ài - rin
(é - ci - can a - rin)

A Morar Reaper's song.


hu - r
Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu ho - ro,.....
(e - ci - can a - rin)
Hei - tea - gan ài - rin hu - o
(e - ci - can a - rin)
Grass - full, fold - ful
Gria - nach mòdh - ar
Gài - reach dua - nach
thou in *"Ok - vees,"
thu 's an òg - mhios,
àm do bhua - na -
Laugh - ing, songful thy reap - ing.
Fia - rach crò - thach brao - nach.
Biadh do bhuar 's do dhaoin - e.

A Morar Reaper's song.

*Month of Youth, i.e. June.


Hei - tea-gan ài - rin hu - o - ro Hei - tea-gan ài - rin
(é - ci - can a - rin) (é - ci - can a - rin)
hu - o
Beau - teous Mo - rar, green thy coat and Sheen o' gold on thy
A Mhór-thir bhoidheach gorm do chò - ta Fiamh an òir air
fore - head.
t' ao - dainn.
Hei-tea-gan ài - rin hu - ho - ro Hei - tea-gan ài - rin
(é - ci - can a - rin) (é - ci - can a - rin)
hu - o

THE SONG OF THE LINN-QUERN.*

The Gaelic byword says that "Second sight comes from the blood, second hearing from the blindness."

A blind woman of Uist was wont to go out each evening, with the township lads, to bring the cattle home to the milking—she having the ear to hear, and they the eye to see, where the cattle would be. One evening, the lowing being far away, the lads set forward towards it, and the blind woman laid her fatigue by the side of a linn. And here the strange thing happened—what came out of the linn but beautiful music, the lilt, laughing, leaping, frolicking, of two water-fairies busy at the quern-grinding. When the blind woman went home that night, she had a tale to tell and a song to sing in the township; and each day, anew, she told that same tale and sang that same tune, morning, noon, and evening. "Foolishness is on thee," said the other women, "dost thou not know that it is ever forbidden to sing what the fairies sing, and to tell what the fairies tell? Sure, the black-sorrow will come on the heel of thy foolishness." And perhaps the black-sorrow did come—if it was not white-joy instead!—at any rate, one morning the blind woman went out, and in the evening she returned not. And the township women said: "To-night there will be three of them singing the Song of the Linn-quern."

KENNETH MACLEOD.

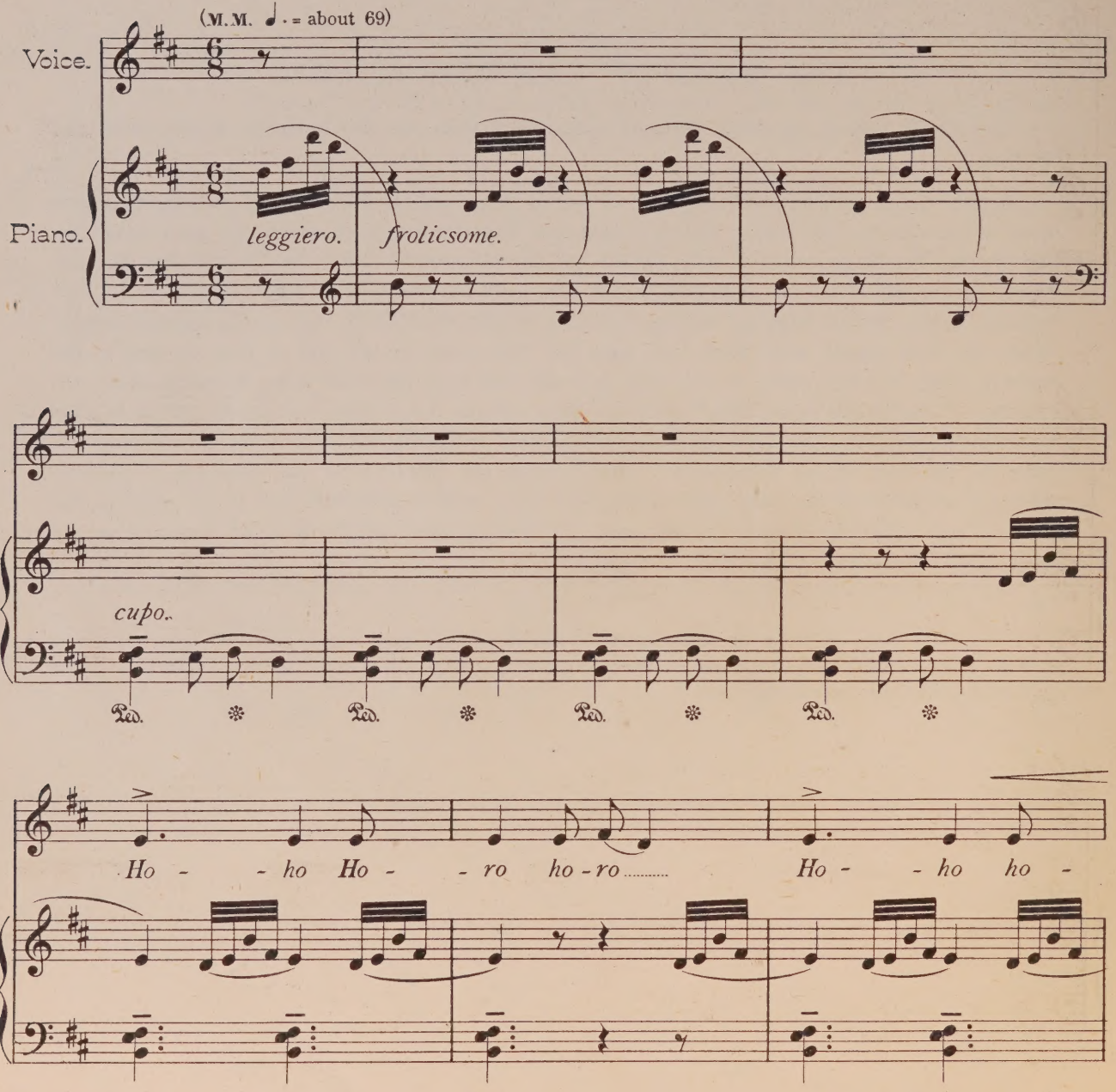
* The quern, in its simplest form, consisted of two flat, circular stones, between which the grain was ground, a handle or handles being inserted into a hole or holes in the upper stone. A waterfall so acting on the stones in the linn or pool below may form natural querns.

SONG OF THE *LINN-QUERN.*

Fuaim na Brathain anns an Linnidh.

Phonographed from the singing of
CATRIONA CAMPBELL, Oban (Native of South Uist.)
by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



*Linn= Waterfall. *Quern= Hand mill.

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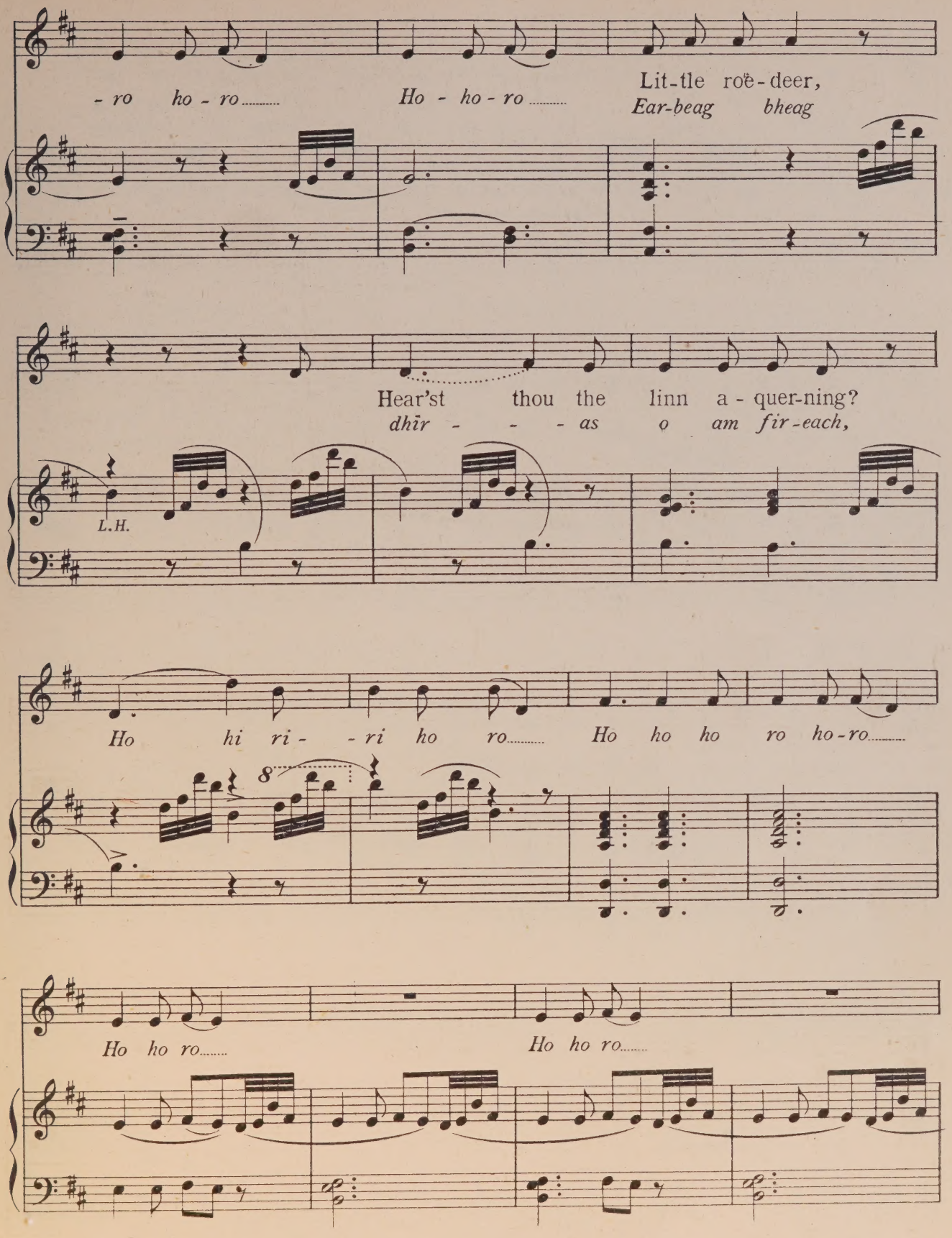
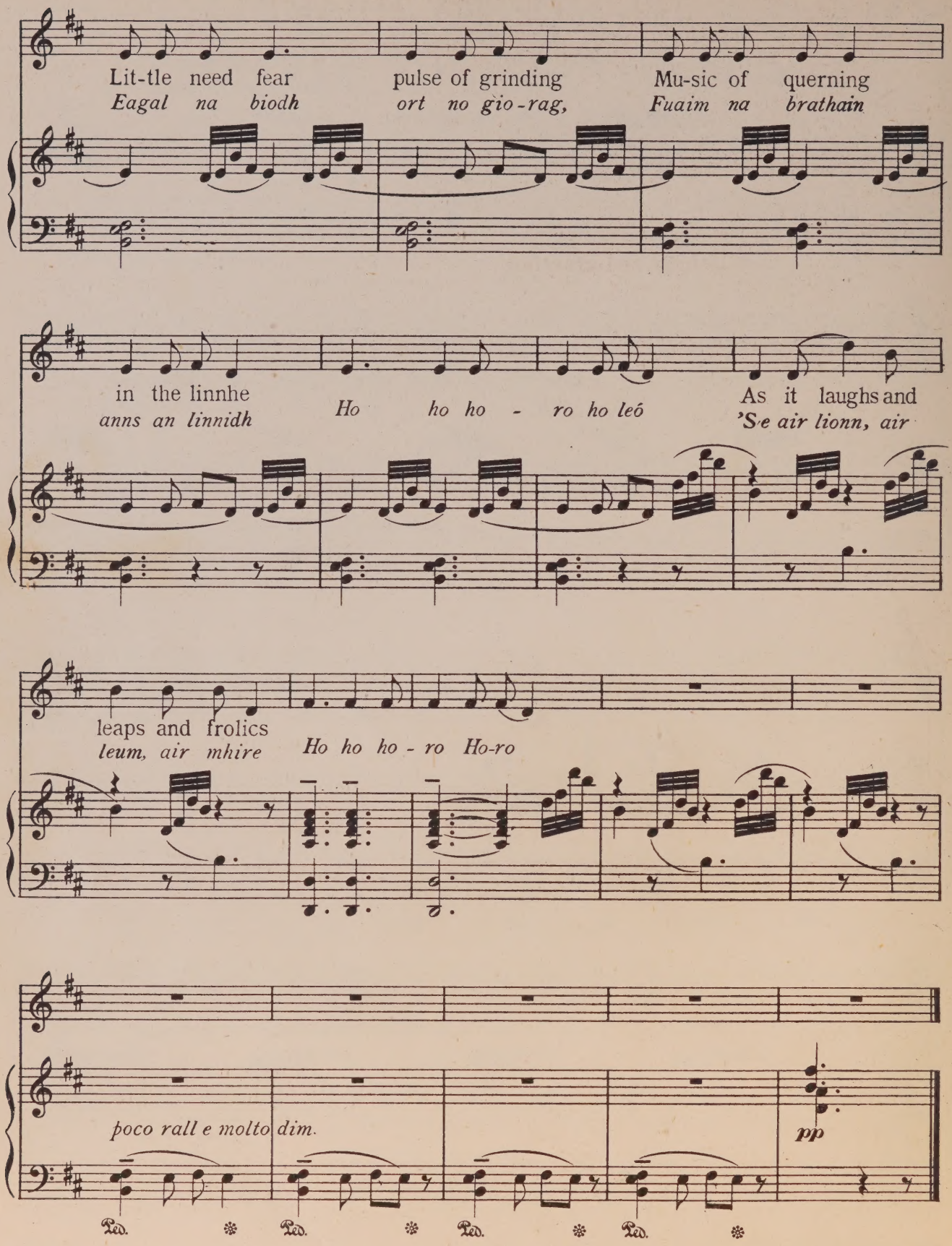

- ro ho - ro.....
Ho - ho - ro.....
Lit-tle roë-deer,
Ear-beag bheag
Hear'st thou the linn a - quer-ning?
dhīr - - - as o am fir-each,
L.H.
Ho hi ri - - ri ho ro.....
Ho ho ho ro ho-ro.....
8
Ho ho ro.....
Ho ho ro.....

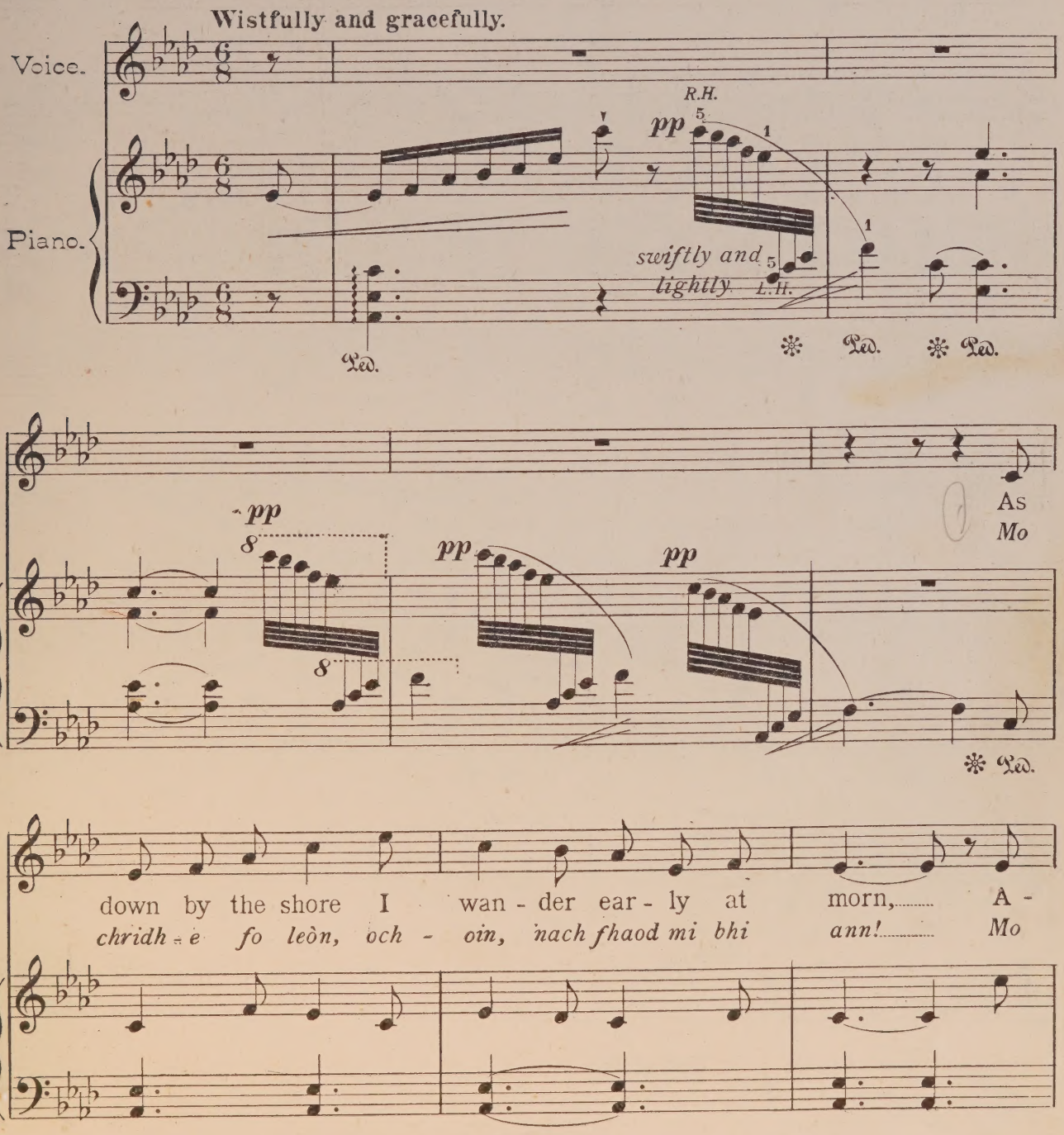

Lit-tle need fear
Eagal na biodh
pulse of grinding
ort no gìo-rag,
Mu-sic of querning
Fuaim na brathain
in the linnhe
anns an linnidh
Ho ho ho - ro ho leô
As it laughs and
'S e air lionn, air
leaps and frolics
leum, air mhire
Ho ho ho - ro Ho-ro
poco rall e molto dim.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ISLE OF MY HEART.

EILEAN MO CHRIDH.

From Gaelic Verses by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air collected at Eyemouth from Joan Stuart, Lewes, by
M. and D. Kennedy-Fraser.
English Verses and Piano accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



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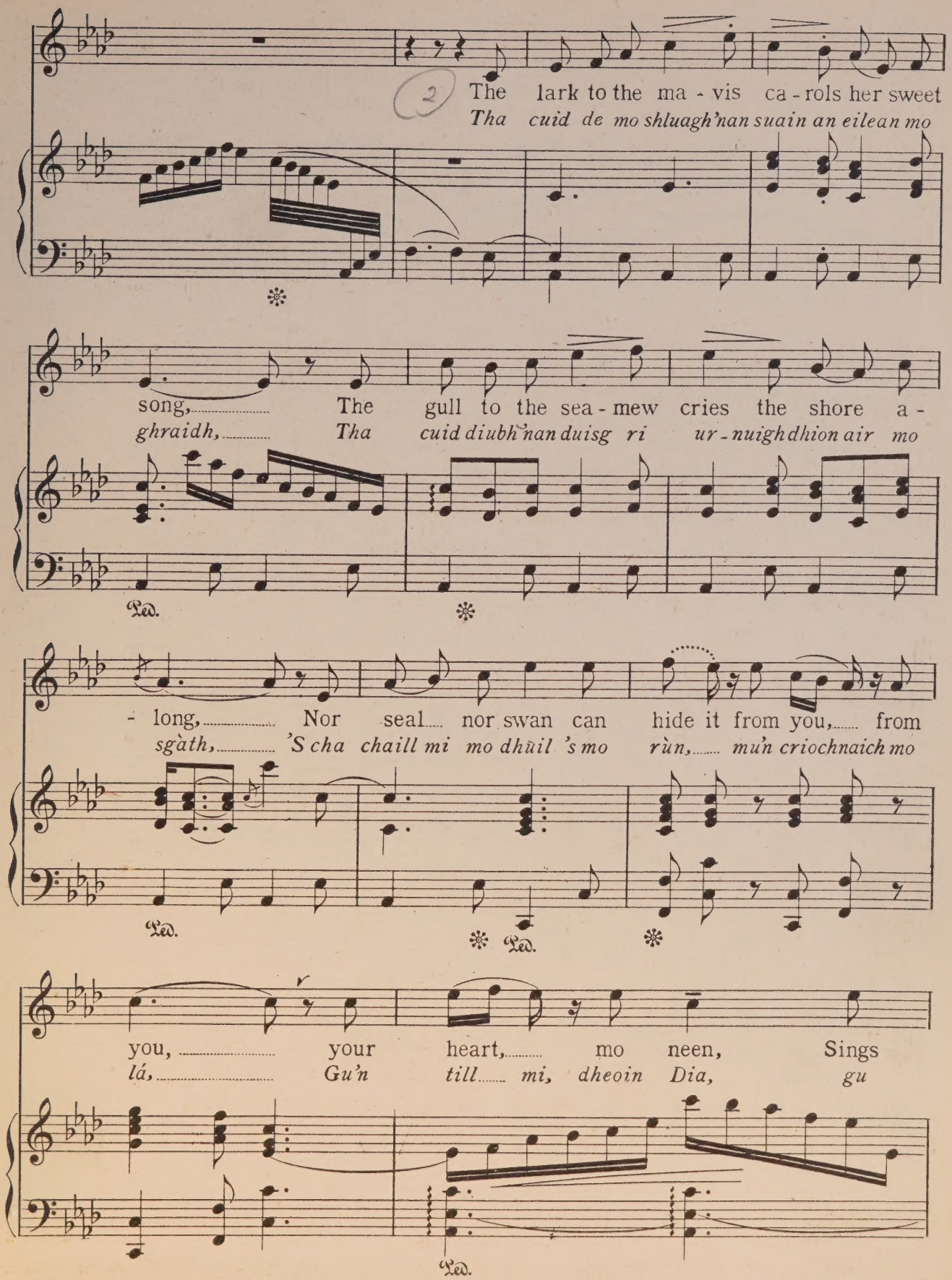
down by the shore-land wan-der ear-ly at morn, The
chridh-e fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall, Mo
ten.
sea and the sky a-bove, so blue, so blue, Low
chridh-e fo dhìo-bhail Righ! nach robh mis-e thall, An
pp
colla voce.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
sigh, "a nighean, 'tis true, your love loves you." The
a nèen
eilean mo chridh, 'sfo thaobh-ghil leitir nam beann. Sior
Ped. Ped.
moss to the moor-land mur-murs all the day long, The
iar-gain 'nam chom is fonn an eil-ein 'nam chluais, Sior
pp
3 3
Ped.

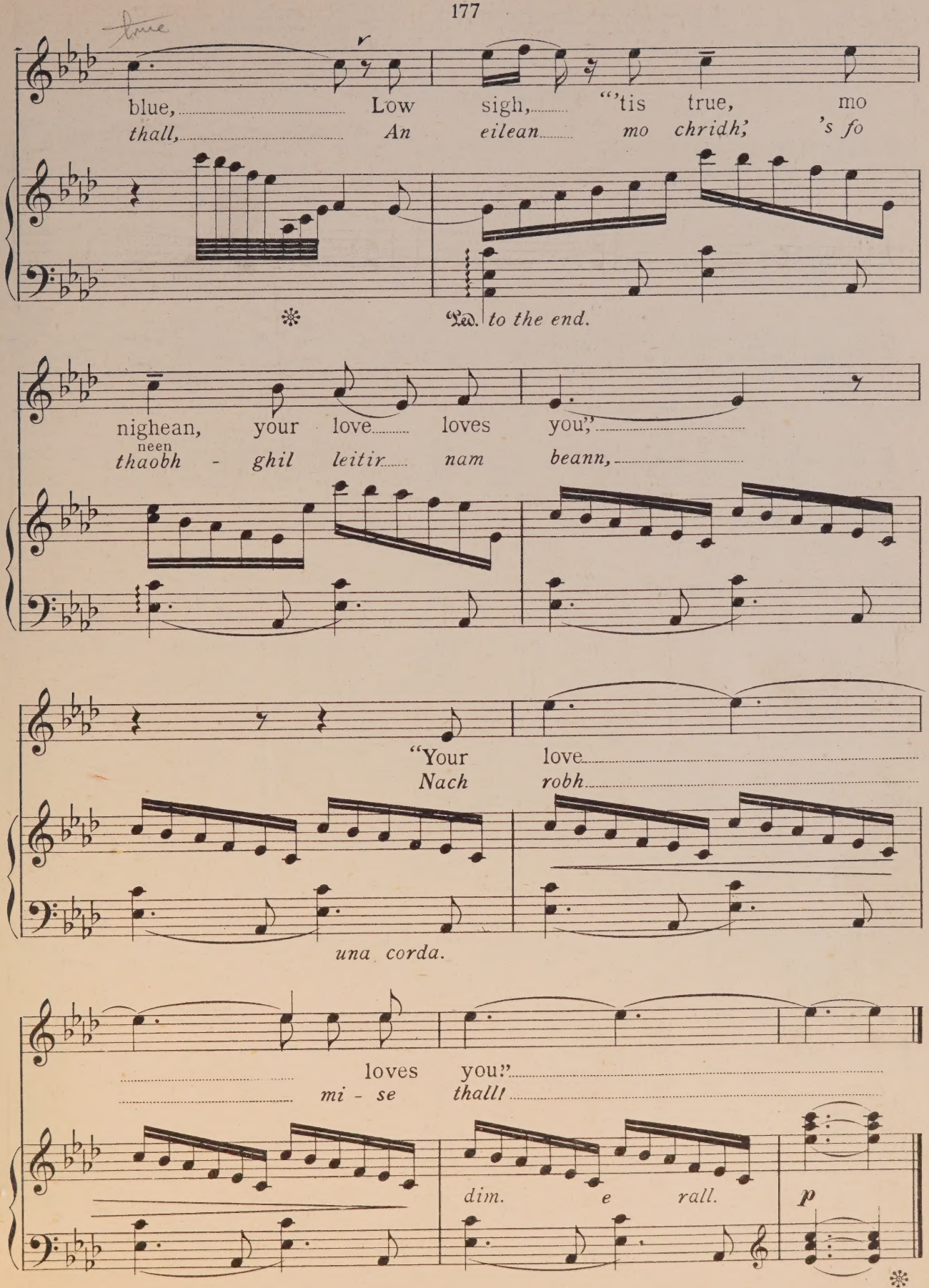
oak to the ha - zel wafts the same sweet song, The
chròn-an nan allt 'san deann-ruith siaradh gu cuan, Sior
Ped. * Ped. Ped.
rock to the tan - gle sighs, "'tis true, 'tis true," soft
ghàir-ich nan stuadh sior bhual - adh shios ag - us shuas, Is
sighs,* "a nee - an doo, your love loves you?" A -
nigheanag nan dual ri duan fo leitir nam beann. Mo
Ped.
down by the shore-land wan-d'ring night or morn, Far
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi ann, Mo

* my dark maid.

down by the shore-land wan-d'ring night or morn, The
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall, Mo
ten.
rock to the tan-gle sighs, "'tis true, 'tis true;" Soft
chridhe fo dhìobhail, Righ! nach robh mise thall, An
colla voce.
Ped.
sighs, "a nee - an doo, your love loves you."
eilean mo ghaoil, 's fo thaobh-ghil leitir nam beann.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


2
The lark to the ma - vis ca - rols her sweet
Tha cuid de mo shluagh'nan suain an eilean mo
song, The gull to the sea - mew cries the shore a -
ghraidh, Tha cuid diubh'nan duisg ri ur - nuigh dhion air mo
Ped.
- long, Nor seal nor swan can hide it from you, from
sgàth, 'S cha chaill mi mo dhūil 's mo rùn, mu'n criochnaich mo
Ped.
Ped.
you, your heart, mo neen, Sings
lá, Gu'n till mi, dheoin Dia, gu
Ped.

true, your love loves you. Down
m'iarr - tus, leitir nam beann. Mo
by the white shore-land wan-d'ring night or morn, A-
chridhe fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi ann, Mo
Ped.
- down the white shore-land wan-d'ring night or morn, The
chridh - e fo leòn, och - oin, nach fhaod mi bhi thall, Mo
Ped.
ten.
sea and the sky a - bove, so blue, so
chridh - e fo dhìo - bhail, Righ! nach robh mise
colla voce.
Ped.


true
blue, Low sigh, "'tis true, mo
thall, An eilean mo chridh', 's fo
Ped. to the end.
nighean, your love loves you;"
neen
thaobh - ghil leitir nam beann,
"Your love
Nach robh
una corda.
loves you?"
mi - se thall!
dim. e rall.
p

ALTAR ISLE O' THE SEA.

THE BENS O' RUM.

Donull nan Donull.

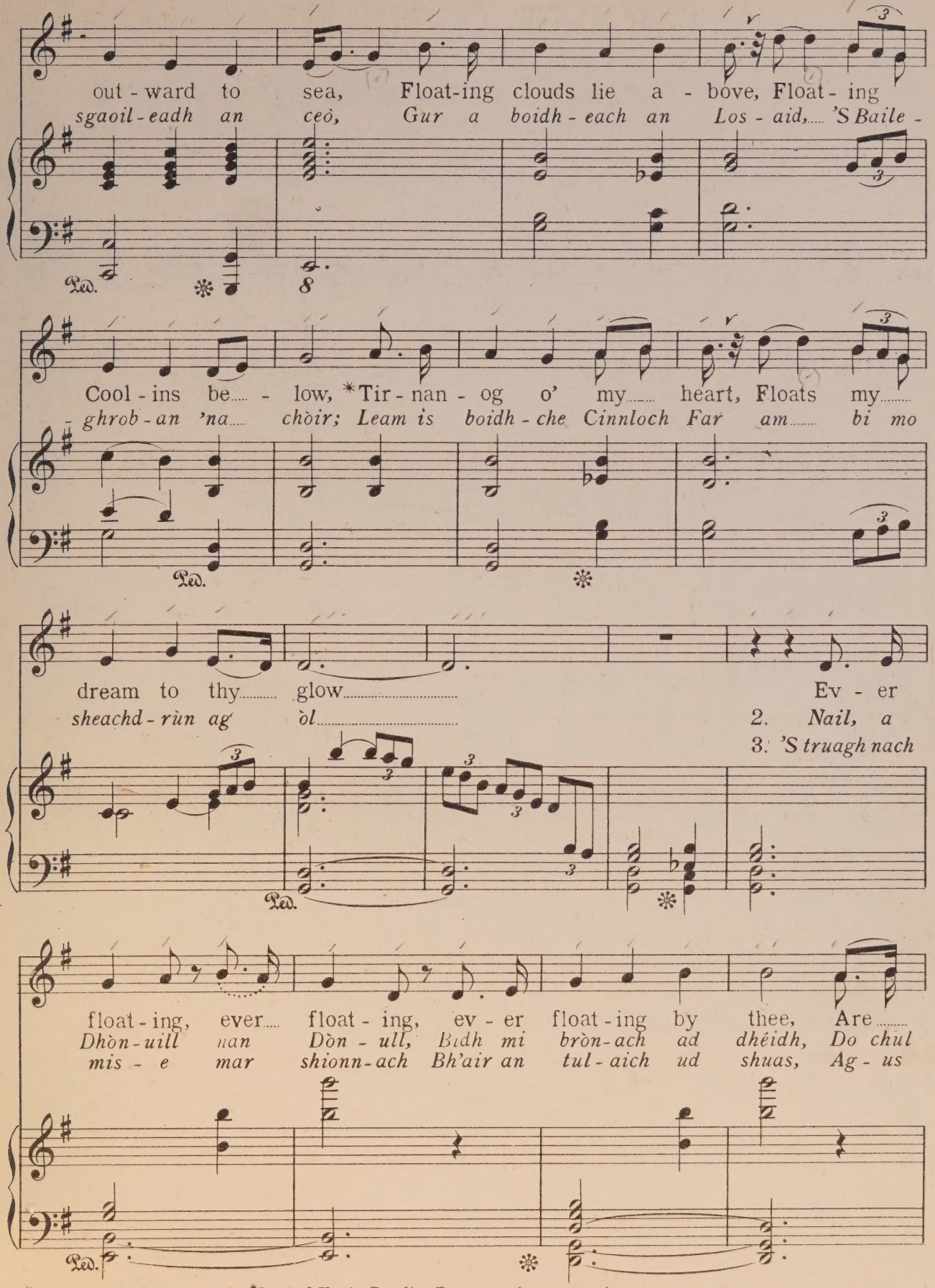
Air and Gaelic words collected from KIRSTY MACKINNON, Eigg.

English words by KENNETH MACLEOD and M. KENNEDY-FRASER.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

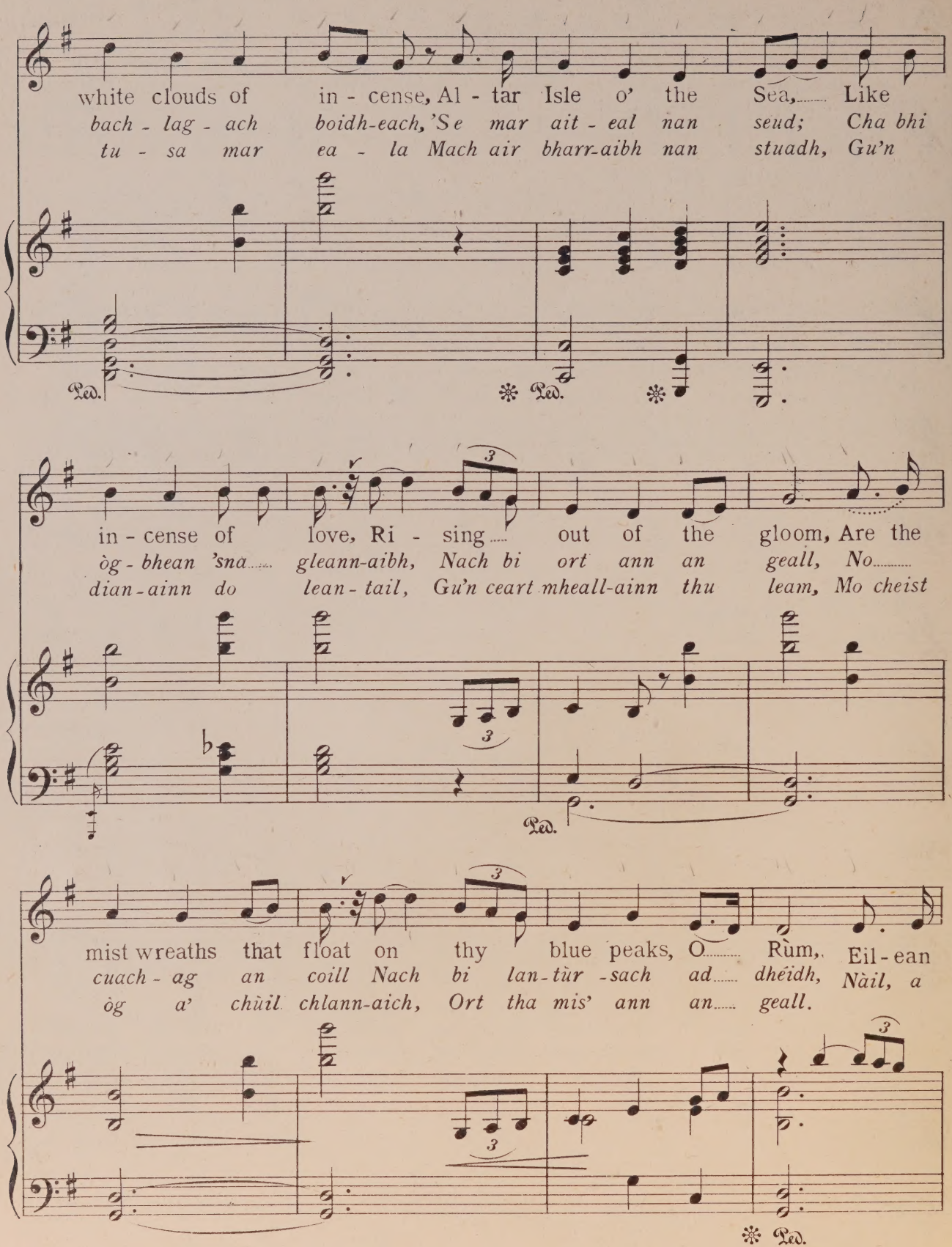
Andante.
Voice.
Piano.
dolce e pesante.
col Ped.
Ped.
Eil - ean *Rùm, Eil - ean Rùm, Eil - ean
Pronounce (Ail - an Room)
Gur a boidh - each, gur a boidh - each, Gur a
Rùm, mo - chree, Ev - er haunt I the *Byàll - ach, Gaz - ing
boidh - each na lòin, Gur a boidh - each an leit - ir Air an

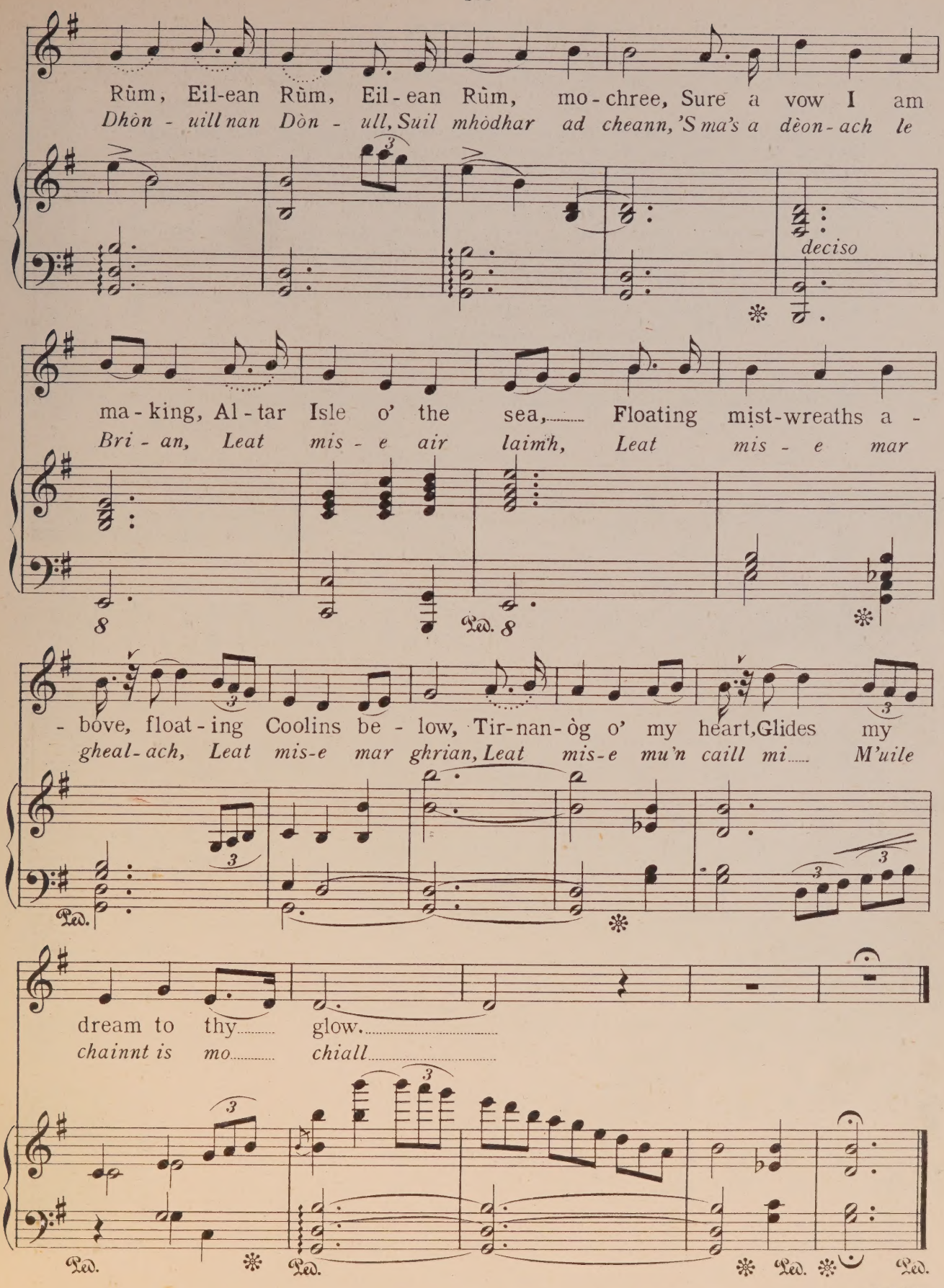
*Pronounce like English word "room," or sing, instead of the Gaelic, the English equivalent, Isle o' Rum.

*Beàllach = a pass.


out - ward to sea, Float-ing clouds lie a - bove, Float - ing
sgaoil - eadh an ceò, Gur a boidh - each an Los - aid, 'S Baile -
Ped.
Cool - ins be - low, *Tir - nan - og o' my heart, Floats my
ghrob - an 'na chòir; Leam is boidh - che Cinnloch Far am bi mo
Ped.
dream to thy glow
sheachd - rùn ag òl
Ev - er
2. Nail, a
3. 'S truagh nach
Ped.
float - ing, ever float - ing, ev - er float - ing by thee, Are
Dhòn - uill nan Dòn - ull, Bidh mi bròn - ach ad dhéidh, Do chul
mis - e mar shionn - ach Bh'air an tul - aich ud shuas, Ag - us
Ped.

*Land of Youth = Paradise. Pronounce cheer-nun-awk.


white clouds of in - cense, Al - tar Isle o' the Sea,..... Like
bach - lag - ach boidh-each, 'Se mar ait - eal nan seud; Cha bhi
tu - sa mar ea - la Mach air bharr-aibh nan stuadh, Gu'n
Ped. * Ped. *
in - cense of love, Ri - sing..... out of the gloom, Are the
òg - bhean 'sna..... gleann-aibh, Nach bi ort ann an geall, No.....
dian - ainn do lean - tail, Gu'n ceart mheall-ainn thu leam, Mo cheist
Ped.
mist wreaths that float on thy blue peaks, O..... Rùm,. Eil - ean
cuach - ag an coill Nach bi lan - tùr - sach ad..... dhéidh, Nàil, a
òg a' chùil chlann-aich, Ort tha mis' ann an..... geall.
* Ped.


Rûm, Eil-ean Rûm, Eil-ean Rûm, mo-chree, Sure a vow I am
Dhòn-uill nan Dòn-ull, Suil mhòdhar ad cheann, 'S ma's a dèon-ach le
deciso
ma-king, Al-tar Isle o' the sea, Floating mist-wreaths a-
Bri-an, Leat mis-e air laimh, Leat mis-e mar
Ped. 8
-bove, float-ing Coolins be-low, Tir-nan-òg o' my heart, Glides my
gheal-ach, Leat mis-e mar ghrian, Leat mis-e mu'n caill mi M'uile
Ped.
dream to thy glow.
chainnt is mo chiall
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

CARISTIONA.

The Lady of Clanranald sat on the shore of Moydart watching the setting sun, and as she watched, she saw with the keen eye of a mother's love and a mother's pain, *two ships* sailing through the Western Sea. From the one, though sailing seaward, came the sounds of harping and of song, and of a bride's laugh that was sweeter than both– while from the mast-top waved the Clanranald badge, a spray of purple heather, fresh with the bloom of the hillside.

From the other ship, though sailing homeward, came the sound of the croon and the keening for the dead– the bride of yesterday– the one-no-more of to-night– while from the mast-top drooped and withered a spray of purple heather.

Behind the Bens of Rùm the sun had set, but the Lady of Clanranald sat on the shore of Moydart, wailing a mother's wound to the night and the sea.

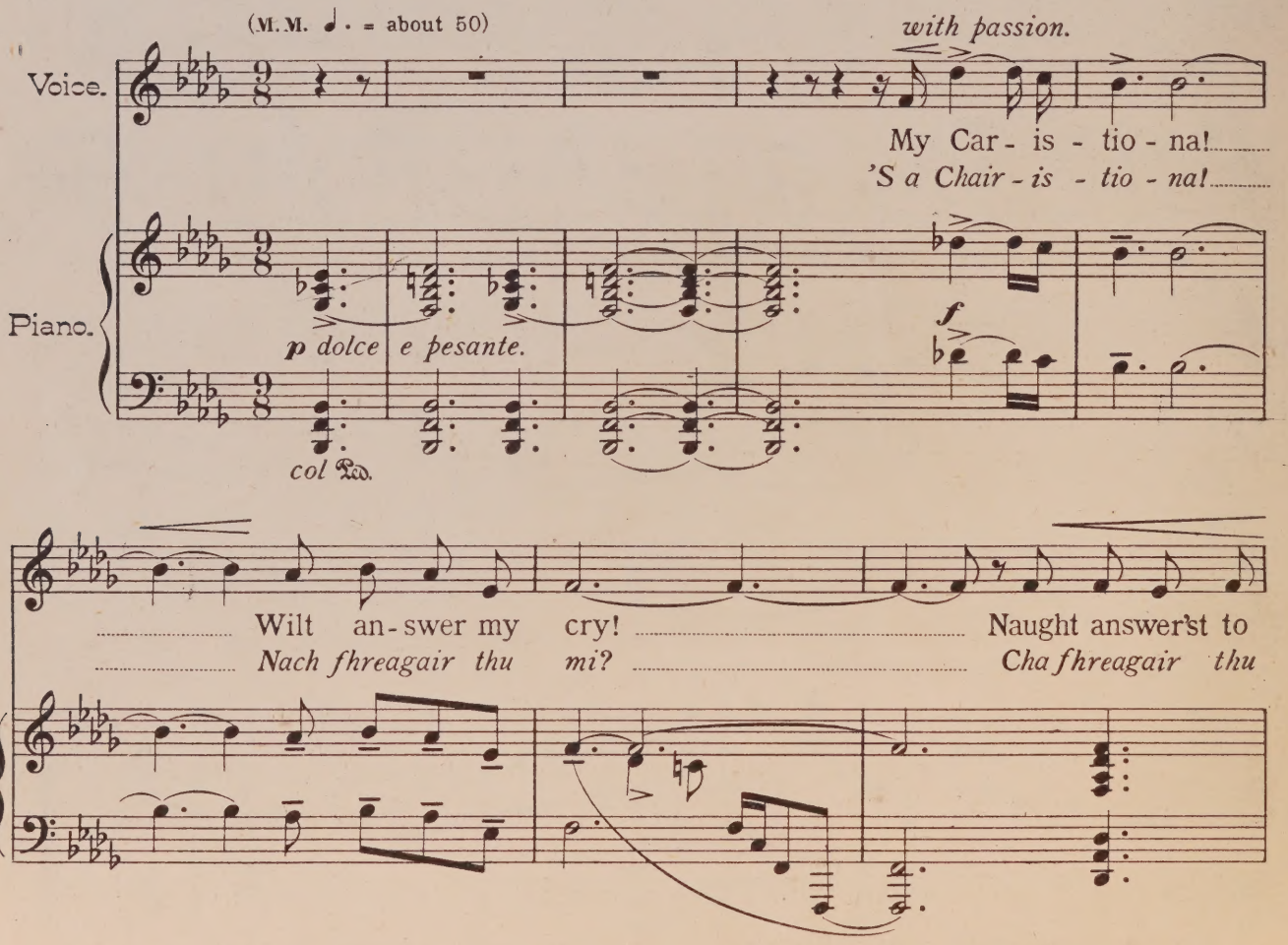
O Caristiona– answer my cry–
No answer to-night– the wound! the wound!
O Caristiona– answer my cry.

But only the night-hag answered, and the far-away keening of the Western Sea.

Kenneth Macleod.

Words collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Clanranald Air collected by
FRANCES TOLMIE.
Pianoforte arrangement by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.



*"Caristiona" pronounced as though Italian, with a leaning on the "i" in "tio".

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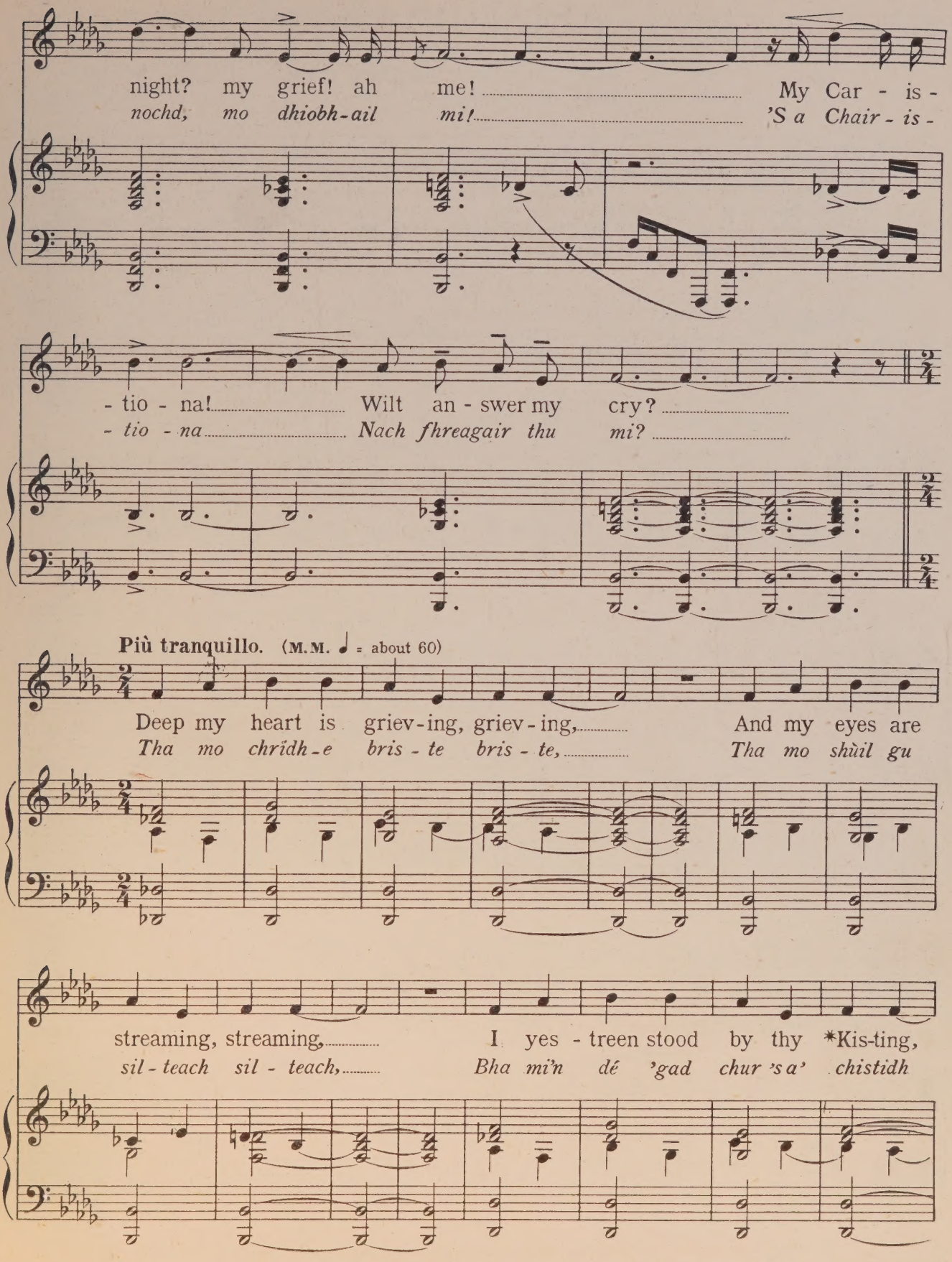

night? my grief! ah me! My Car - is -
nochd, mo dhiobh-ail mi! 'S a Chair - is -
- tio - na! Wilt an - swer my cry?
- tio - na Nach fhreagair thu mi?
Più tranquillo. (M.M. ♩ = about 60)
Deep my heart is griev-ing, griev-ing, And my eyes are
Tha mo chridh-e bris - te bris - te, Tha mo shùil gu
streaming, streaming, I yes - treen stood by thy *Kis-ting,
sil - teach sil - teach, Bha mi'n dé 'gad chur 's a' chistidh

*Kisting = laying in the Kist or coffin.

By the grave to - day am list' ning, My Ca - ris -
Bha mi'n diugh air bruaich do li - ce 'S a Chair - is -
Tempo I.
- tio - na! Wilt an - swer my cry?
- tio - na Nach fhrea-gair thu mi?
Still answ'rest thou naught. My grief! ah me!
Cha fhrea-gair thu nochd, mo dhiobhail mi!
My Ca - ris - tio - na!
's a Chair - is - tio - na!
R. H.
L. H.
pp

RUARI OF DUNVEGAN.

(RUAIRIDH ÒG.)

Air collected in Benbecula by Father Macmillan.

Words by KENNETH MACLEOD,
After poem by Mary Macleod.

Noted and Arranged by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Joyously.

Key Gb or G.

Voice.

Piano.

p

2* Rùa - ri, Rùa - ri, Rùa - ri, 1* een - alt,
Ruai - ridh, Ruai - ridh, Ruai - ridh, fhin - ealt,

mf

p

Ped.

o - ho - la - lo, 3 nyó - ho - hook - ó, In the Isles no
o - ho - la - lo, neo' - ho - hug - o, Cha sgeul rûin e

mf

mf maestoso

col Ped.

1 *meaning "fine one."
2 *pronounced Rury,
3 pronounced like new but with the ó final in place of oo.

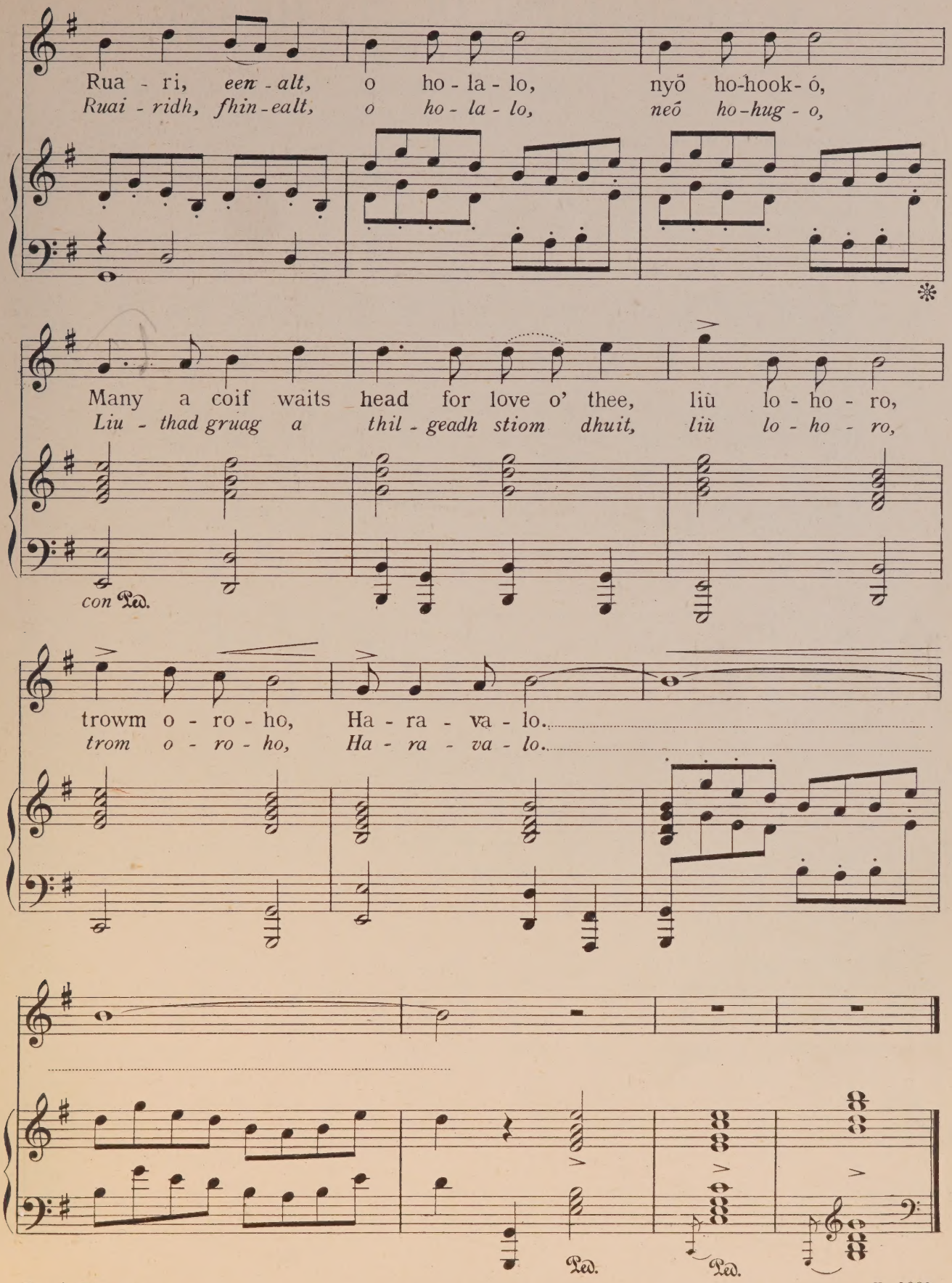
se - crêt tale 'tis, liu lo-ho-ro, trowm o - ro-ho, Ha-ra - va-lo.
anns na h-Inn - se, Liù lo-ho-ro, trom o - ro-ho, Ha-ra - va-lo.
deciso
sustain ad lib.
f e marcato
Ped.
Man- y a head would cast its snood for thee,
Liu - thad gruag a thil-geadh stiom dhuit,
p
grazioso.
Ped.
D.S.
o - ho-la - lo, nyó no-hook-ó, Man-y a coif waits
o - ho-la - lo, neo no-hug-o, Liu - thad bréid ta
marcato.
col Ped.

* prounounce as lieu in English + as in English trowel × sign of maidenhood † sign of wifehood

head for love o' thee, liù - lo - ho - ro, trowm o - ro - ho,
feith - eamh cinn dhuit, liù - lo - ho - ro, trom o - ro - ho,
Ha - ra - va - lo.
Ha - ra - va - lo.
Ped.
end?
p dolce
Ped.
a little slower.
Lure of tree on bird of May-month, Lure of loch on
Tal - adh craoibh air ian a' chèi - tein, Tal - adh loch air
p

burn of hill-side, Lure of sea on sun of yon-der sky,
allt an t-slei-bhe, Tal - adh cuain air grian an speur ud,
o - lo - la - lo, nyó ho hook-ó. Lure of Rua - ri
o - ho - la - lo, neó ho-hug-o. Tal - adh Ruai - ridh
espress.
cresc.
ten.
awk
¹ōg on maid-ens, liu lo-ho-ro, Trowm o-ro-ho,
Oig air euchd-aig, Ho - ho - la - lo, Trom o - ro - ho,
cresc molto.
a tempo.
colla voce.
Ped.
Ha-ra - va lo,
Ha-ra - bha-lo,
Rua - ri, Rua - ri,
Ruai - ridh, Ruai - ridh,

¹meaning young, pronounced awk.


Rua - ri, een - alt, o ho - la - lo, nyŏ ho-hook- ó,
Ruai - ridh, fhin - ealt, o ho - la - lo, neŏ ho-hug - o,
Many a coif waits head for love o' thee, liù lo - ho - ro,
Liu - thad gruag a thil - geadh stiom dhuit, liù lo - ho - ro,
con Ped.
trowm o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.
trom o - ro - ho, Ha - ra - va - lo.
Ped.
Ped.

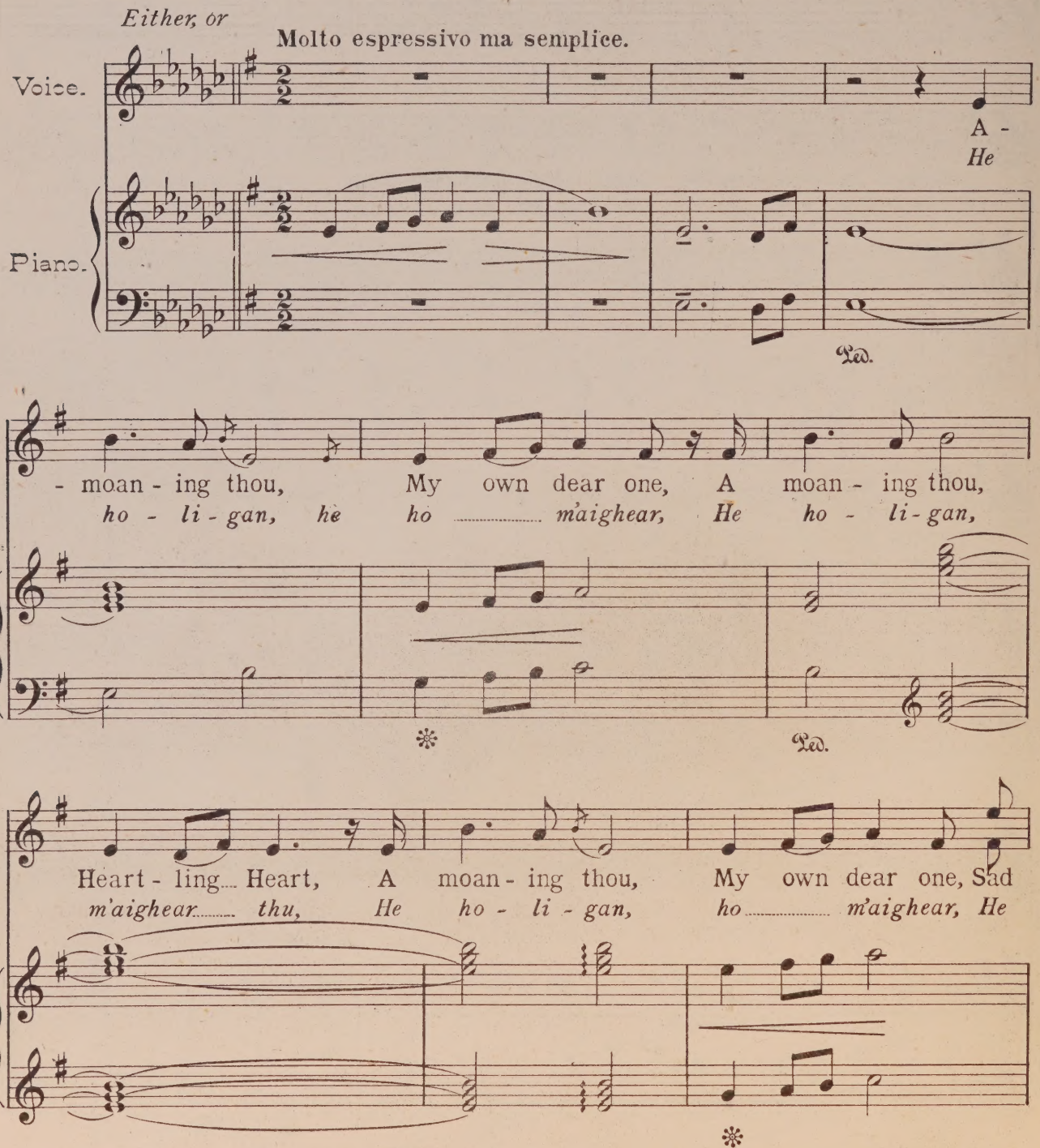
O HEARTLING OF MY HEART.

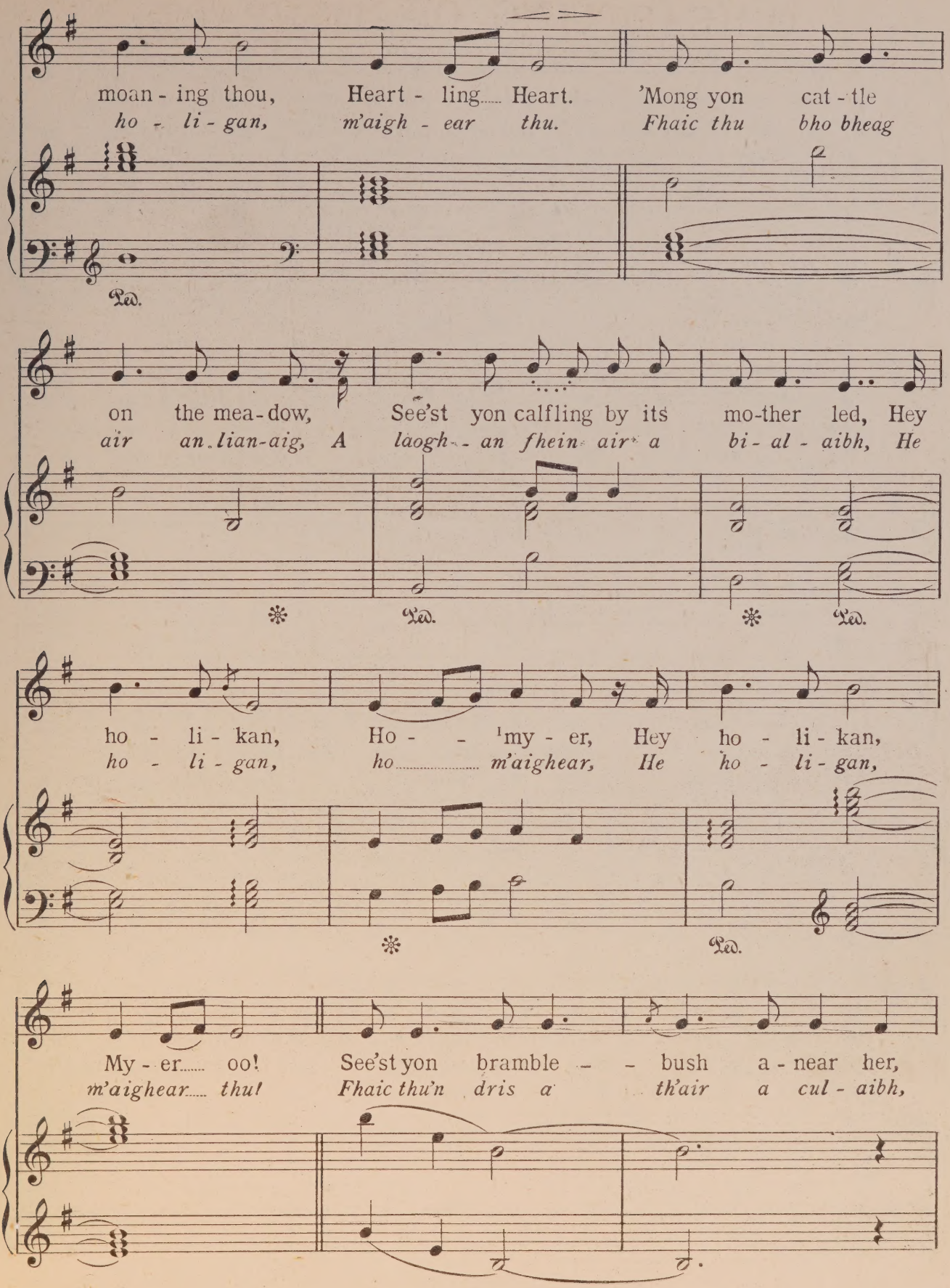
A bho chridheag

(A MILKING PLAINT.)

Air and Gaelic words collected by
M. KENNEDY-FRASER and KENNETH MACLEOD
from ISABEL MACLEOD, Eigg.

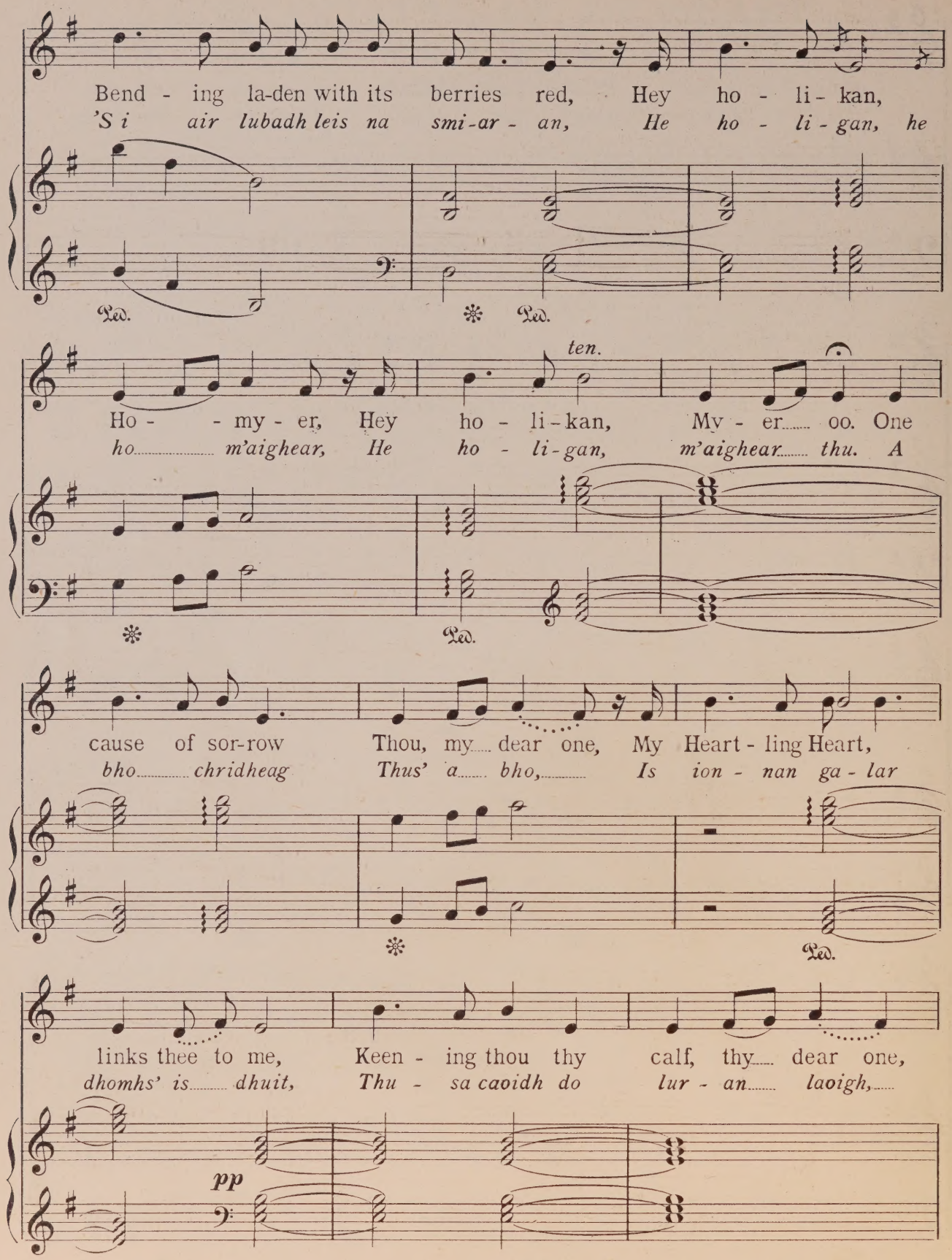
English translation and Pianoforte accompaniment by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

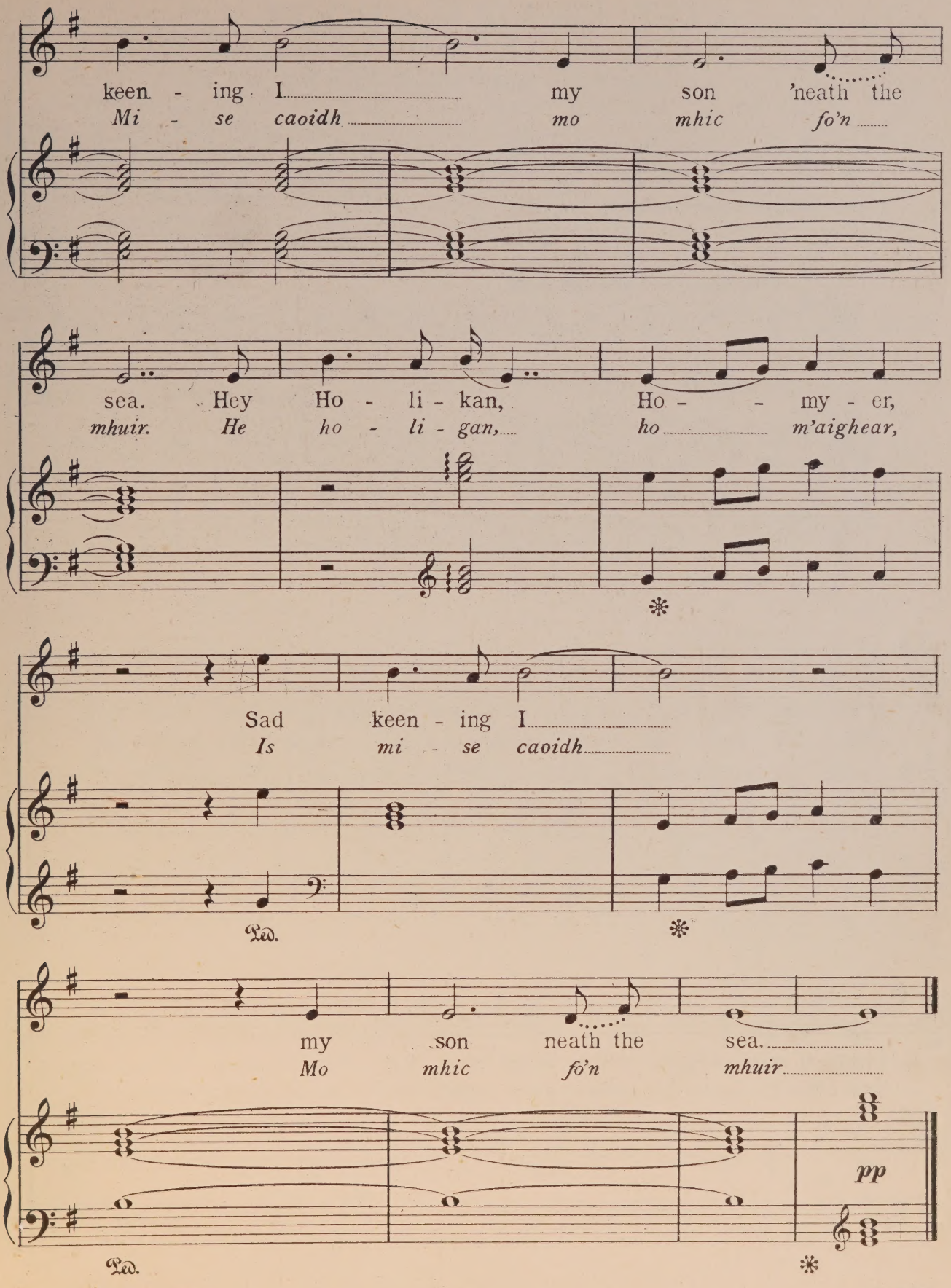

Either, or
Molto espressivo ma semplice.
Voice.
Piano.
A -
He
Ped.
- moan - ing thou, My own dear one, A moan - ing thou,
ho - li - gan, he ho ..... m'aighear, He ho - li - gan,
Ped.
Heart - ling.... Heart, A moan - ing thou, My own dear one, Sad
m'aighear..... thu, He ho - li - gan, ho ..... m'aighear, He


moan - ing thou, Heart - ling..... Heart. 'Mong yon cat - tle
ho - li - gan, m'aigh - ear thu. Fhaic thu bho bheag
Ped.
on the mea - dow, See'st yon calfling by its mo-ther led, Hey
air an lian-aig, A laogh - an fhein air a bi - al - aibh, He
Ped. Ped.
ho - li - kan, Ho - - [1]my - er, Hey ho - li - kan,
ho - li - gan, ho..... m'aighear, He ho - li - gan,
Ped.
My - er..... oo! See'st yon bramble - - bush a - near her,
m'aighear..... thu! Fhaic thu'n dris a th'air a cul - aibh,

O Heartling of my Heart.

[1] M'aighear = my beloved — pronounced like English words "my" and "her."


Bend - ing la-den with its berries red, Hey ho - li - kan,
'S i air lubadh leis na smi-ar - an, He ho - li - gan, he
Ped. * Ped.
ten.
Ho - - my - er, Hey ho - li - kan, My - er oo. One
ho m'aighear, He ho - li - gan, m'aighear thu. A
*
Ped.
cause of sor-row Thou, my dear one, My Heart - ling Heart,
bho chridheag Thus' a bho, Is ion - nan ga - lar
*
Ped.
links thee to me, Keen - ing thou thy calf, thy dear one,
dhomhs' is dhuit, Thu - sa caoidh do lur - an laoigh,
pp


keen - ing I my son 'neath the
Mi - se caoidh mo mhic fo'n
sea. Hey Ho - li - kan, Ho - - my - er,
mhuir. He ho - li - gan, ho m'aighear,
Sad keen - ing I
Is mi - se caoidh
Ped.
my son neath the sea.
Mo mhic fo'n mhuir
pp
Ped.

UIST CRADLE CROON.

Caidealan cuide rium fhin thu.

Lochmaddy air, collected by Kenneth Macleod
from Mrs Malloch, Crianlarich.
Words from Isabel Macleod, Eigg.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Lullingly, but not too slow.
Voice.
Sleep-y one, Croon o' the
Cai-deal-an cuide rium
Piano.
legatissimo.
col Ped.
wind and wave - let, Croon o' the wind and the wa - ters,
fhin am pais - de, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu,
Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wind and wa - ters.
Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin am pais - de.

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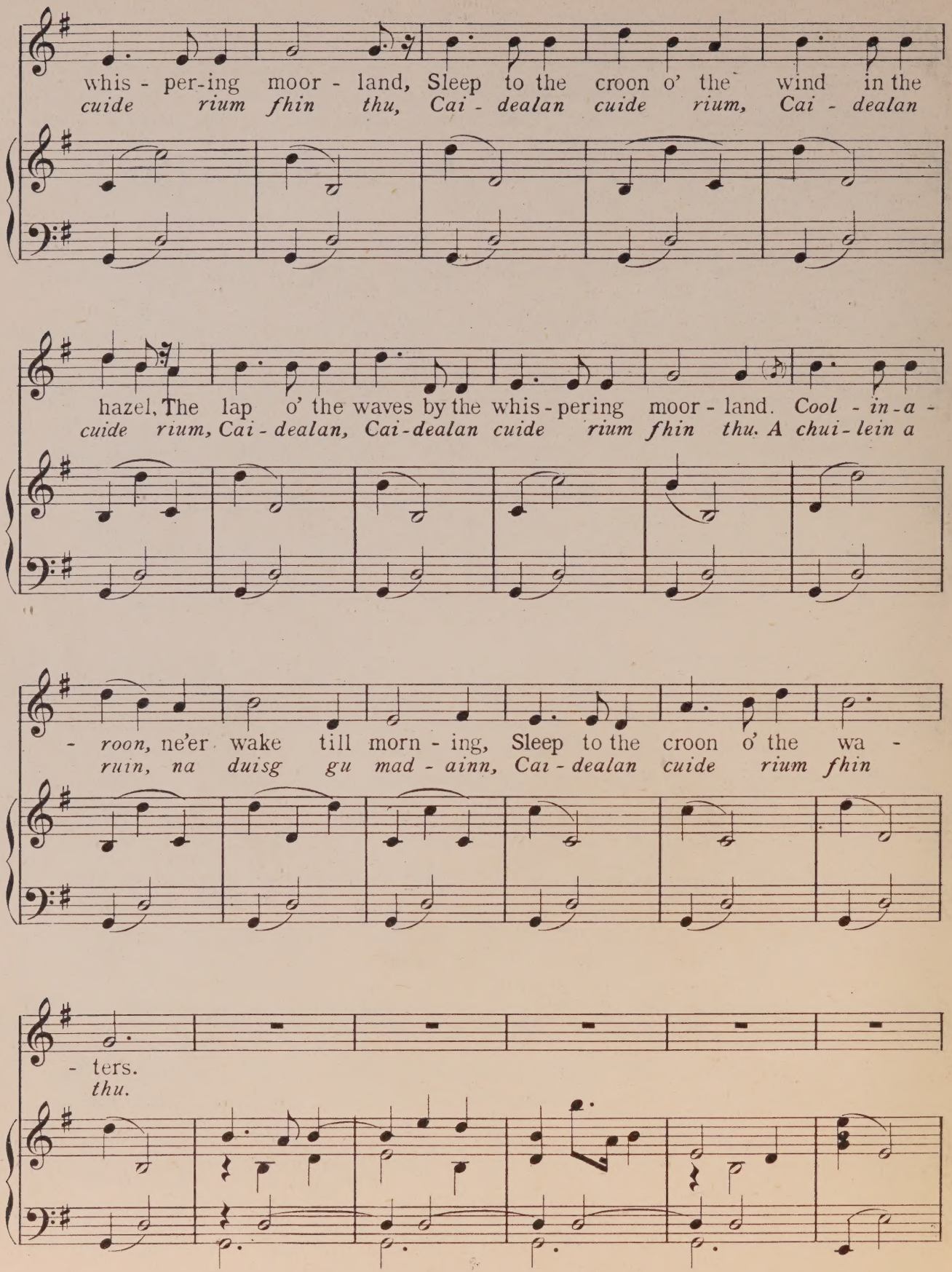
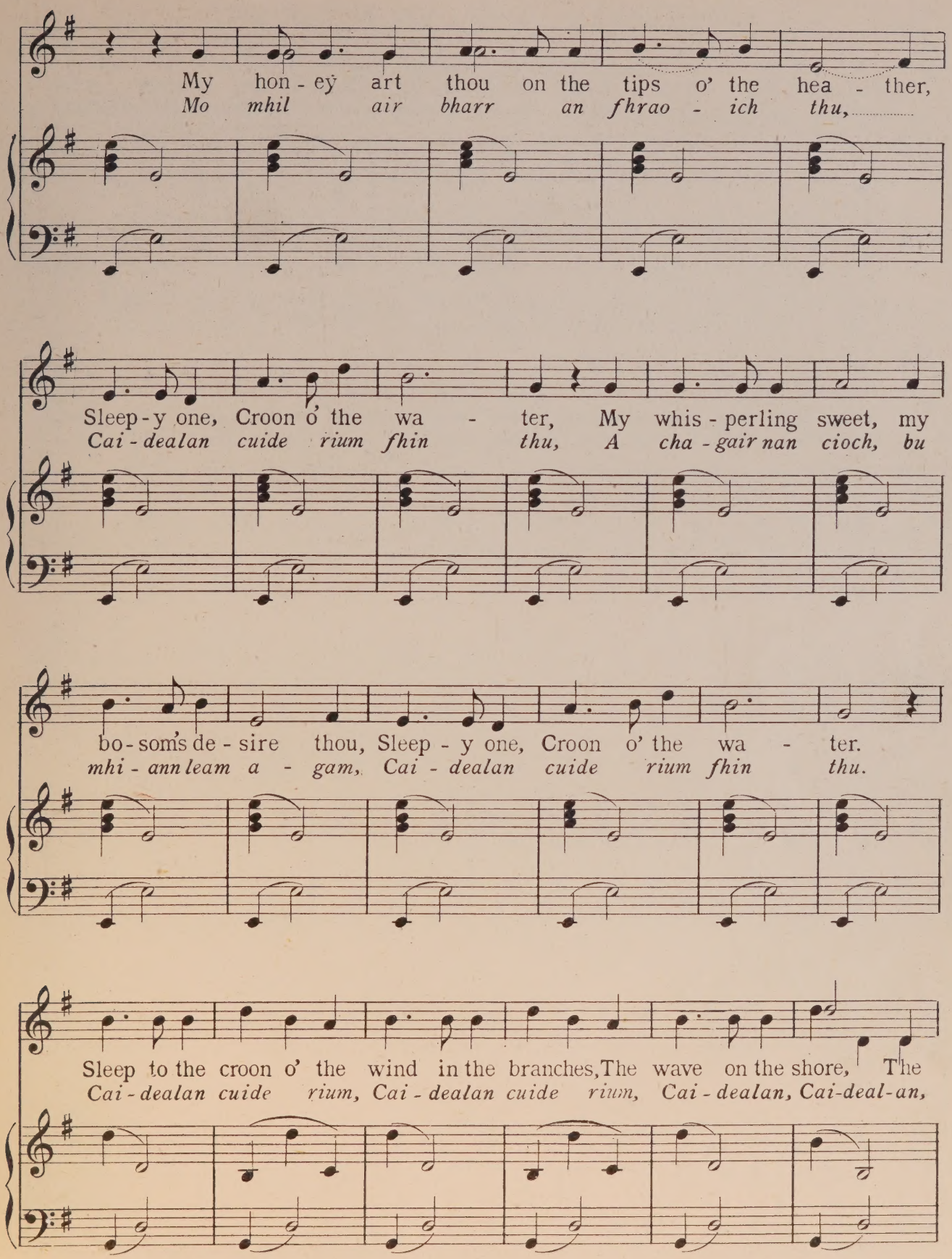
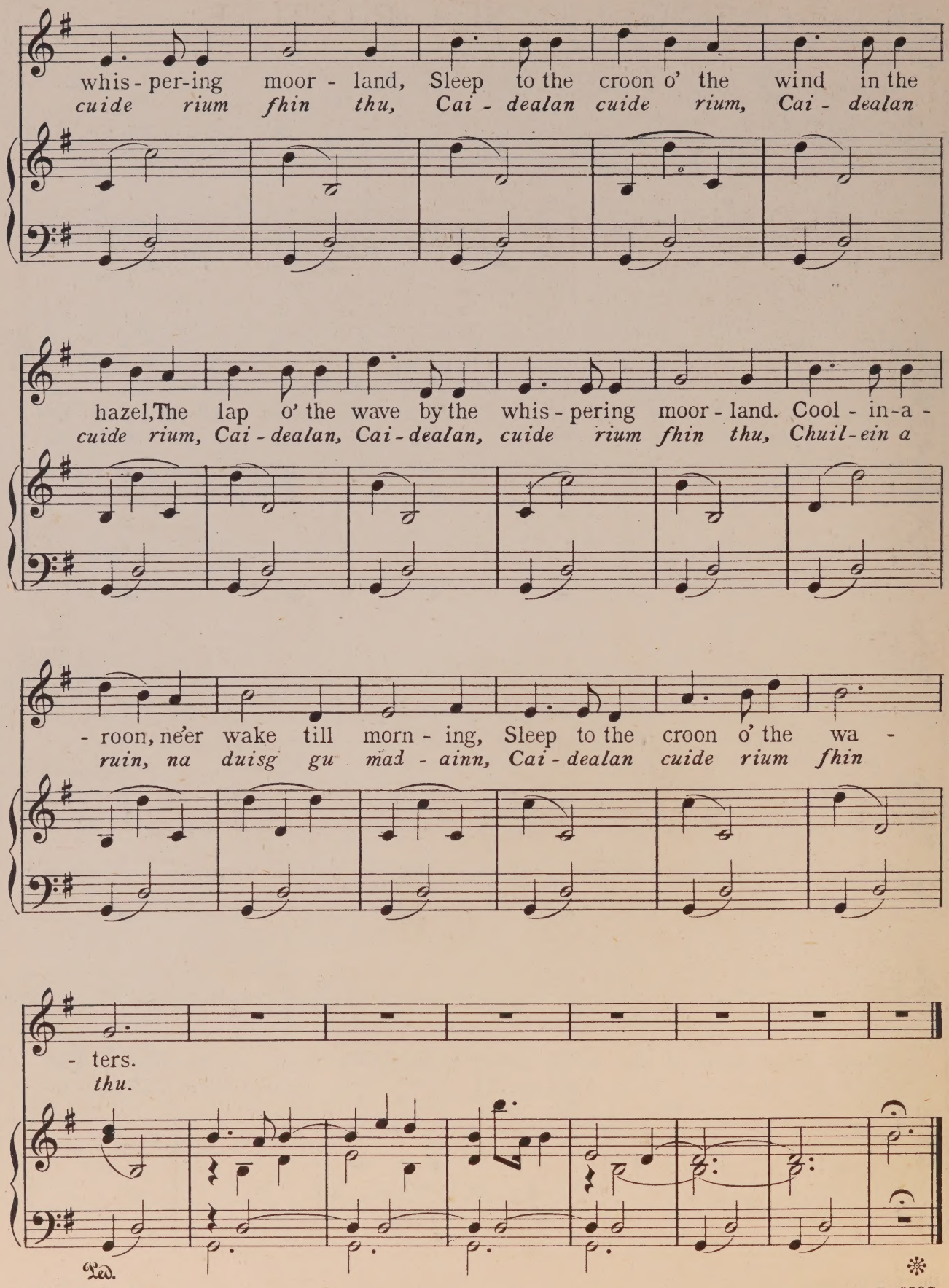
Thou'rt my row - ans, Thou art my ha - zel nuts,
'S tu mo chaor - ann, 'S tu mo chnoth - an,
Sleep-y one, Croon o' the wa - ter, My ber-ries brown, my
Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu, Mo dhearcaga donna 's mo
cin - namon clus - ters, Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wa - ter.
tho - ma-da can - ail, Cai - dealan, cuide rium fhin thu.
Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the branches, The wave on the shore, The
Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai-dealan


whis - per-ing moor - land, Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the
cuide rium fhin thu, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan
hazel, The lap o' the waves by the whis - pering moor - land. Cool - in - a -
cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu. A chui - lein a
- roon, ne'er wake till morn - ing, Sleep to the croon o' the wa -
ruin, na duisg gu mad - ainn, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin
- ters.
thu.


My hon - ey art thou on the tips o' the hea - ther,
Mo mhil air bharr an fhrao - ich thu,
Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wa - ter, My whis - perling sweet, my
Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu, A cha - gair nan cioch, bu
bo - som's de - sire thou, Sleep - y one, Croon o' the wa - ter.
mhi - ann leam a - gam, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin thu.
Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the branches, The wave on the shore, The
Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai-deal-an,

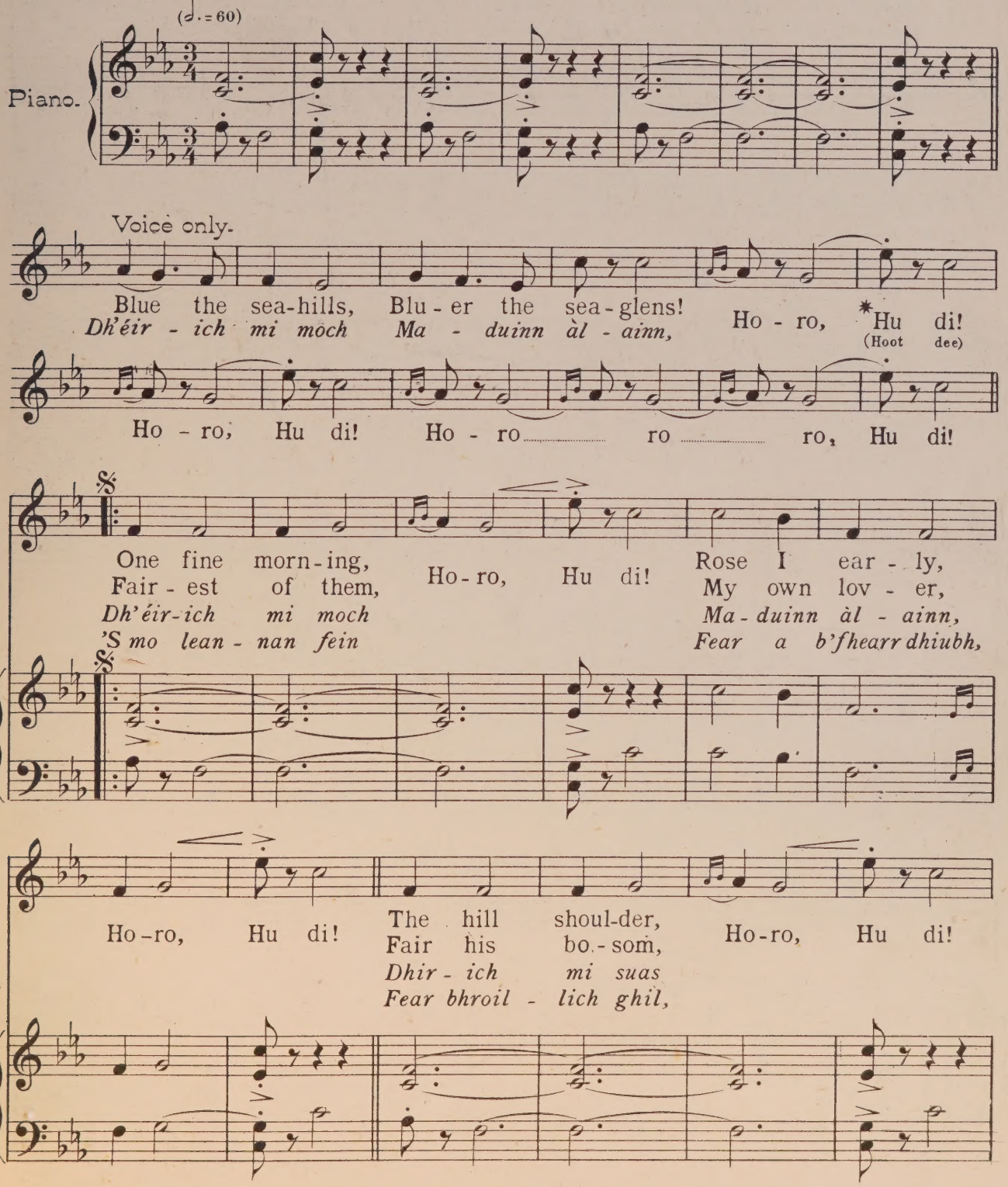

whis - per-ing moor - land, Sleep to the croon o' the wind in the
cuide rium fhin thu, Cai - dealan cuide rium, Cai - dealan
hazel, The lap o' the wave by the whis - pering moor - land. Cool - in-a -
cuide rium, Cai - dealan, Cai - dealan, cuide rium fhin thu, Chuil-ein a
- roon, ne'er wake till morn - ing, Sleep to the croon o' the wa -
ruin, na duisg gu mad - ainn, Cai - dealan cuide rium fhin
- ters.
thu.
Ped.
*

[1]MINGULAY SEA-RAPTURE.

Long Mhór 's a' Bhâirlinn.

Air and Gaelic words collected by
M. and P. Kennedy-Fraser from
Mary Macdonald, Mingulay.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


(♩.=60)
Piano.
Voice only.
Blue the sea-hills, Blu-er the sea-glens! Ho-ro, *Hu di!
(Hoot dee)
Dh'éir-ich mi moch Ma-duinn àl-ainn,
Ho-ro, Hu di! Ho-ro ro ro, Hu di!
One fine morn-ing, Ho-ro, Hu di! Rose I ear-ly,
Fair-est of them, My own lov-er,
Dh'éir-ich mi moch Ma-duinn àl-ainn,
'S mo lean-nan fein Fear a b'fhearr dhiubh,
Ho-ro, Hu di! The hill shoul-der, Ho-ro, Hu di!
Fair his bo.-som,
Dhir-ich mi suas
Fear bhroil-lich ghil,

[1]A lonely rocky Isle-pronounced like English words "Mew"-"lay." *Pronounced Hoot-dee.

Climb'd I ear - ly, Ho - ro, Hu di! To the sky line,
White his tu - nic, In what ha - ven,
Gual' a' bhràigh-e, Dh'amhairc mi bh'uam
'S léin - e bàin - e, Ge b'e ca - la
Ho-ro, Hu di! Gazed I out - ward, Ho - ro, Hu di!
Ye to - night rest,
Fad' air fàir - e
Nochd an tàmh sibh,
There a great ship Ho-ro, Hu di! on the high seas,
There be sing - ing, Mu - sic, glad-ness,
Chun - naic mi long Mhòr 'sa' bhàir-linn,
Gu'm bi féi - le, Ceòl is màn - ran,

Ho-ro, Hu di! Guns and can-nons, There be fro-lic, Bu lion-mhor oirre Gu'm bi mir-e. Ho-ro, Hu di!
Ma-ny had she, There be laugh-ter, Gunn-a 's can-an, Ann is gàir-e Ho-ro, Hu di! On her deck board On the chess-board Mì-le fear fionn Iom-airt gu tric
Ho-ro, Hu di! Thou-sand fair men. There be play-ing. Air a clàr aidh. Air an tàil-easg. Ho-ro, Hu di!
D.S.𝄋
Rose I ear-ly Dh'éir-ich mi moch Ho-ro, Hu di! one fine morn-ing. Maduinn àlainn.
Ped. ✻

KISHMUL CRADLE CROON.

Mo Ruarachan.

Noted from ANNIE JOHNSON.
The Glen, Barra.

Arranged for Voice and Celtic Harp,
(or Piano)
by PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER.

Tenderly lulling.
Voice.
Piano.
Hee - o - ho - ro, mo
p
very softly throughout.
With both Pedals.
[1]Ru - ar - ach - an, Ho ree - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an,
Hee - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Mo [2]Nial-lach-an[3]beag, mo

Pronounce [1]"Roo" [2]"Nee-al" [3]"Peck"

Traditionally attributed to Nic Iain Aoidh, the woman who made the sorg to Kishmul's Galley. Said to have been sung by her to the baby, Ruari Macneill, heir to Kishmul.

*chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Ho
ree - o - ho - ro, mo Ru - ar - ach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo
Ru - ar - ach - an, Mo Nial-lach-an beag, mo chubh-rach-an,
Hee - o - ho ree, Hu - o - ho - ro, Mo Nial-lach-an beag, mo
mf ben cantando.
pp

* "Hoo"

chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho, ree - o - ho, ru - o - ho - ro, Mo
mf ben cantando.
Nial - lach - an beag, mo chubh - rach - an, Hee - o - ho - ro, mo
pp
Ru - ar - ach - an,
mf ben cantando.
cantabile
D.S.
mo Nial - lach - an beag, mo chubh - rach - an.
p
pp

THE ISLE OF ST. DONNAN.

ST. DONNAN, being on his way to Eigg, the isle of caves and of dark deeds, bethought him to put into Iona, in order to make his confession to the abbot. For once, at any rate, the kingly Colum-cille was humble as a little child, thinking within himself that he was not worthy to be confessor to such an one as Donnan. "I will not confess thee, Donnan," he said, "for I am seeing the red blood of martyrdom about thine eyes." But the constraint of three was upon Donnan, the constraint of the Evangel, the constraint of fate, and the constraint of his own blood; and to the Isle of Eigg he must needs go, to preach the faith to the herdmen of the Queen of Moydart, to whom pertained the isle as dainty pasture for her brindled cattle. And the Islesfolk heard him gladly. But the Queen of Moydart, hearing the story across seas, shook her head. "I am keeping herdmen," she said, "to herd my milking cattle on the face of Corravine, and not to be herded themselves by a monk." And she sent word to them, by coracle, that they must put Donnan, the monk, to death. But that was just the one thing under the sun that the herdmen of Eigg would not do, even for the Queen of Moydart; whereupon, in red-hot rage, she sent a company of her own warrior women across to the isle, to do her bidding. And thus it was that during mass on a Day of the Lord, in the sixth century, St. Donnan, with fifty of the herdmen, entered into the red martyrdom. And at midnight—so the tale—a strange light shone upon his tomb, and voices from above chanted over it a song, some lines of which have come down through fourteen centuries:

The warm eye of Christ on the tomb of Donnan,
The stars so high on the tomb of Donnan,
The warm eye of Christ on the tomb of Donnan,
No ill, no ill to the tomb of Donnan.

The Isle of Eigg, as the sheep know but too well, has its own share of bramble bushes. A hundred years ago, a woman who had a name for thrift, as well as for art, went wool gathering to those same bramble bushes as regularly as others went dulse-pulling to the shore, and in due time there came out of her loom a web of blues and greens and crotals which a king might envy. Generally, the web went to a neighbour of her own, Iain Og Morragh, who had an eye for art, if not for thrift, and who, like herself, was a weaver, but of song threads blown about by the four winds of heaven. It was he who, standing one day by the tomb of St. Donnan, and looking across to the face of Corravine, weaved old threads into new so cunningly that none could tell what of the web was his own and what the angels'. If, after a hundred years, the loosened threads have been put once more through the loom, it is still the same web that comes out of it: Youth on age, on the face of Corravine.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

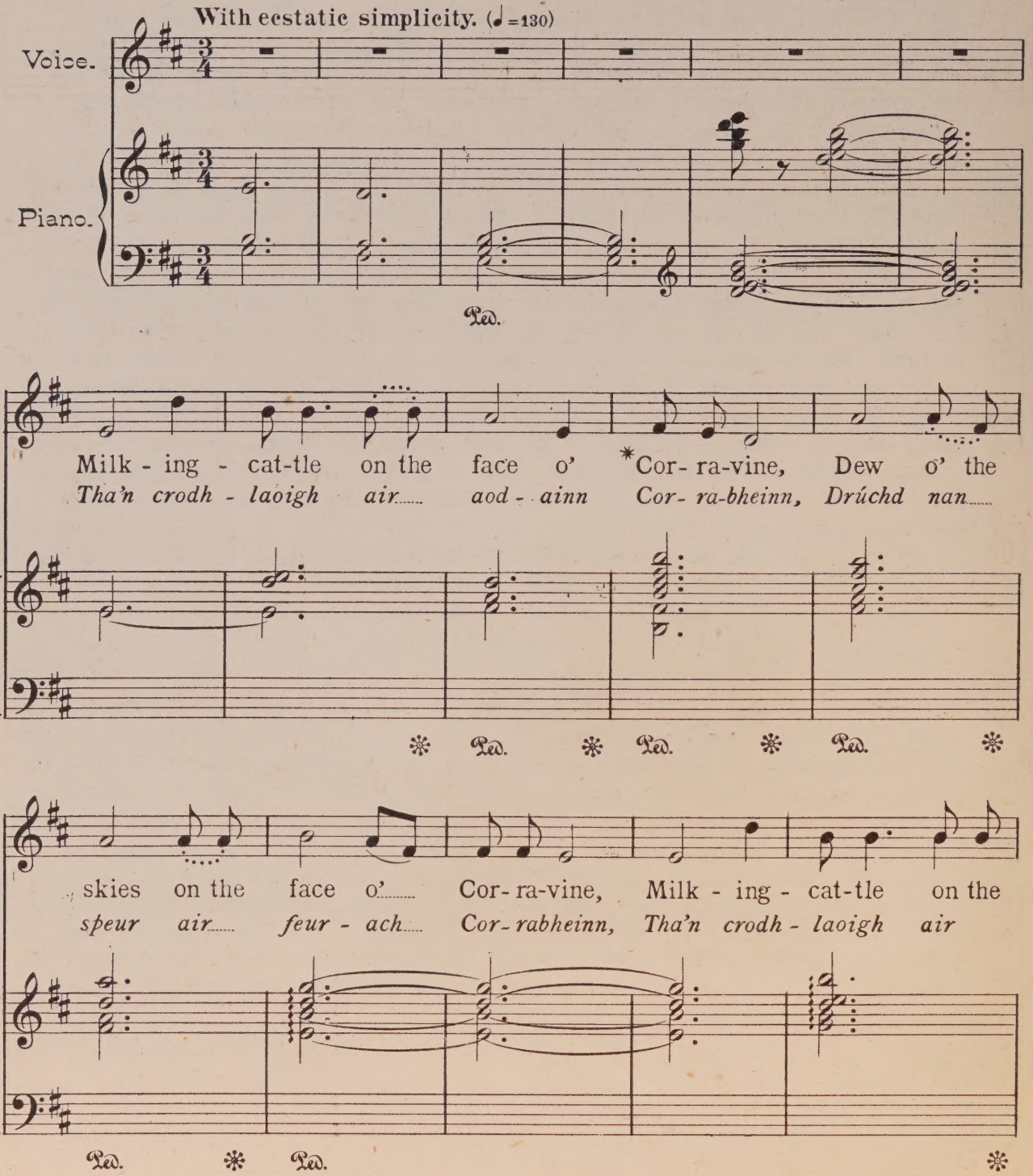
THE ISLE OF ST. DONNAN.

Aodann Corrabheinn.

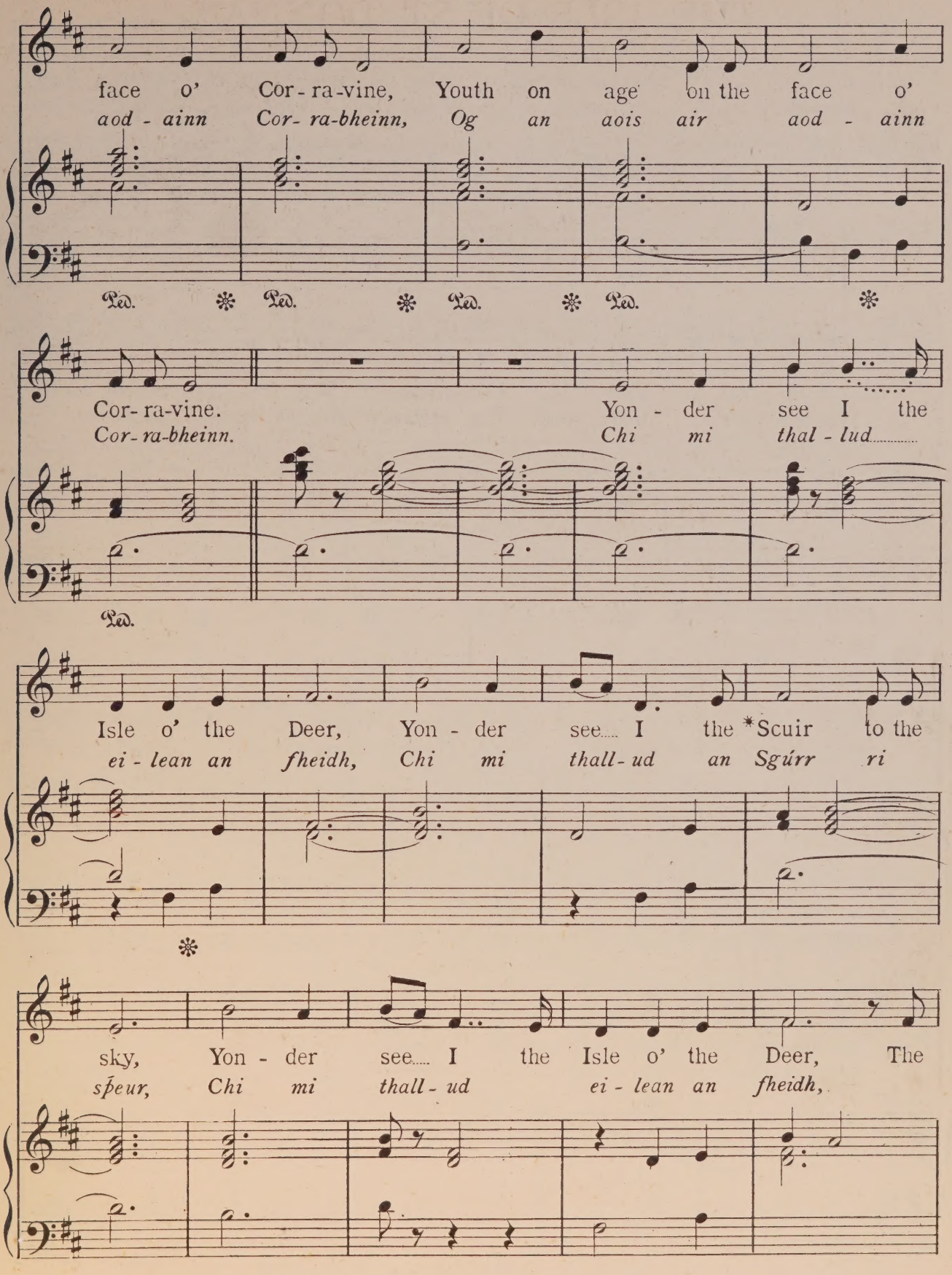
Air collected by Kenneth Macleod and
M. Kennedy-Fraser from
Kirsty Mackinnon, Eigg.

Words contributed by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With ecstatic simplicity. (♩=130)
Voice.
Piano.
Ped.
Milk - ing - cat-tle on the face o' *Cor- ra-vine, Dew o' the
Tha'n crodh - laoigh air aod - ainn Cor- ra-bheinn, Drúchd nan
skies on the face o' Cor- ra-vine, Milk - ing - cat-tle on the
speur air feur - ach Cor-rabheinn, Tha'n crodh - laoigh air

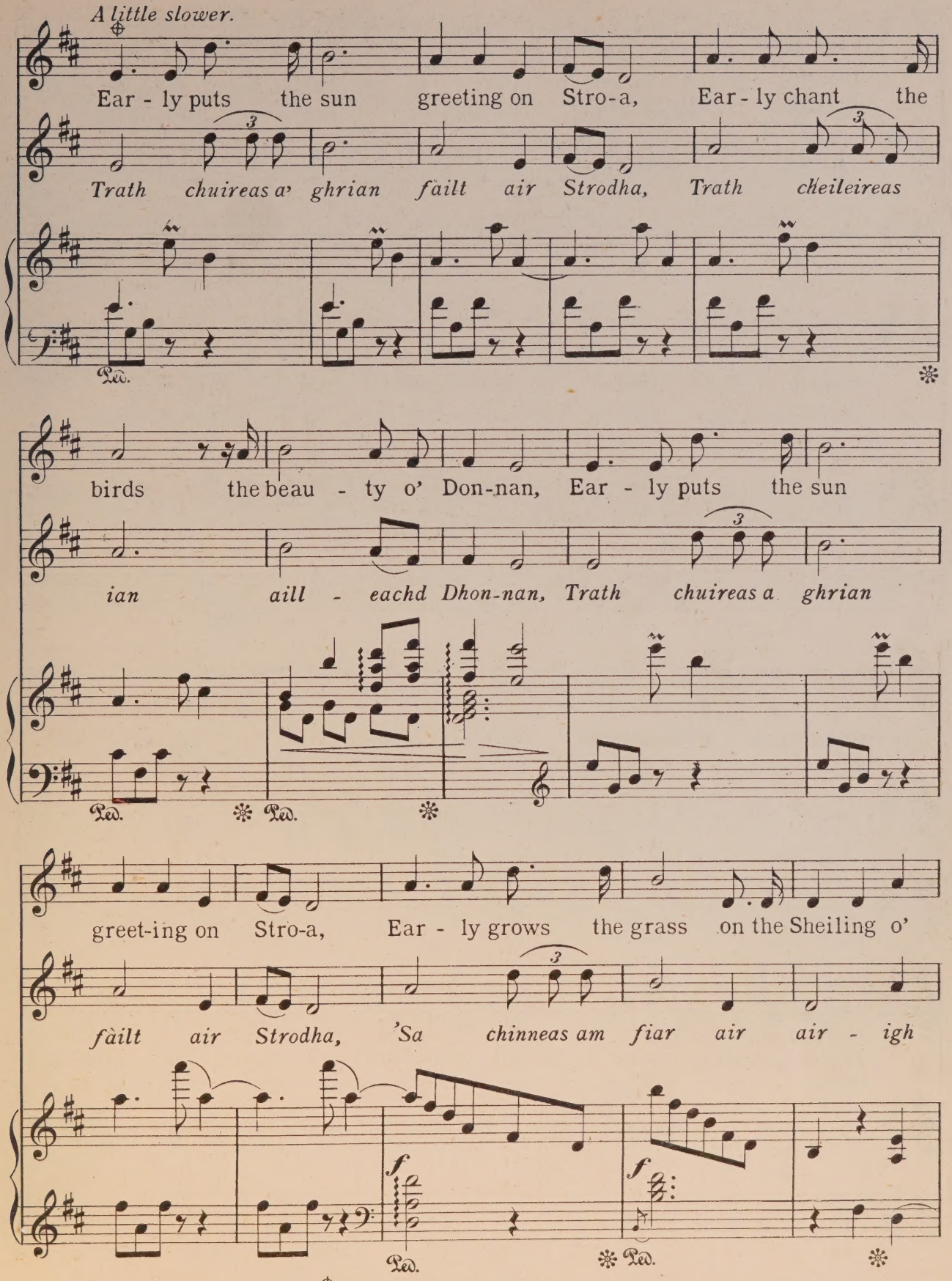
* Pronounce last syllable of this word like English word "vine."


face o' Cor-ra-vine, Youth on age on the face o'
aod-ainn Cor-ra-bheinn, Og an aois air aod-ainn
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Cor-ra-vine. Yon-der see I the
Cor-ra-bheinn. Chi mi thal-lud
Ped.
Isle o' the Deer, Yon-der see I the *Scuir to the
ei-lean an fheidh, Chi mi thall-ud an Sgúrr ri
*
sky, Yon-der see I the Isle o' the Deer, The
sp̀eur, Chi mi thall-ud ei-lean an fheidh,

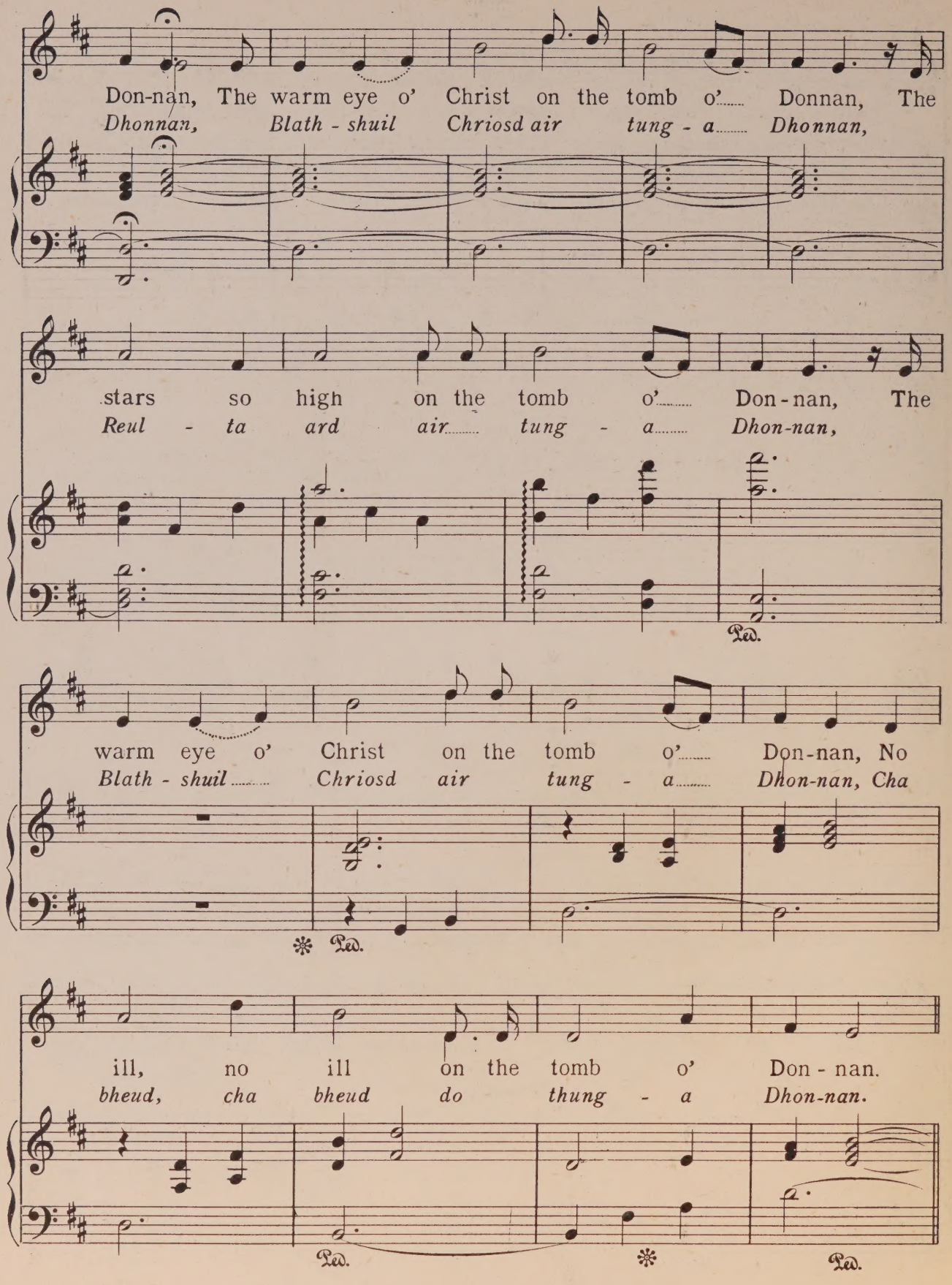
* The curious hill of Eigg, rhyming with "poor," pronounced "Skoor"

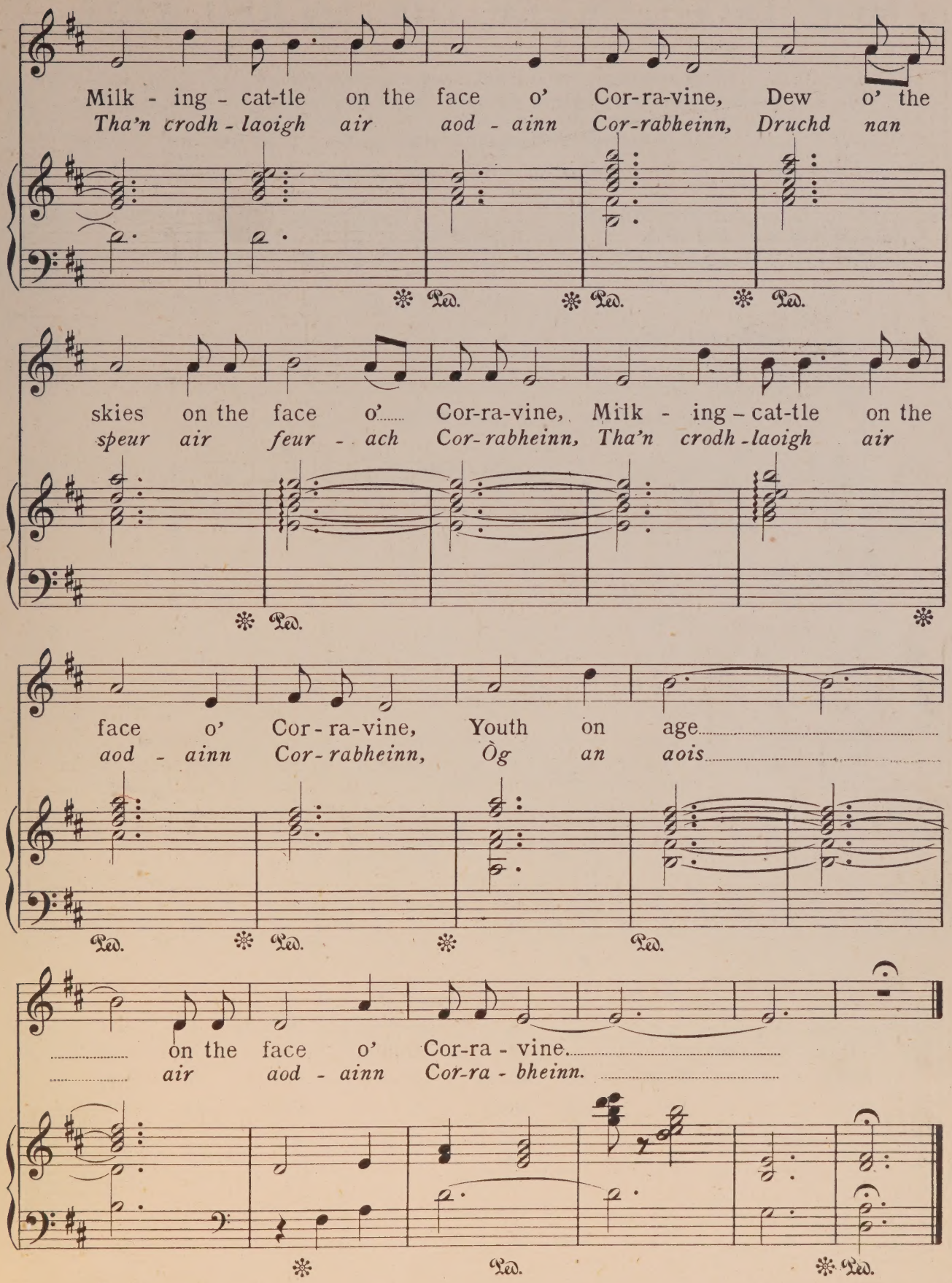
rug-ged bens o' my love, to the sky. Milk - ing -
Beannta cor - rach mo ghaoil ri speur. Tha'n crodh -
Ped.
- cat-tle on the face o' Cor - ravine, Dew o' the skies on the
- laoigh air aod - ainn Cor - rabheinn, Druchd nan speur air
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
face o' Cor - ravine, Milk - ing cat-tle on the face o'
feur - ach Cor - rabheinn, Tha'n crodh - laoigh air aod - ainn
Ped. Ped.
Cor-ravine, Youth on age on the face o' Cor-ra-vine.
Cor-rabheinn, Og an aois air aod - ainn Cor-rabheinn.
Ped. Ped.

⊕If to be sung as a pastoral, the song might finish here, with the addition of last three bars of accompaniment.


A little slower.
Ear - ly puts the sun greeting on Stro-a, Ear - ly chant the
Trath chuireas a' ghrian failt air Strodha, Trath cheileireas
birds the beau - ty o' Don-nan, Ear - ly puts the sun
ian aill - eachd Dhon-nan, Trath chuireas a ghrian
greet-ing on Stro-a, Ear - ly grows the grass on the Sheiling o'
fàilt air Strodha, 'Sa chinneas am fiar air air - igh
Ped.
f

If to be sung as a Song of St Donnan, it might begin here only.


Don-nan, The warm eye o' Christ on the tomb o'..... Donnan, The
Dhonnan, Blath - shuil Chriosd air tung - a..... Dhonnan,
stars so high on the tomb o'..... Don - nan, The
Reul - ta ard air..... tung - a..... Dhon-nan,
Ped.
warm eye o' Christ on the tomb o'..... Don-nan, No
Blath - shuil..... Chriosd air tung - a..... Dhon-nan, Cha
Ped.
ill, no ill on the tomb o' Don - nan.
bheud, cha bheud do thung - a Dhon-nan.
Ped.
Ped.

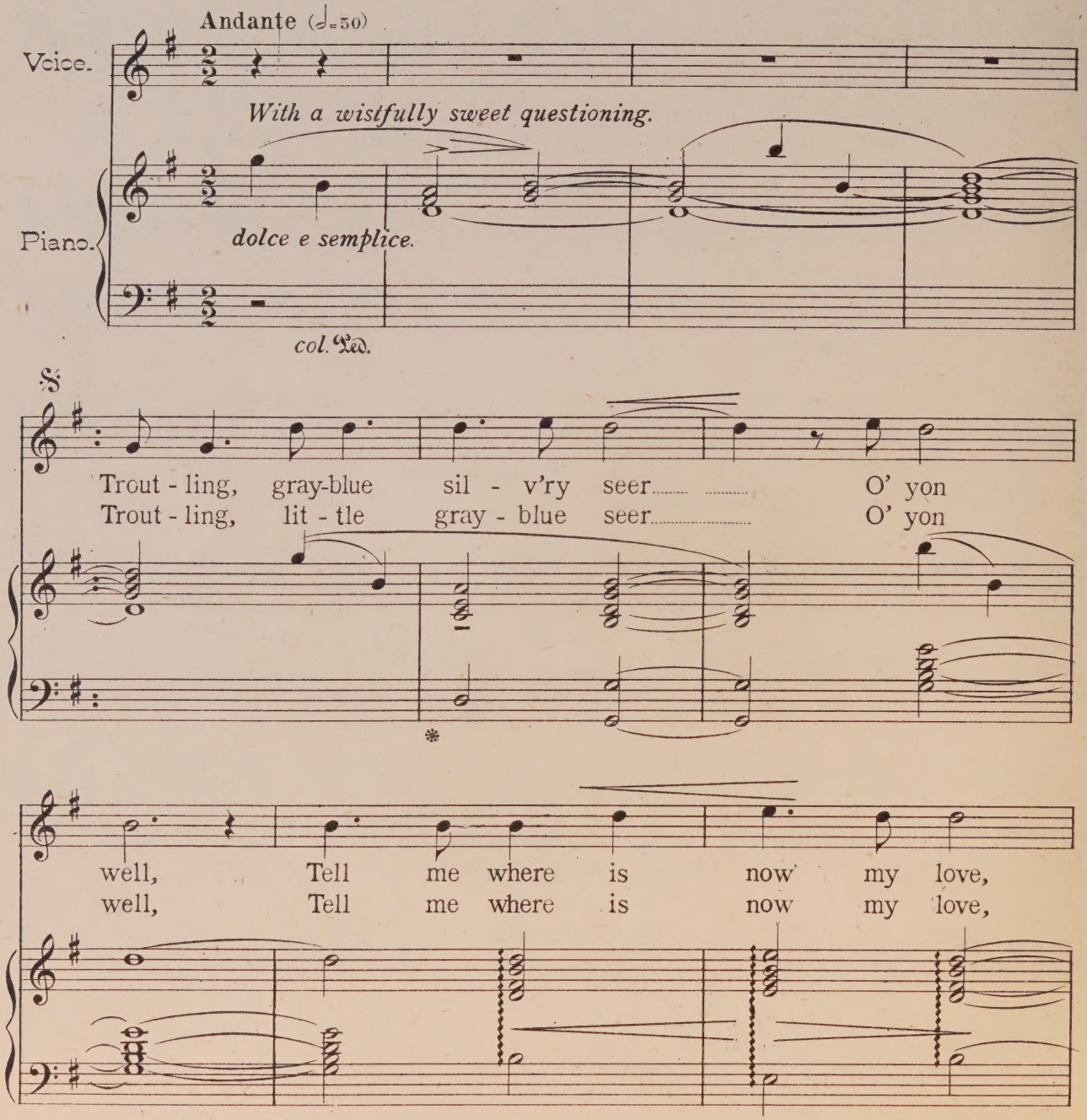

Milk - ing - cat-tle on the face o' Cor-ra-vine, Dew o' the
Tha'n crodh - laoigh air aod - ainn Cor-rabheinn, Druchd nan
skies on the face o' Cor-ra-vine, Milk - ing - cat-tle on the
speur air feur - ach Cor-rabheinn, Tha'n crodh - laoigh air
face o' Cor - ra-vine, Youth on age
aod - ainn Cor - rabheinn, Òg an aois
on the face o' Cor-ra - vine.
air aod - ainn Cor-ra - bheinn.
Ped.

THE TROUTLING OF THE SACRED WELL.

In the Holy Wells of the Isles there lived, through generations, a trout which, in the thoughts of the folk, was accounted pious as a monk and worldly-wise as a Druid. To such a trout went the maid of the song for tidings of her absent lover.

Words after the Gaelic by KENNETH MACLEOD,
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Air collected by P. & M. KENNEDY-FRASER
From the singing of
ANNE MONK. Uachdar Benbêcula.


Andante (♩=50)
Voice.
With a wistfully sweet questioning.
Piano.
dolce e semplice.
col. Ped.
S
Trout - ling, gray-blue sil - v'ry seer..... O' yon
Trout - ling, lit - tle gray - blue seer..... O' yon
well, Tell me where is now my love,
well, Tell me where is now my love,

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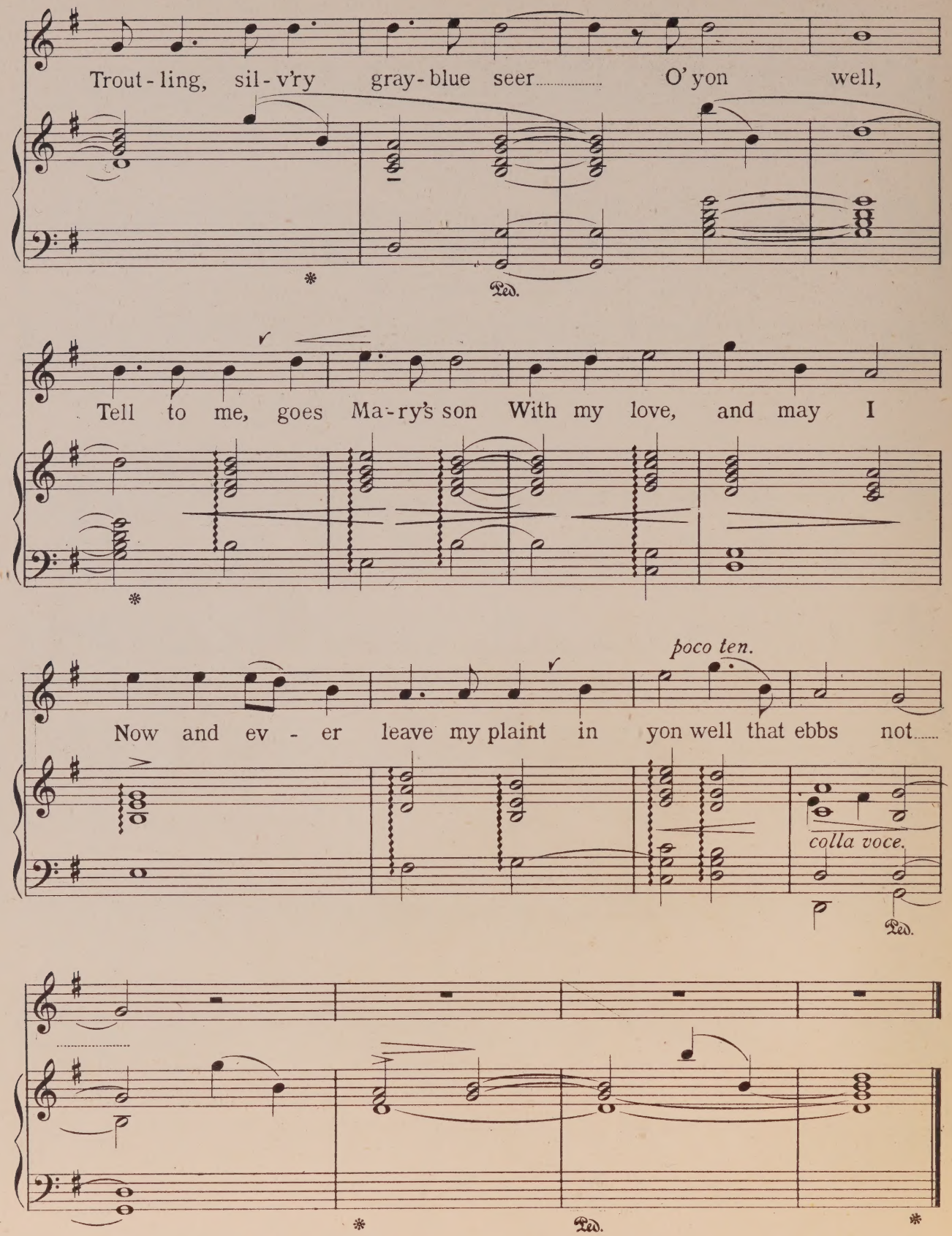
Where, ah where roves the youth, Stays he hunt - ing
Roves he east, roves he west. Sails he home - ward,
ten.
riten.
far in stag - land, or sails he home - - ward?
or at back of sun lies he sleep - - ing?
colla voce.
D. S.
Ped.


Trout - ling, sil - v'ry gray - blue seer..... O' yon well,
Ped.
Tell to me, goes Ma - ry's son With my love, and may I
poco ten.
Now and ev - er leave my plaint in yon well that ebbs not.....
colla voce.
Ped.
Ped.

A DRUID OF THE ISLES.

Druidh Innsegall.

Words collected and translated
by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Air from ANNIE JOHNSON, Barra,
Arranged for Voice and Piano
by MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

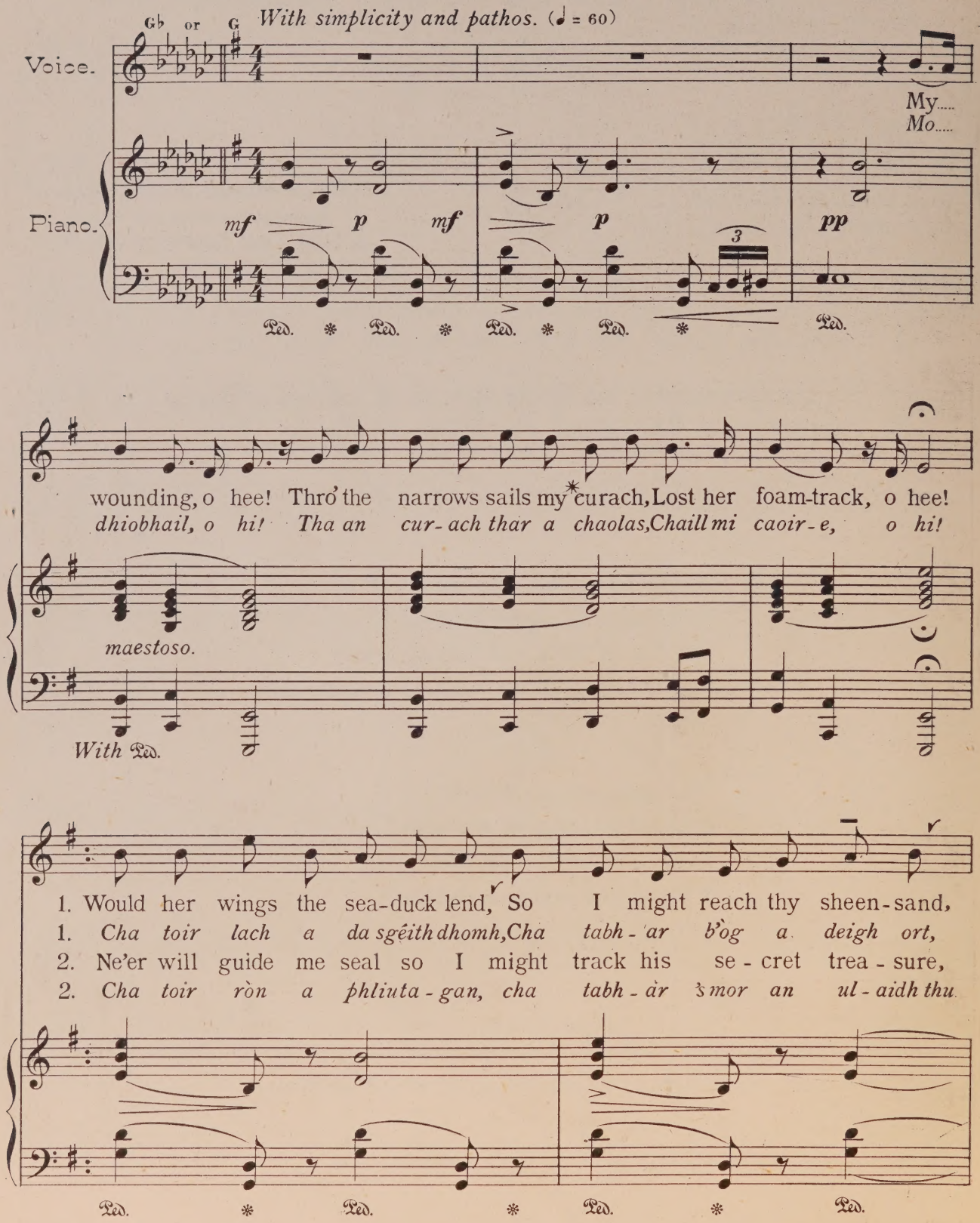
On a headland in the Isle of Mull stood a Druid gazing at a coracle which was making for the Isle of Colonsay.

"There was a day—the wound of me—
When mine by right of blood
Yon Isle of hazel and tender grass,
And Oronsay of the cells and sanctuary."

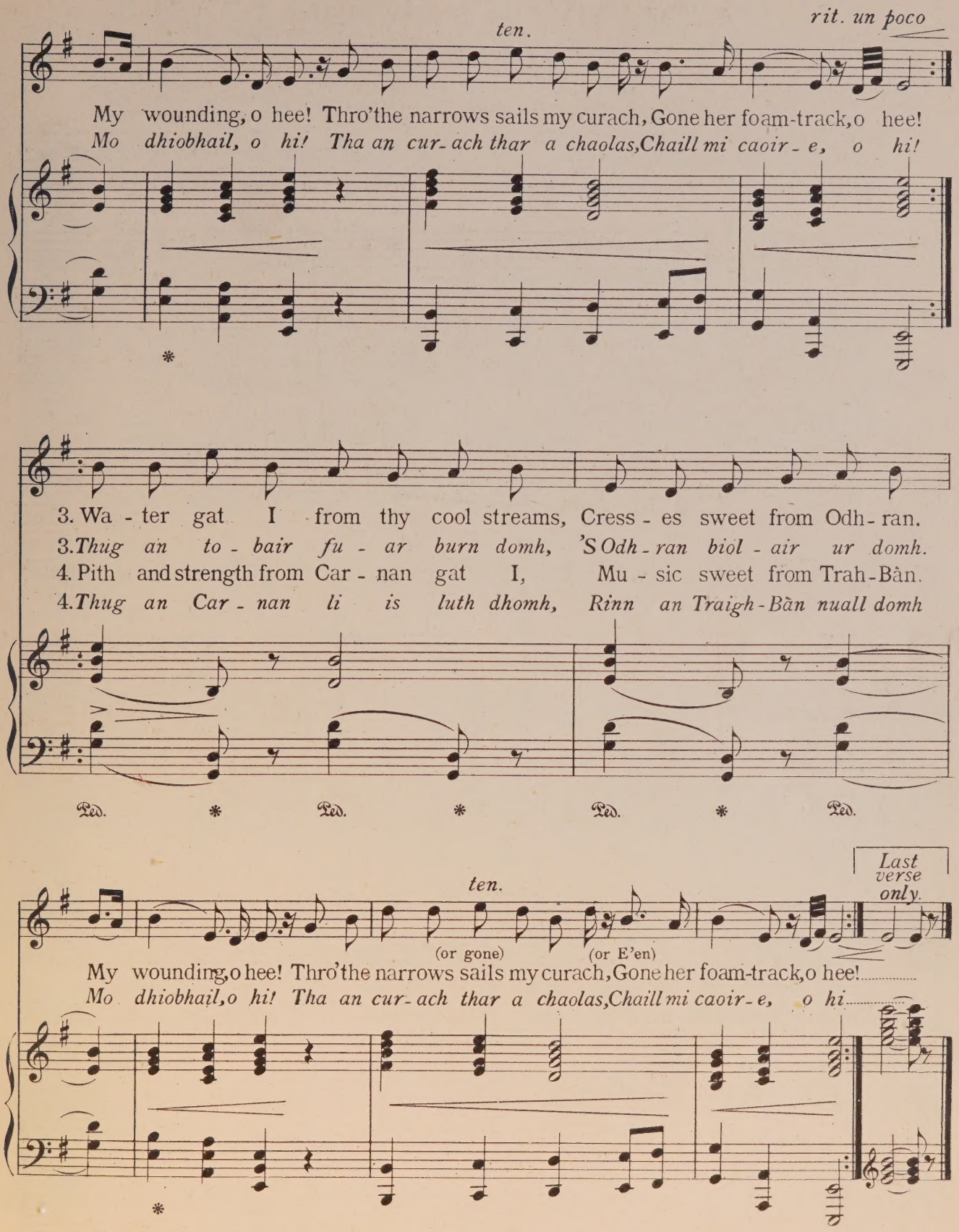
"Bha uair—sin mo dhiobhail—
'S be sid mo dhearbh dhilsead,
Eilean a chuill 's à mhinich,
'S Orasa nan ceall 's na dideann."

But the Monks of Iona had seized the Isle, and for the Druid there was nothing left but the song which abides:—

A DRUID OF THE ISLES.


Gb or G
With simplicity and pathos. (♩ = 60)
Voice.
Piano.
My.....
Mo.....
mf p mf p pp
3
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
wounding, o hee! Thro' the narrows sails my *curach, Lost her foam-track, o hee!
dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi!
maestoso.
With Ped.
1. Would her wings the sea-duck lend, So I might reach thy sheen-sand,
1. Cha toir lach a da sgéith dhomh, Cha tabh-ar b'òg a deigh ort,
2. Ne'er will guide me seal so I might track his se-cret trea-sure,
2. Cha toir ròn a phliuta-gan, cha tabh-ar 's mor an ul-aidh thu
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

*Coracle, pronounced coorach.


ten.
rit. un poco
My wounding, o hee! Thro'the narrows sails my curach, Gone her foam-track, o hee!
Mo dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi!
3. Wa-ter gat I from thy cool streams, Cress-es sweet from Odh-ran.
3. Thug an to-bair fu-ar burn domh, 'S Odh-ran biol-air ur domh.
4. Pith and strength from Car-nan gat I, Mu-sic sweet from Trah-Bàn.
4. Thug an Car-nan li is luth dhomh, Rinn an Traigh-Bàn nuall domh
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
ten.
Last verse only.
(or gone)
(or E'en)
My wounding, o hee! Thro'the narrows sails my curach, Gone her foam-track, o hee!
Mo dhiobhail, o hi! Tha an cur-ach thar a chaolas, Chaill mi caoir-e, o hi

MY DUSKY LAD IN MANINN'S ISLE.

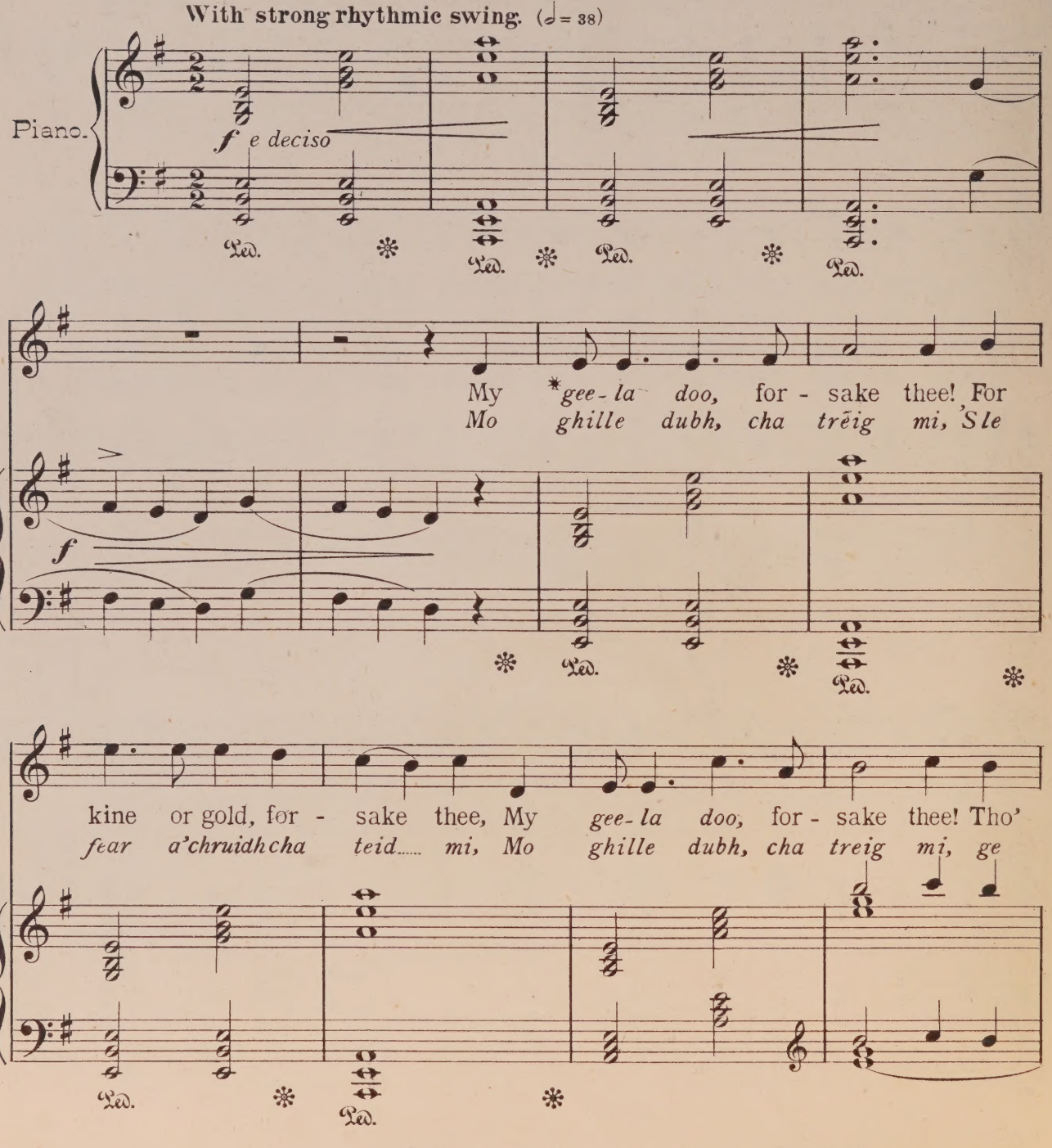
MO GHILLE DUBH.

Collected by M. and Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser in Eriskay,
from Annie Macneill in 1907.
Gaelic words collected and translated by Kenneth Macleod.

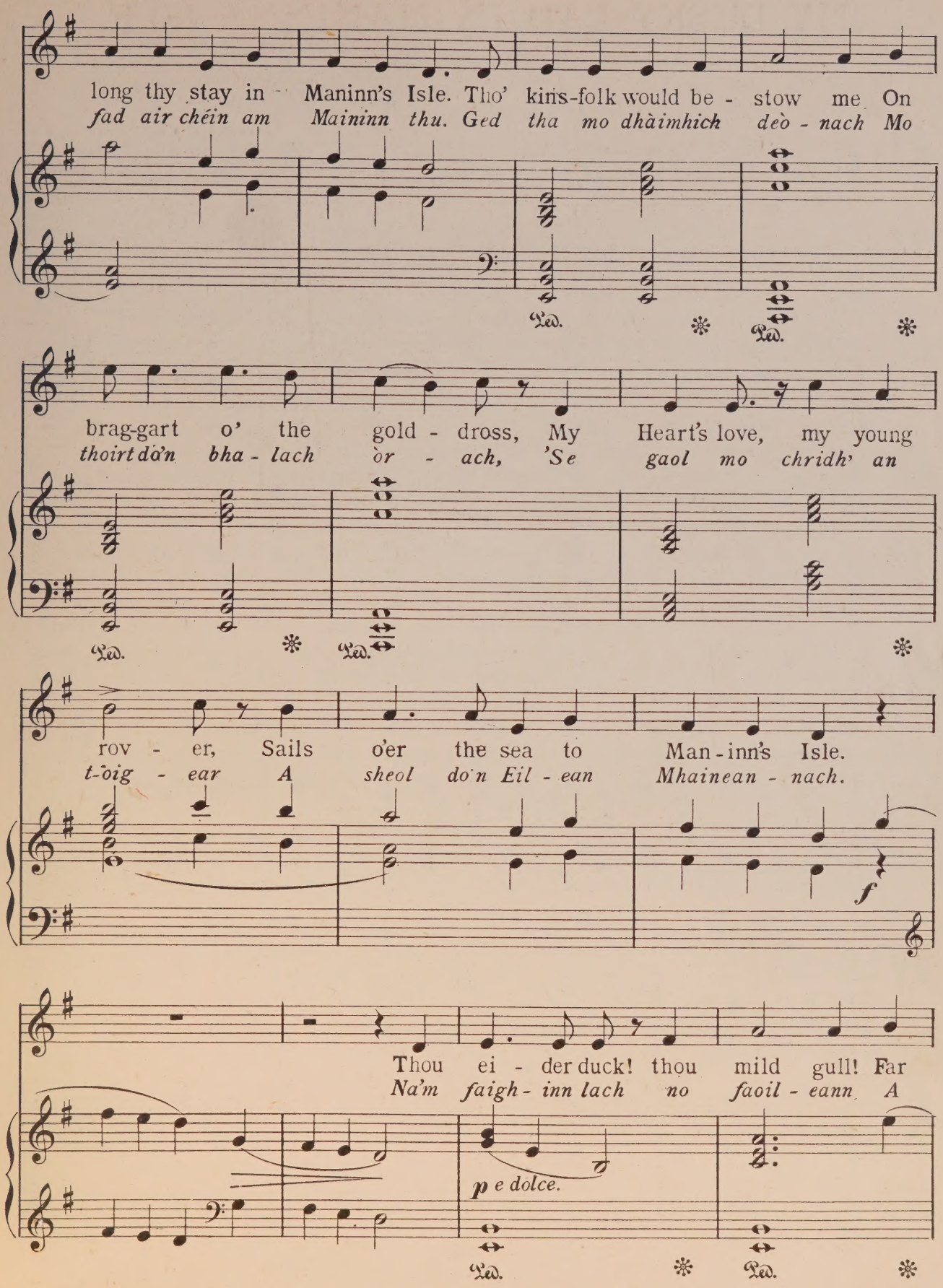
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

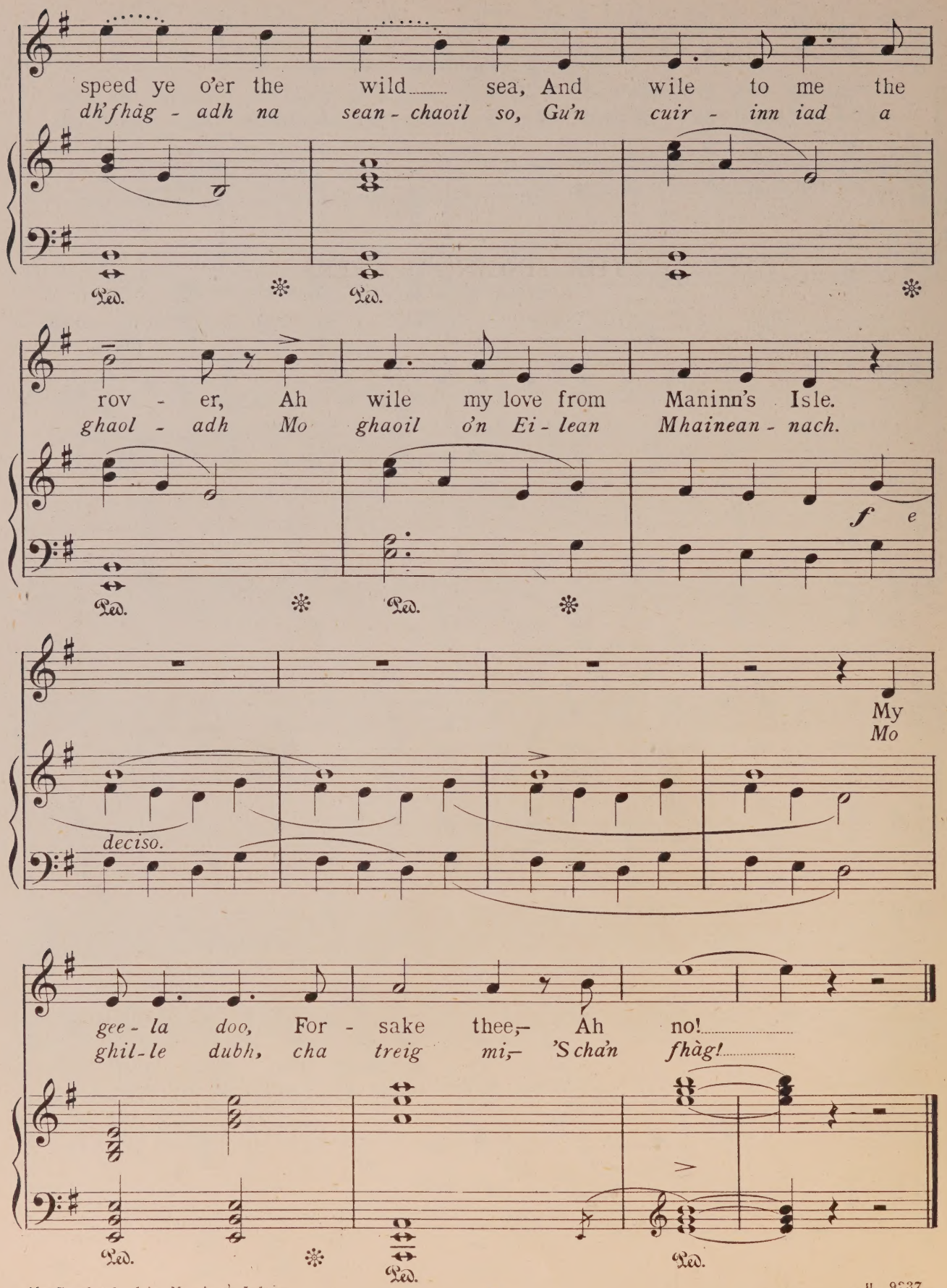
In early days the Isle of Man (Maninn's Isle) formed, with the Hebrides, the kingdom of the Lords of the Isles.

With strong rhythmic swing. (♩ = 38)


Piano.
f e deciso
Ped.
My *gee-la doo, for-sake thee! For
Mo ghille dubh, cha trēig mi, 'Sle
f
kine or gold, for-sake thee, My gee-la doo, for-sake thee! Tho'
fear a'chruidh cha teid..... mi, Mo ghille dubh, cha treig mi, ge

*gille dubh = dark lad, pronounce the g hard, as in "gilt."


long thy stay in Maninn's Isle. Tho' kins-folk would be - stow me On
fad air chéin am Maininn thu. Ged tha mo dhàimhich deò - nach Mo
brag-gart o' the gold - dross, My Heart's love, my young
thoirt dò'n bha - lach òr - ach, 'Se gaol mo chridh' an
rov - er, Sails o'er the sea to Man - inn's Isle.
t-òig - ear A sheol do'n Eil - ean Mhainean - nach.
f
Thou ei - der duck! thou mild gull! Far
Na'm faigh - inn lach no faoil - eann A
p e dolce.
Ped.
Ped.


speed ye o'er the wild sea, And wile to me the
dh'fhàg - adh na sean - chaoil so, Gu'n cuir - inn iad a
Ped. * Ped. *
rov - er, Ah wile my love from Maninn's Isle.
ghaol - adh Mo ghaoil o'n Ei - lean Mhainean - nach.
Ped. * Ped. *
f e
My
Mo
deciso.
gee - la doo, For - sake thee,– Ah no!
ghil - le dubh, cha treig mi,– 'S cha'n fhàg!
Ped. * Ped. Ped.

THE SINGING WATERS.

The child of the Isles, in his play hours and in his herding hours, makes for the nearest linn, and building a boat out of the iris leaves, he gives her prow to the sea and her stern to the shore, so to sail to a wonderland beyond the waves.

The Islesman, tracking his work into the heart of the mainland, is wont, in his sane moments, to go sea-wandering to the nearest waterfall, or even waters without a fall, if only they sing true. There he becomes the little child again, making, as in his herding days, the iris boats—great ships of Lochlann, galleys of Kishmul, and saucy little smacks of Tiree. The linn is the Western Sea ; the stones are the Isles. Here is the Scoor of Eigg, there the Coolin of Rùm ; further out, if the stones be big and shapely enough, are the Coolins of Skye ; and still further away, the many Isles from the Butt of Lews to Barra Head. And the boats!

They make for Uist, they make for Lews,
They make for Rödel of Harris,
The sunny Isle of beauteous women,
The sandy Isle of sturdy men.

And when the night has swallowed up the last great ship of Lochlann, the Islesman bends his ear to the singing waters, and in them he hears the waves breaking on far-away shores, from the White Sands of Colonsay to St. Clement's Strand in Harris.

Croon, river, sea laughter
To an exile sea longing,
Croon, river, sea laughter.

Thus a mother of the Isles, thinking of an absent one: O Thou who didst watch over my little child, as he played with the iris boats, and he a-herding, watch over him, too, as he puts out to sea, or yearns at the foot of far-away hills.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

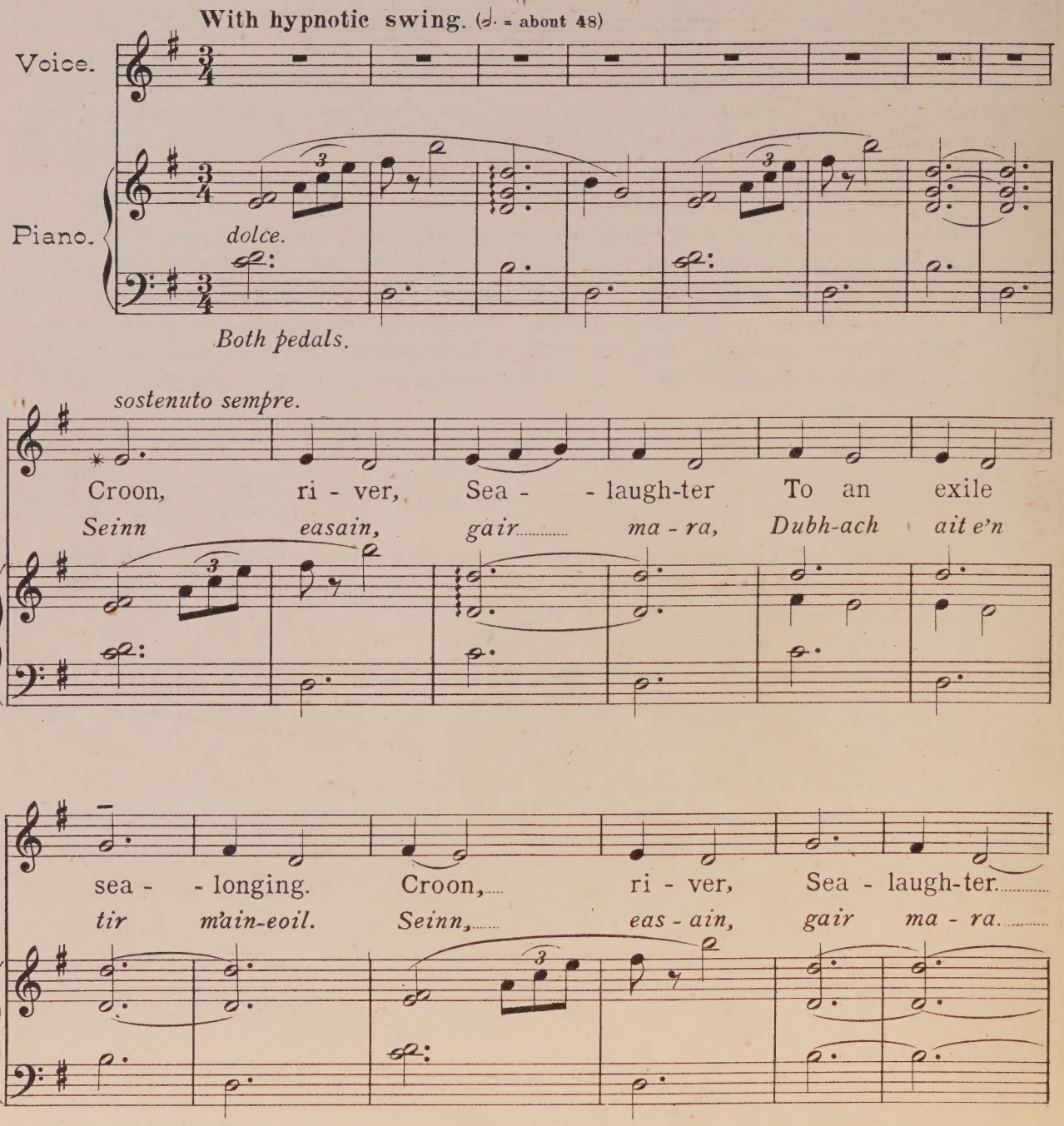
ISHABEL OF KINTANGAVAL'S CROON.

Singing Waters.

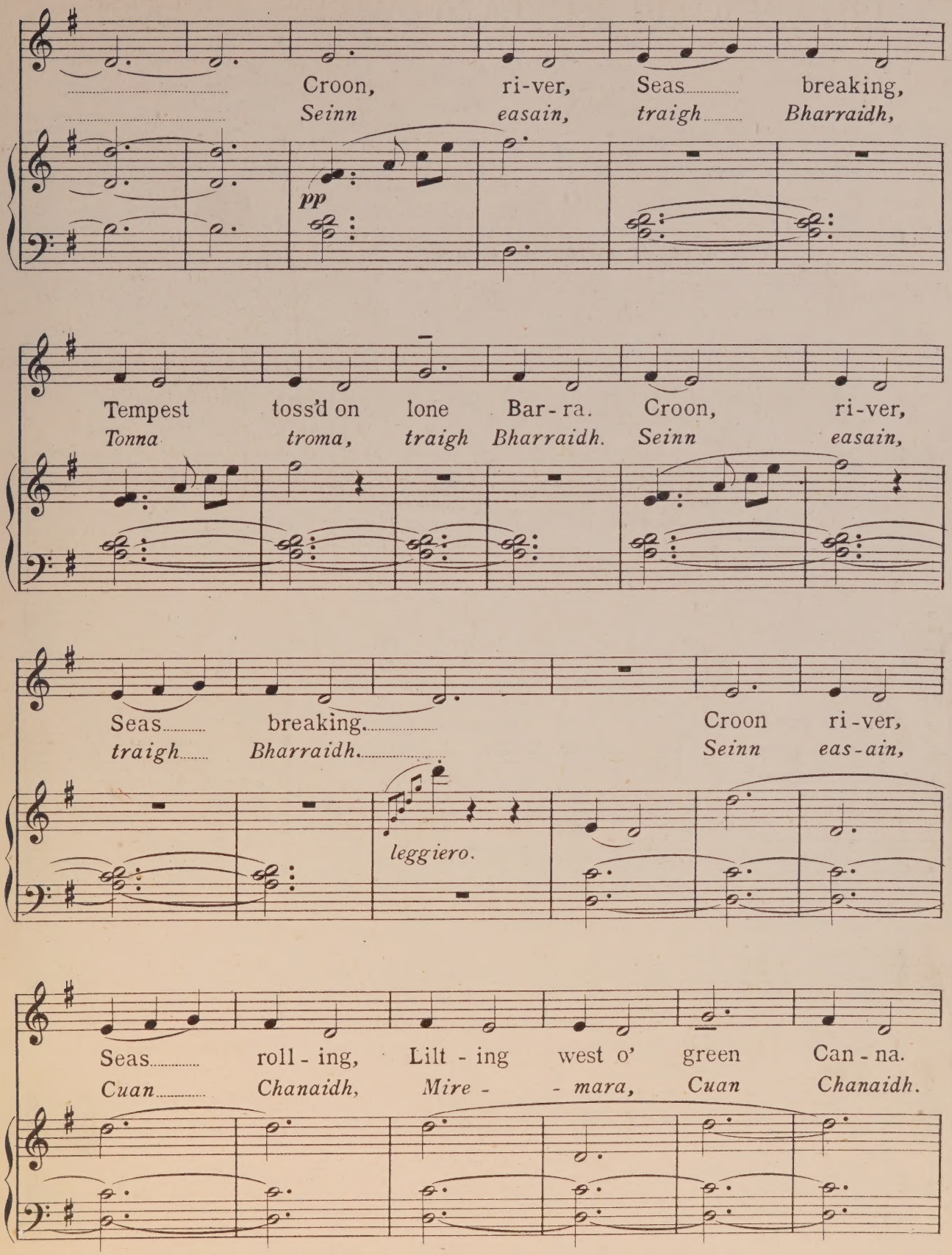
CRONAN AN EASA.

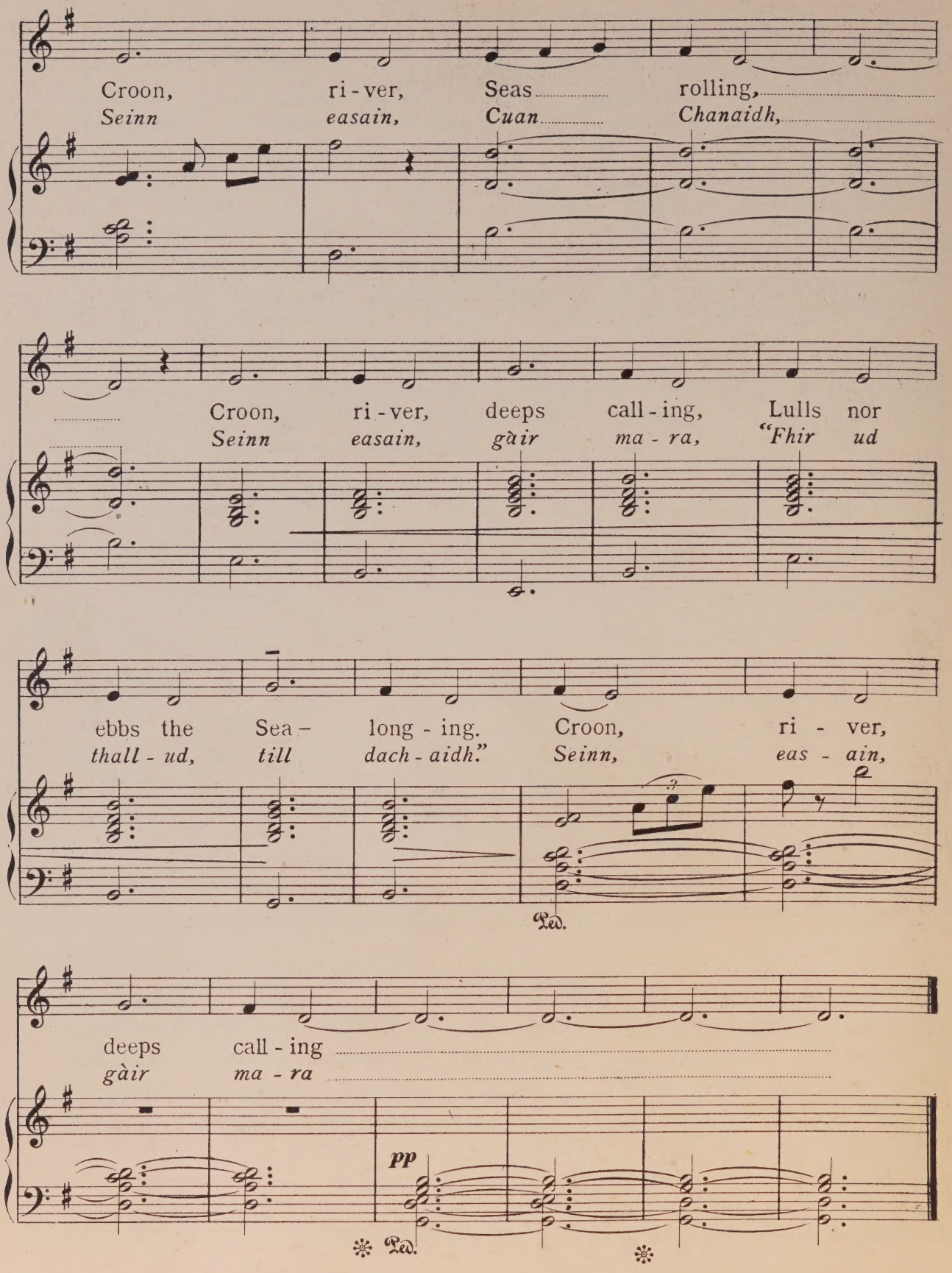
Air from ISABEL MACNEILL, Barra.

Gaelic and English words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.
Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.


With hypnotic swing. (♩. = about 48)
Voice.
Piano.
dolce.
Both pedals.
sostenuto sempre.
Croon, ri - ver, Sea - - laugh-ter To an exile
Seinn easain, gair ma - ra, Dubh-ach ait e'n
sea - - longing. Croon, ri - ver, Sea - laugh-ter.
tir m'ain-eoil. Seinn, eas - ain, gair ma - ra.

*Give careful attention to the time division and accents of the melody, its inner pulse.


Croon, ri-ver, Seas breaking,
Seinn easain, traigh Bharraidh,
pp
Tempest toss'd on lone Bar-ra. Croon, ri-ver,
Tonna troma, traigh Bharraidh. Seinn easain,
Seas breaking. Croon ri-ver,
traigh Bharraidh. Seinn eas-ain,
leggiero.
Seas roll-ing, Lilt-ing west o' green Can-na.
Cuan Chanaidh, Mire- -mara, Cuan Chanaidh.

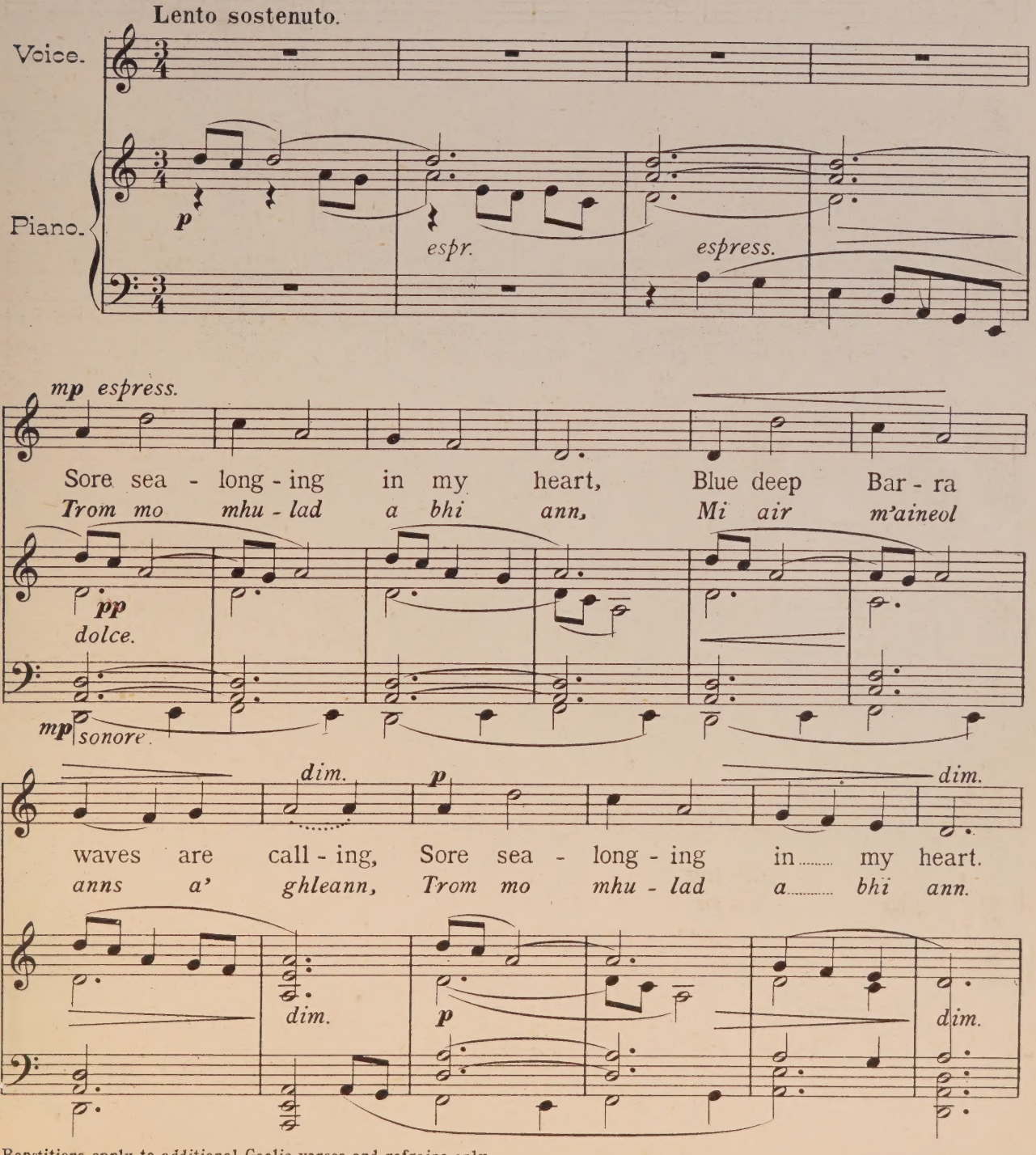

Croon, ri - ver, Seas rolling,
Seinn easain, Cuan Chanaidh,
Croon, ri - ver, deeps call - ing, Lulls nor
Seinn easain, gàir ma - ra, "Fhir ud
ebbs the Sea - long - ing. Croon, ri - ver,
thall - ud, till dach - aidh." Seinn, eas - ain,
Ped.
deeps call - ing
gàir ma - ra
pp
Ped.

SEA-LONGING.

An Ionndrainn-Mhara.

Old fragment adapted and translated
by KENNETH MACLEOD.

Collected by M. & P. KENNEDY-FRASER
from ANNE MONK, Benbecula,
Pianoforte accompaniment by
GRANVILLE BANTOCK.



Repetitions apply to additional Gaelic verses and refrains only.

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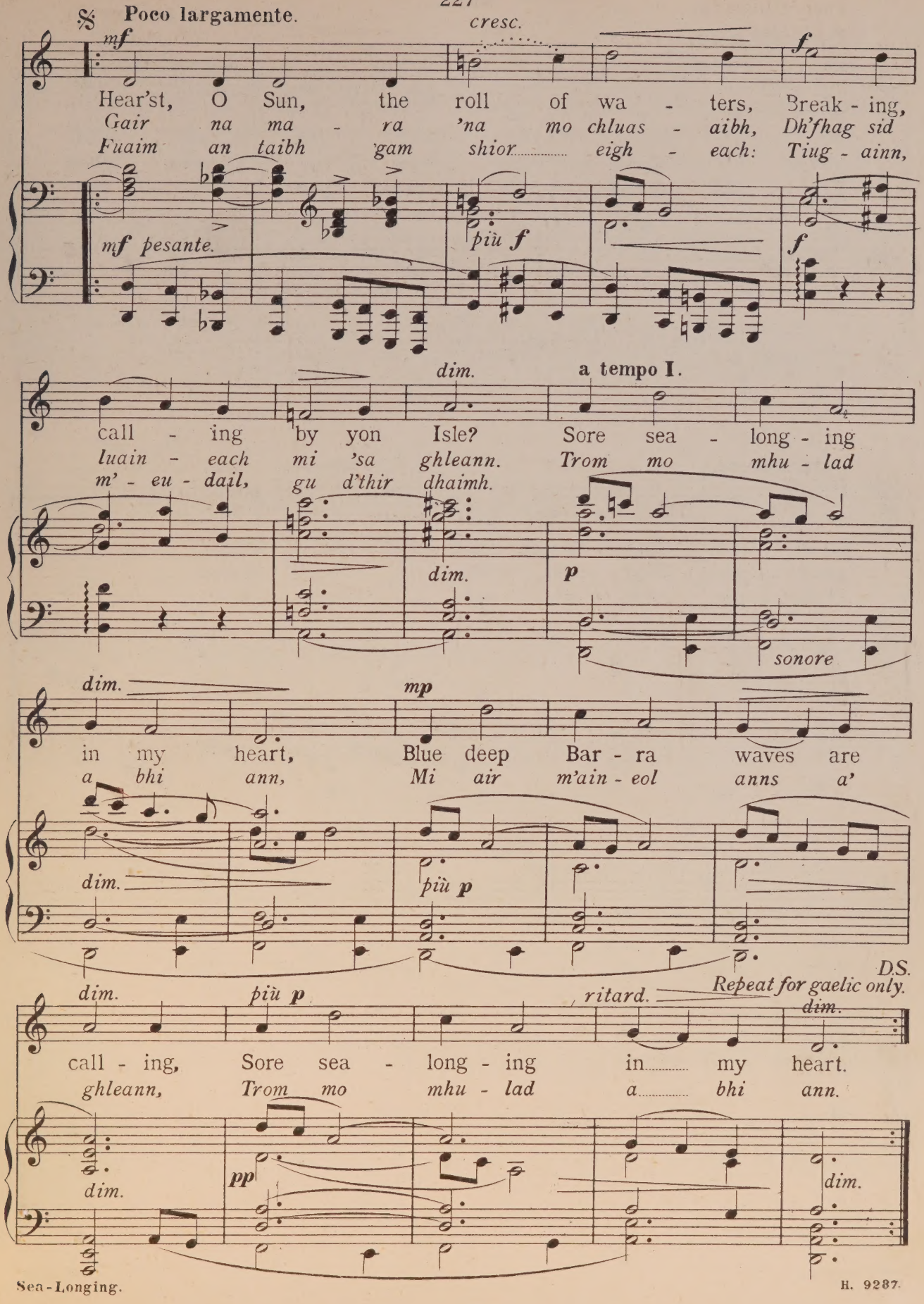
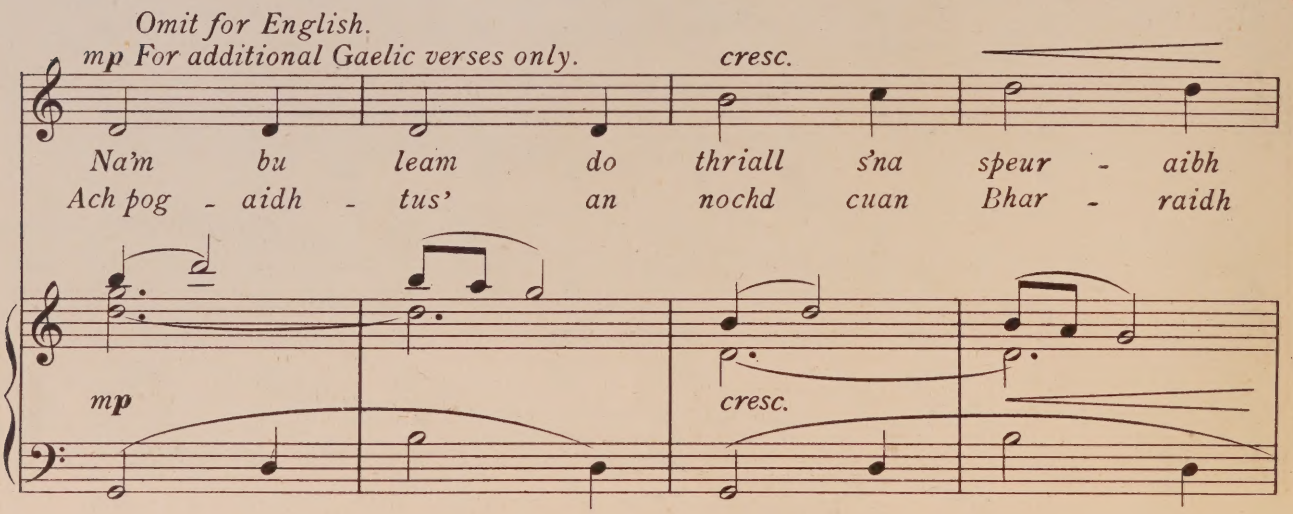
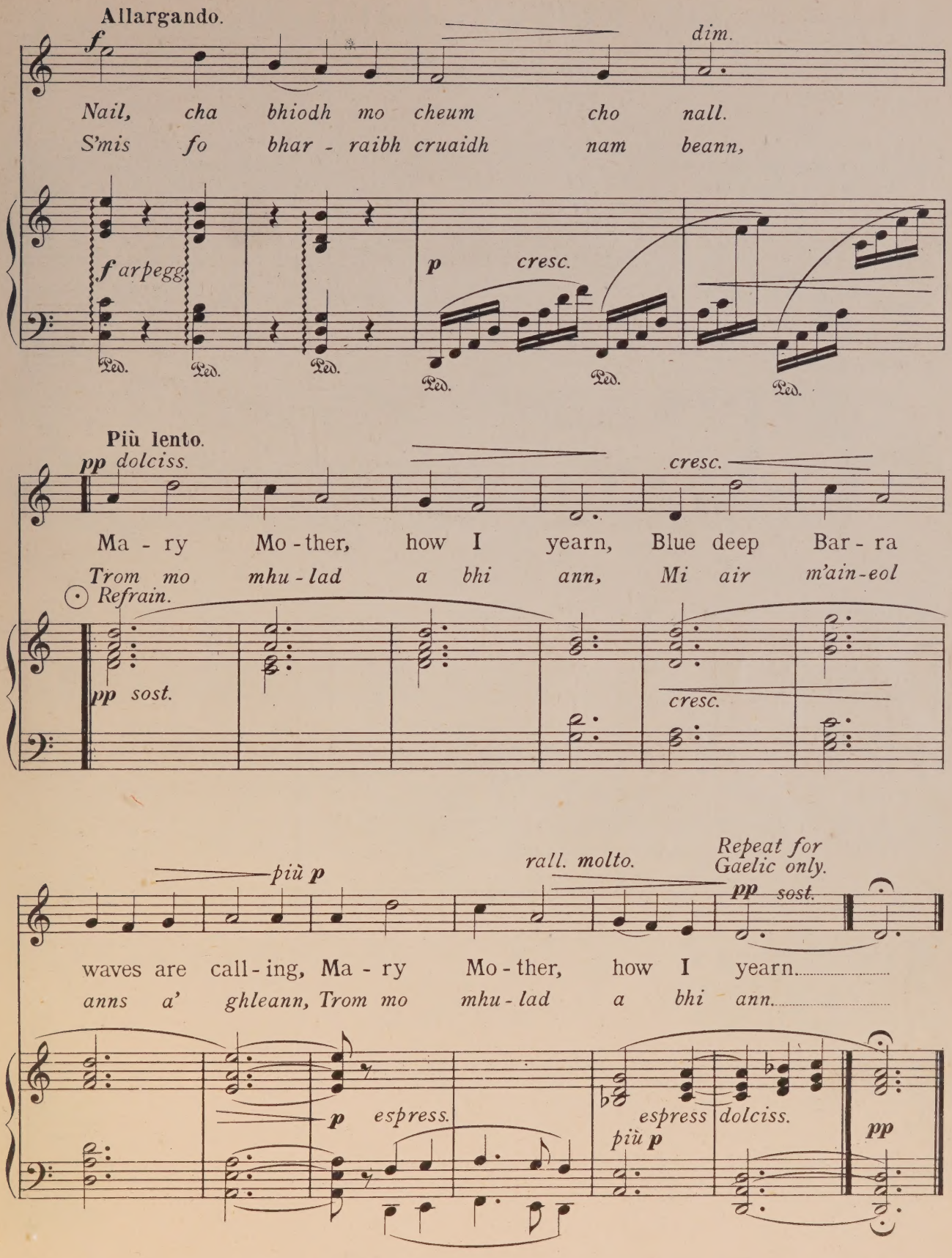
Poco allegretto.
mp cantando.
cresc.
Allargando.
f
Glides the sun, but ah! how slow - ly, Far a -
Trom an ionn - drainn air mo shiu - bhal, Cha tog
mp
cresc.
f arpegg.
Ped.
Tempo I.
dim.
pp dolciss.
- way..... to lur - ing seas! Sore sea - long-ing
fidh - eall e no cannt, Trom mo mhu-lad
dim.
pp sost.
cresc.
in my heart, Blue deep Bar - ra waves are
a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain-eol anns a'
cresc.
dim.
p
call - ing, Sore sea - long-ing in..... my heart.
ghleann, Trom mo mhu-lad a bhi ann.
sost. e dim.
p espress.
più p
cresc.


Poco largamente.
mf
cresc.
f
Hear'st, O Sun, the roll of wa - ters, Break - ing,
Gair na ma - ra 'na mo chluas - aibh, Dh'fhag sid
Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior eigh - each: Tiug - ainn,
mf pesante.
più f
f
dim.
a tempo I.
call - ing by yon Isle? Sore sea - long - ing
luain - each mi 'sa ghleann. Trom mo mhu - lad
m' - eu - dail, gu d'thir dhaimh.
dim.
p
sonore
dim.
mp
in my heart, Blue deep Bar - ra waves are
a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain - eol anns a'
dim.
più p
D.S.
Repeat for gaelic only.
dim.
più p
ritard.
dim.
call - ing, Sore sea - long - ing in my heart.
ghleann, Trom mo mhu - lad a bhi ann.
dim.
pp
dim.

Poco allegretto.
mp cantando.
cresc.
Sun on high, ere falls the gloam - in',
A ghrian ud shuas, gur beag an t-iogh - nadh
Thu sa triall o'n ghleann 's o'n oidh - che,
mp
cresc.

Allargando.
dim.
Heart to heart thou'lt greet yon waves.
gloir na faoil - te bhi mu d' cheann.
Null gu coibh - neas nan cuan thall.
To Refrain at ⊙
f arpegg.
p cresc.
Ped.


Omit for English.
mp For additional Gaelic verses only.
cresc.
Na'm bu leam do thriall s'na speur - aibh
Ach pog - aidh - tus' an nochd cuan Bhar - raidh
mp
cresc.

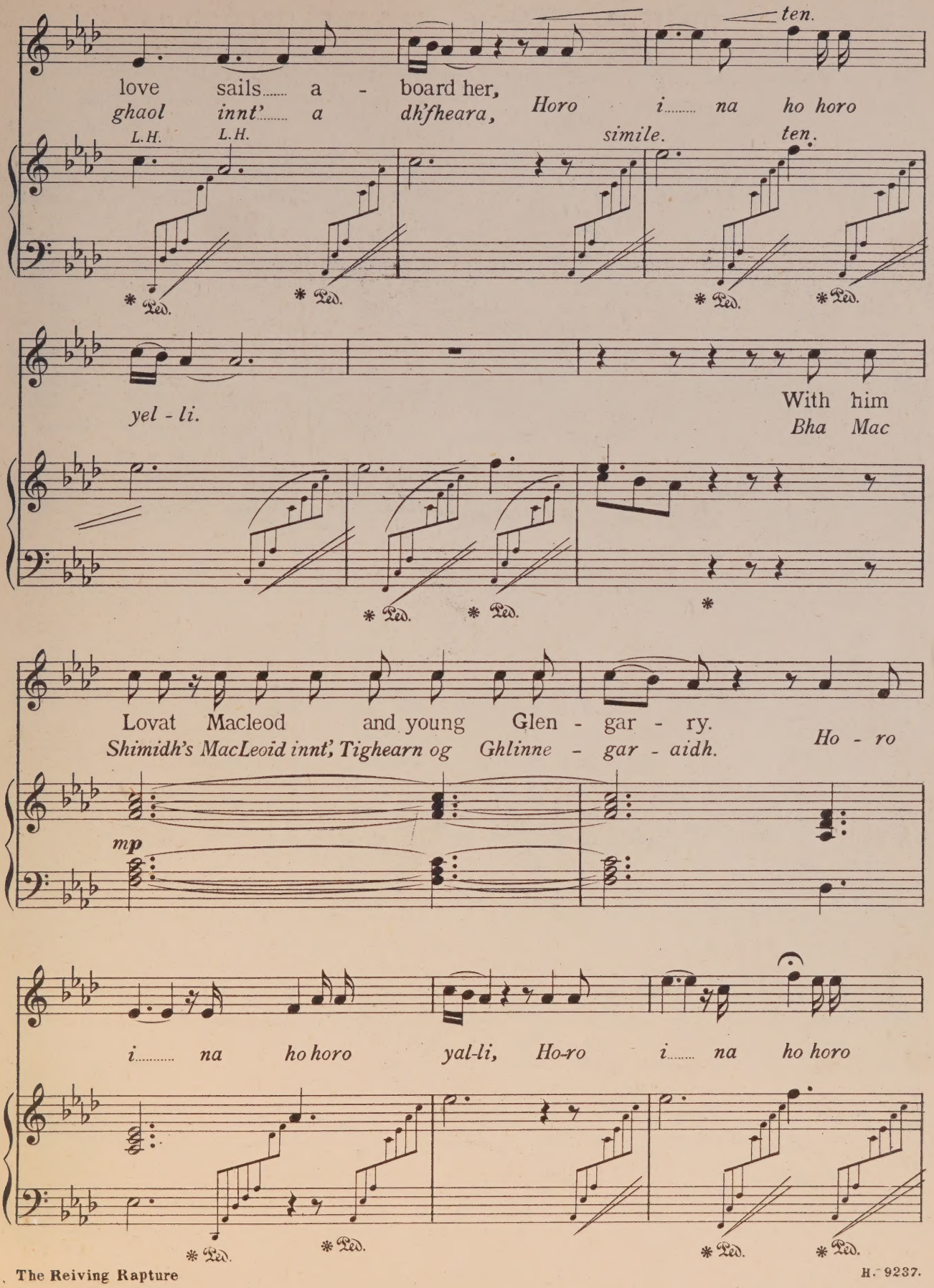

Allargando.
f
dim.
Nail, cha bhiodh mo cheum cho nall.
S'mis fo bhar - raibh cruaidh nam beann,
f arpegg
p
cresc.
Ped.
Più lento.
pp dolciss.
cresc.
Ma - ry Mo - ther, how I yearn, Blue deep Bar - ra
Trom mo mhu - lad a bhi ann, Mi air m'ain - eol
Refrain.
pp sost.
cresc.
più p
rall. molto.
Repeat for Gaelic only.
pp sost.
waves are call - ing, Ma - ry Mo - ther, how I yearn.....
anns a' ghleann, Trom mo mhu - lad a bhi ann.....
p espress.
espress dolciss.
più p
pp

THE REIVING RAPTURE.

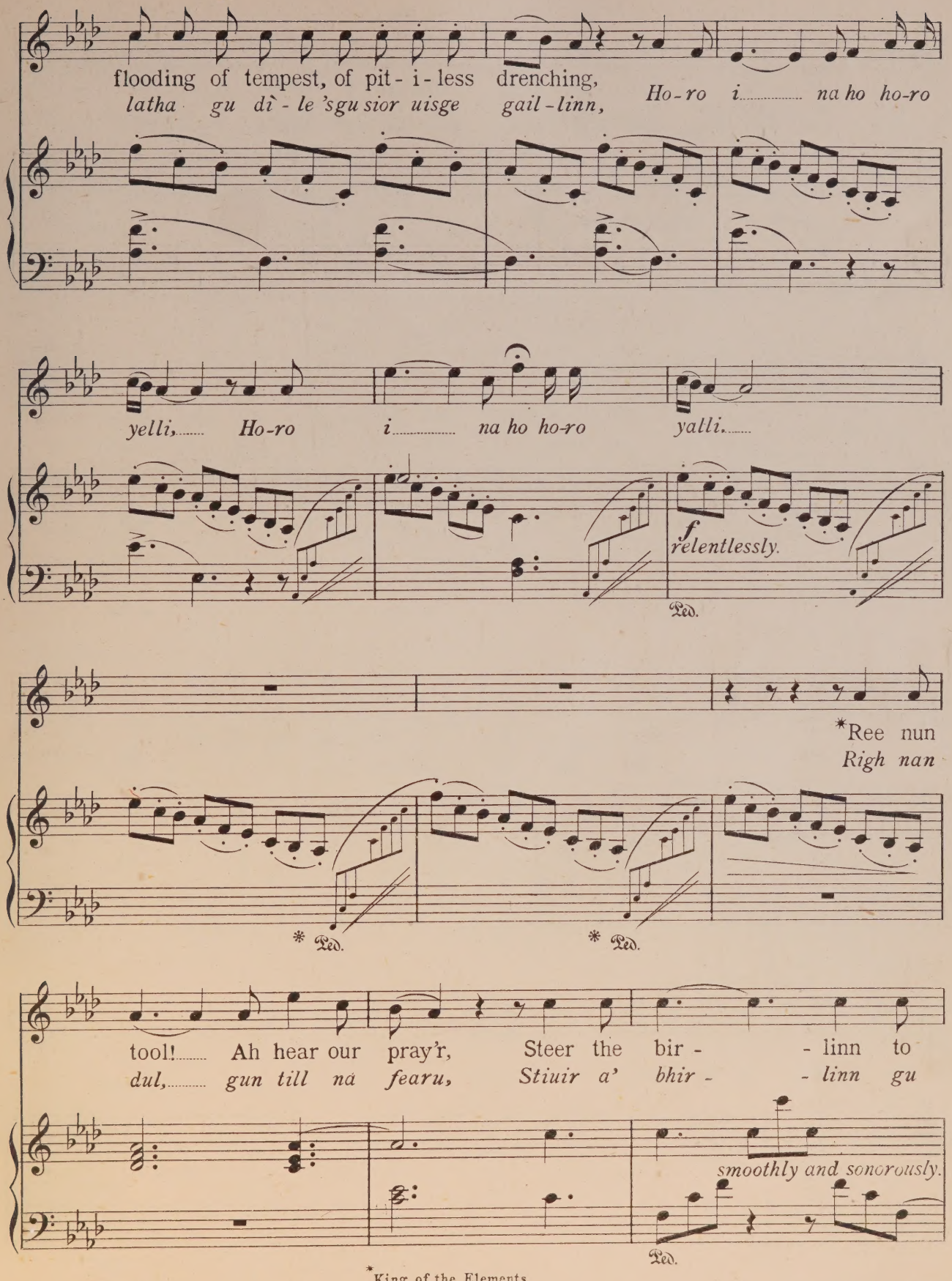
Reubadh na Mara.

Fragment adapted and collected by
KENNETH MACLEOD

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

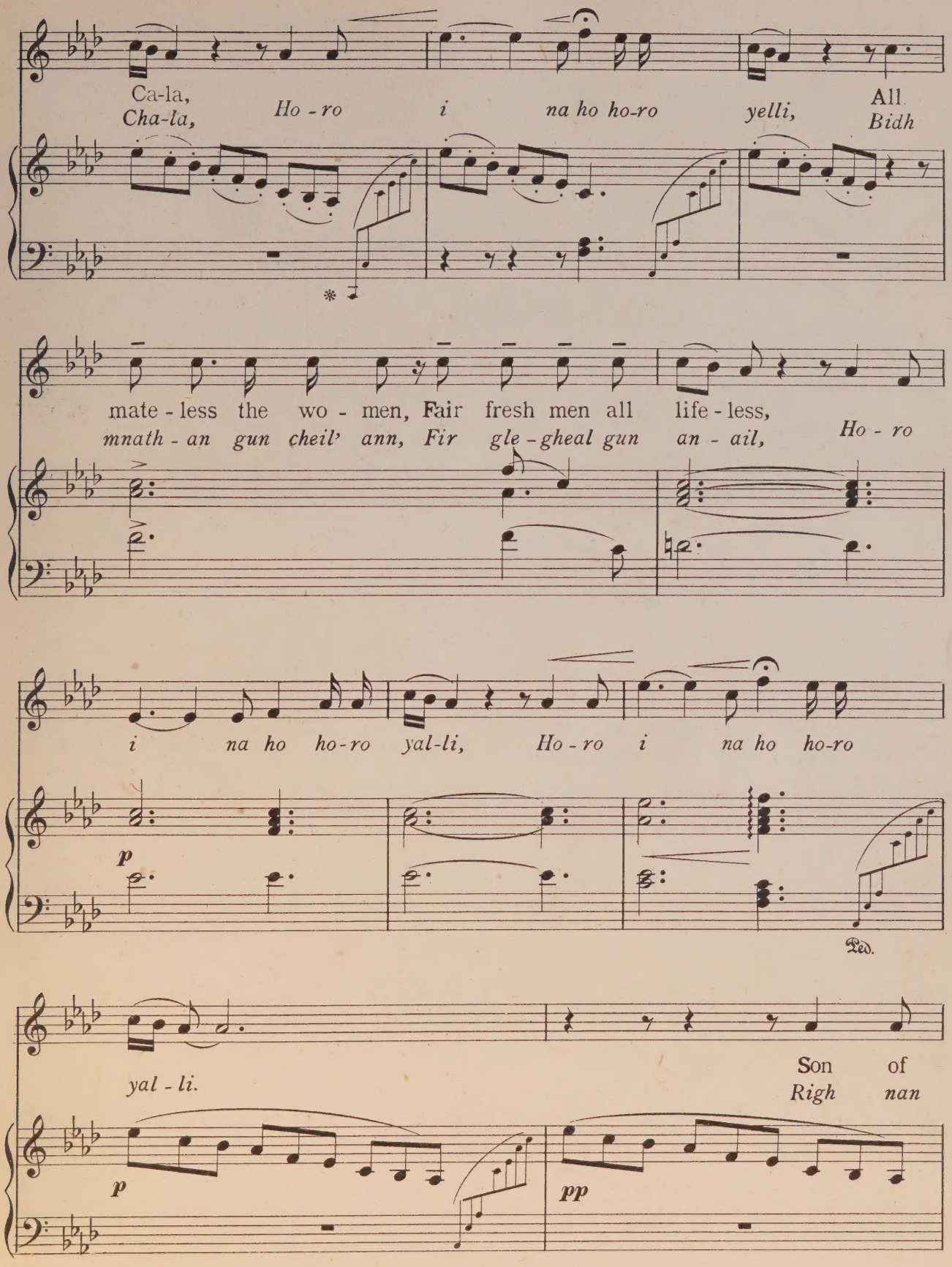

ten.
love sails..... a - board her,
ghaol innt'..... a dh'fheara,
Horo i..... na ho horo
L.H. L.H.
simile.
ten.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
yel - li.
With him
Bha Mac
Ped. Ped. *
Lovat Macleod and young Glen - gar - ry.
Shimidh's MacLeoid innt', Tighearn og Ghlinne - gar - aidh.
Ho - ro
mp
i..... na ho horo yal-li, Ho-ro i..... na ho horo
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

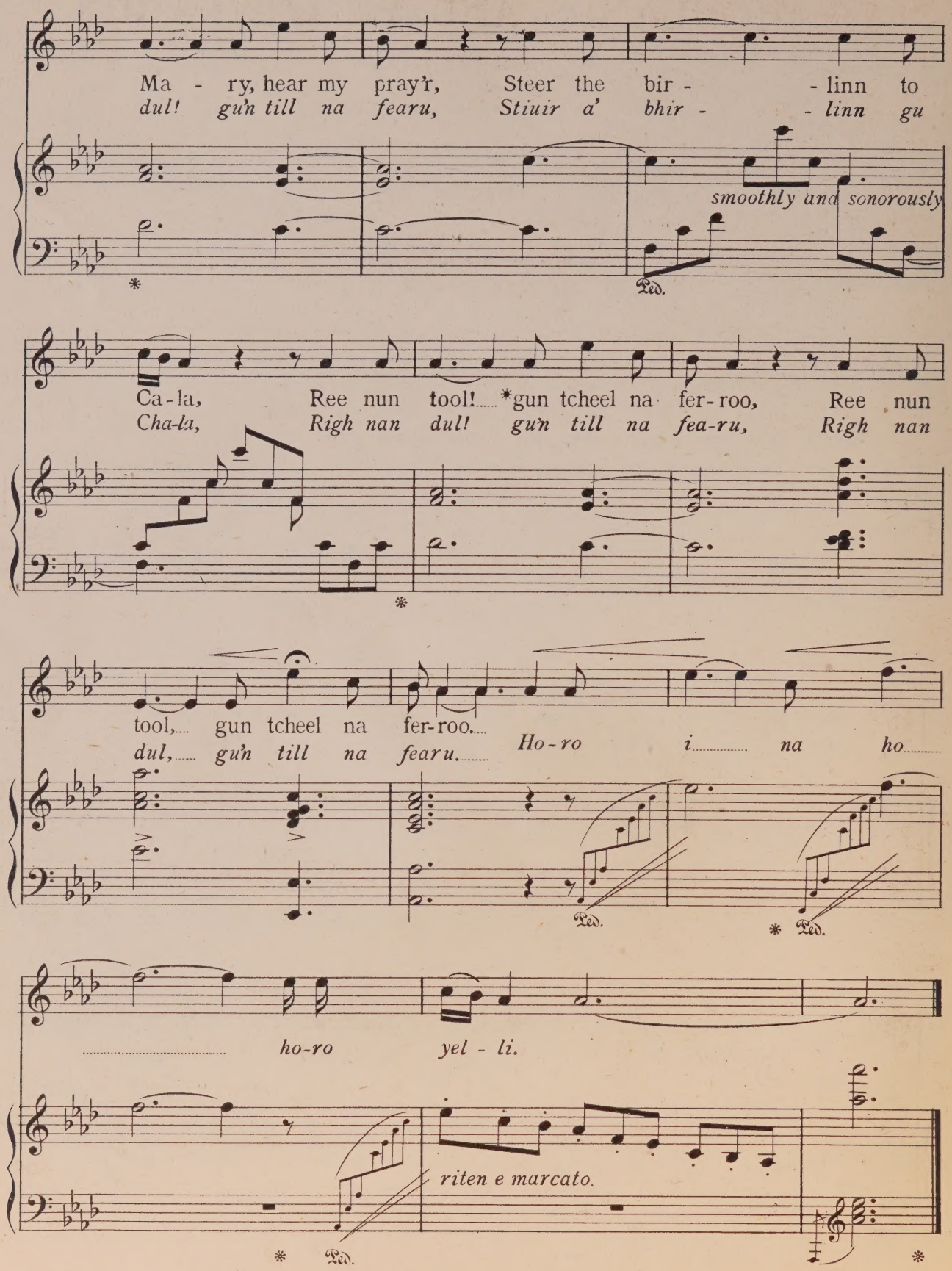
yel - li.
Black the
Fliuch an
*Ped. *Ped.
day and wild the sea,
la a fhuair m'eudail,
Ho - ro i na ho horo
For my lad a - sea - reiv-ing.
yel - li,
Dhol a reub - adh na ma-ra.
Ho - ro
i na ho horo yel-li.
Day of
Chaidh an
ten.


flooding of tempest, of pit - i - less drenching,
latha gu dì - le 'sgu sior uisge gail - linn,
Ho - ro i..... na ho ho-ro
yelli,..... Ho-ro i..... na ho ho-ro yalli.....
f relentlessly.
Ped.
*Ree nun
Righ nan
* Ped.
* Ped.
tool!..... Ah hear our pray'r, Steer the bir - - linn to
dul,..... gun till na fearu, Stiuir a' bhir - - linn gu
smoothly and sonorously.
Ped.

*King of the Elements

Ca - la, Ree nun tool, Ah hear my pray'r
har - bour, Son of Ma - ry,
Cha - la, Righ nan dul gu'n till na fearu
R.H.
L.H.
p
Ped.
What and if she make the shore,
De ma lei - gear gu tir i Ho — ro
i na ho ho-ro yelli,
Wild the deeds sure in
Gu'm bi mi - sta mu'n


Ca-la,
Cha-la,
Ho - ro
i
na ho ho-ro
yelli,
All
Bidh
mate - less the wo - men, Fair fresh men all life - less,
mnath - an gun cheil' ann, Fir gle - gheal gun an - ail,
Ho - ro
i na ho ho-ro yal-li, Ho - ro i na ho ho-ro
p
Ped.
yal - li.
Son of
Righ nan
p
pp


Ma - ry, hear my pray'r, Steer the bir - - linn to
dul! gu'n till na fearu, Stiuir a' bhir - - linn gu
smoothly and sonorously
Ped.
Ca-la, Ree nun tool! *gun tcheel na fer-roo, Ree nun
Cha-la, Righ nan dul! gu'n till na fea-ru, Righ nan
tool, gun tcheel na fer-roo.
dul, gu'n till na fearu.
Ho-ro i na ho
Ped.
Ped.
ho-ro yel - li.
riten e marcato.
Ped.

*King of the Elements, may the men return

YE HIGHLANDS AND YE LOWLANDS.

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands
Homeland, our music.
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

1.
Dear the clouded bens,
Hazel glens and lonely moorland,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

2.
Dear the golden carse,
Peaty hags and mystic woodlands,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

3.
Dear the Western skies
And the dreaming Isles of croonland,
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD
Adapted to an old rowing measure collected by him from Mrs Malloch, Loch Maddy.

Arranged for Voice and Piano by
MARJORY KENNEDY-FRASER.

Either in B or B♭.
With measured swing, but not too slow.
Piano.
f
Ped.
Ye High - lands and ye low - lands,
mf
Al - byn our own land, Ye High - lands and ye Low - lands.

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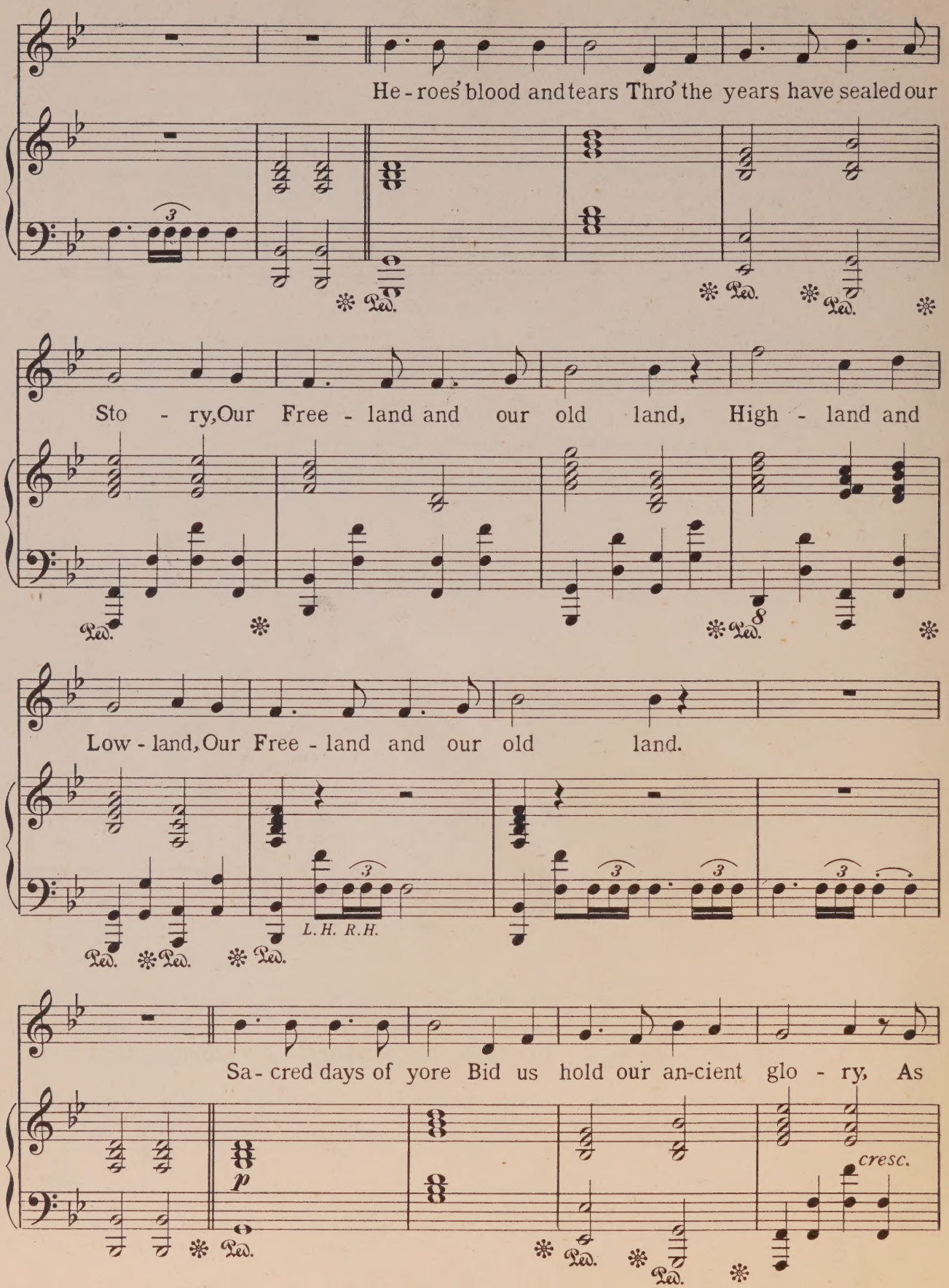
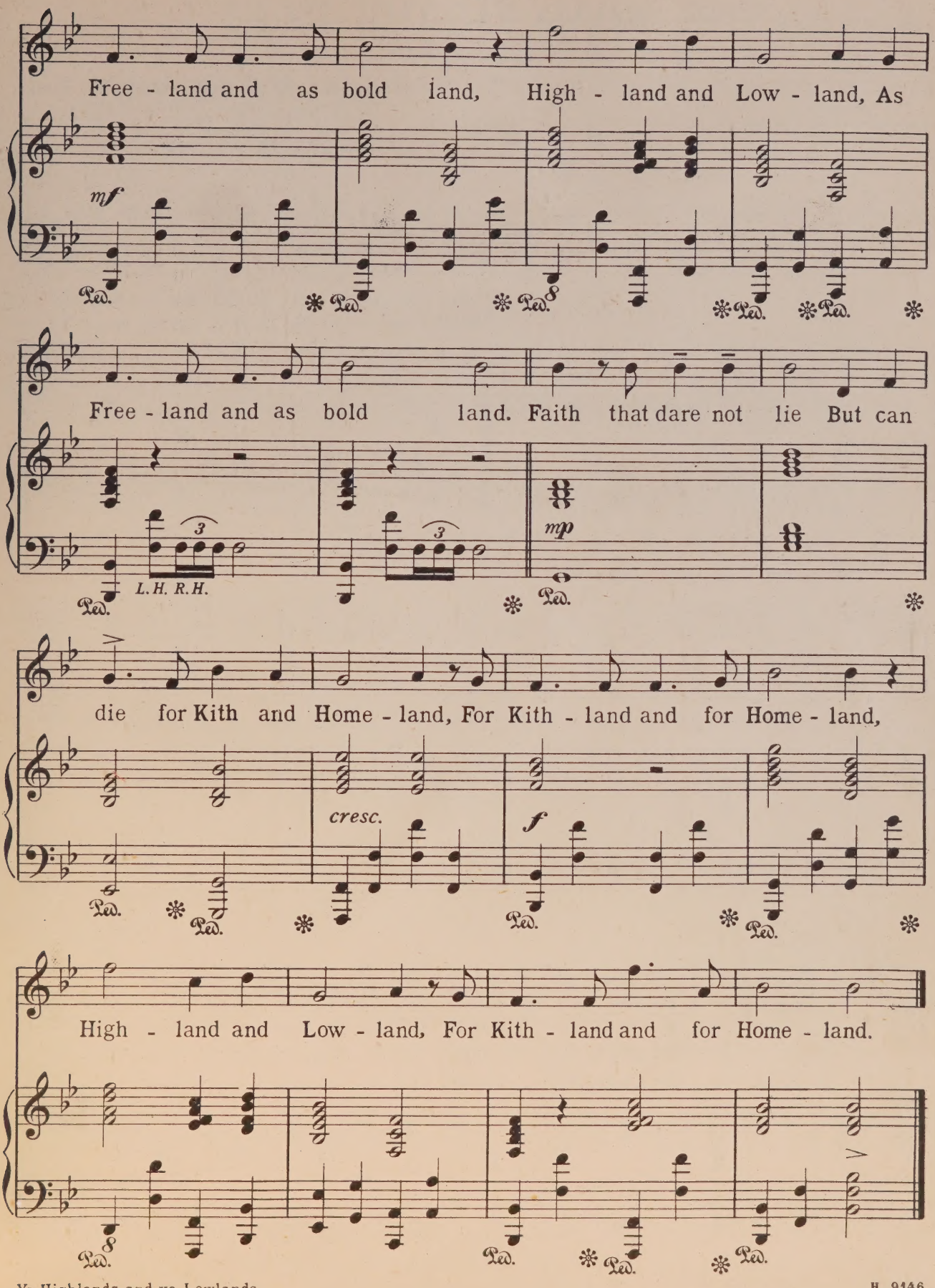

He - roes' blood and tears Thro' the years have sealed our
Sto - ry, Our Free - land and our old land, High - land and
Low - land, Our Free - land and our old land.
L. H. R. H.
Sa - cred days of yore Bid us hold our an-cient glo - ry, As
p
cresc.

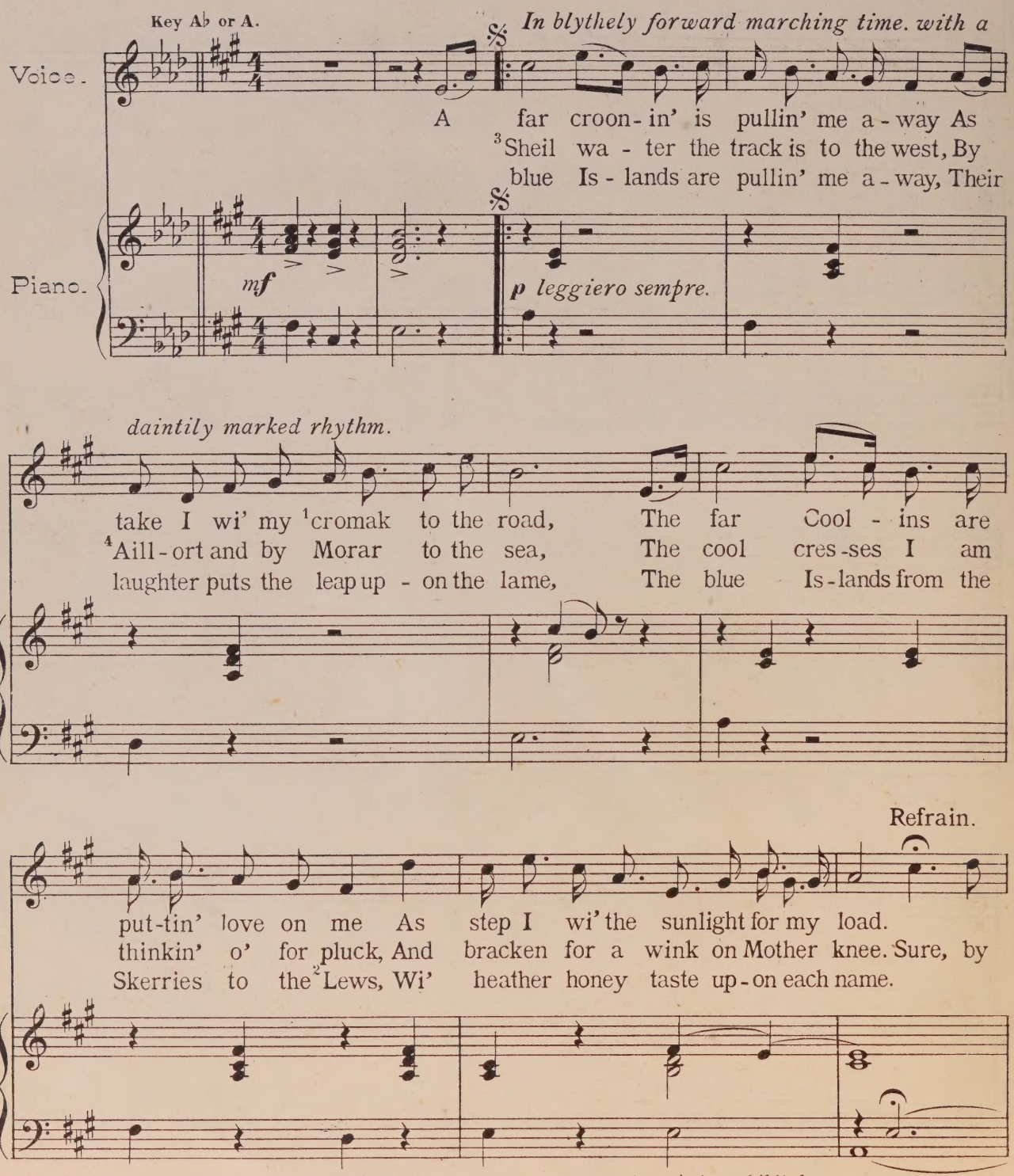

Free - land and as bold land, High - land and Low - land, As
mf
Free - land and as bold land. Faith that dare not lie But can
L.H. R.H.
mp
die for Kith and Home - land, For Kith - land and for Home - land,
cresc.
f
High - land and Low - land, For Kith - land and for Home - land.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES.

A Tramping Song.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

To an air played by MALCOLM JOHNSON, Barra,
on the chanter; arranged for Voice and Harp,
(or Piano) by
PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER.


Key Ab or A.
In blythely forward marching time. with a
Voice.
Piano.
A far croon-in' is pullin' me a-way As
[3]Sheil wa-ter the track is to the west, By
blue Is-lands are pullin' me a-way, Their
mf
p leggiero sempre.
daintily marked rhythm.
take I wi' my [1]cromak to the road, The far Cool-ins are
[4]Aill-ort and by Morar to the sea, The cool cres-ses I am
laughter puts the leap up-on the lame, The blue Is-lands from the
Refrain.
put-tin' love on me As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.
thinkin' o' for pluck, And bracken for a wink on Mother knee. Sure, by
Skerries to the [2]Lews, Wi' heather honey taste up-on each name.

The Public Performance of any parodied version of this composition is strictly prohibited.

Printed in England

[1]A crook-handled walking stick.
[2]Pronounce exactly like the English word "Lose."
[3]Pronounced "Sheel."
[4]Pronounce first syllable like English "Isle."

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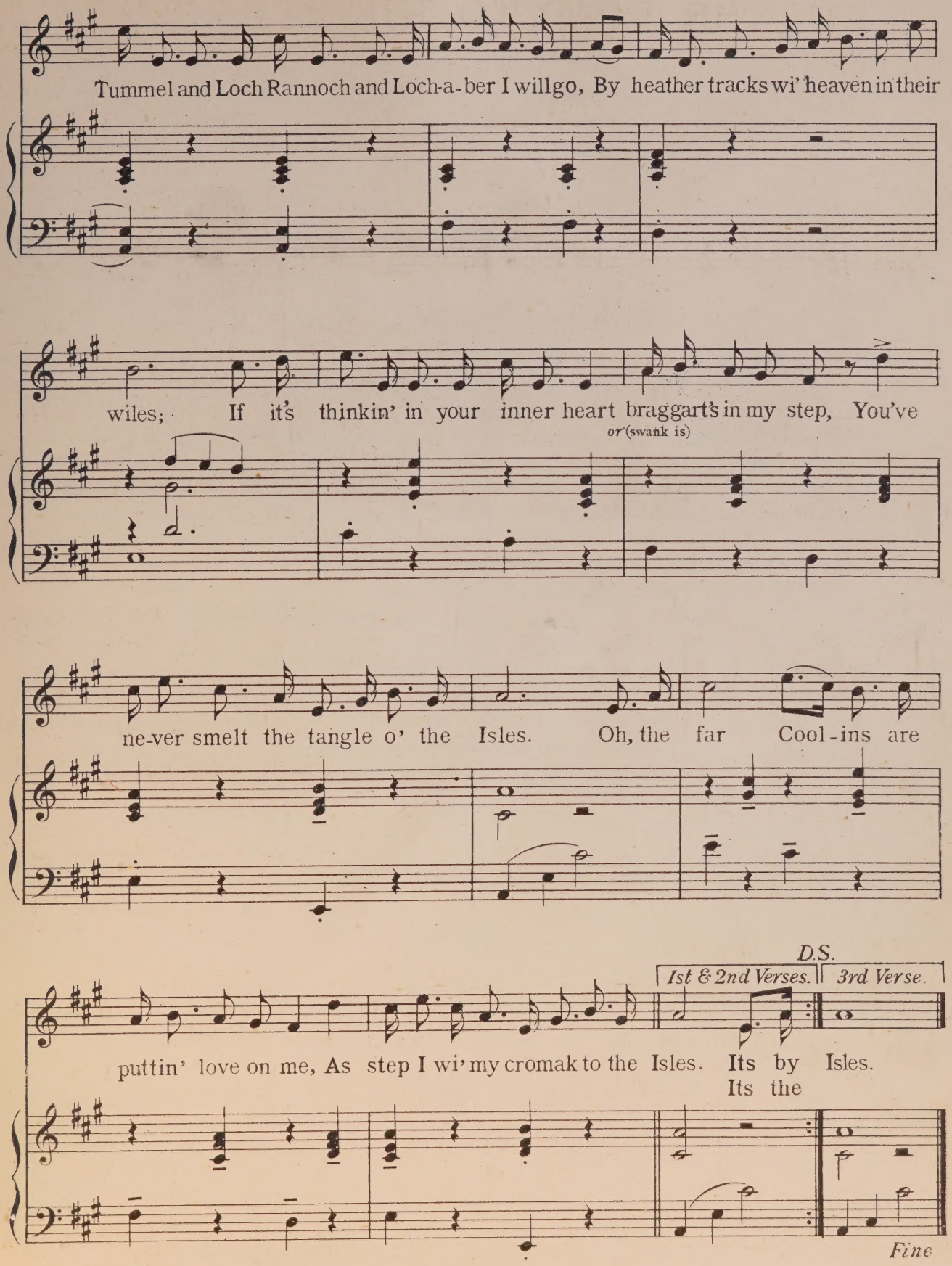

Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch-a-ber I willgo, By heather tracks wi' heaven in their
wiles; If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step, You've
or (swank is)
ne-ver smelt the tangle o' the Isles. Oh, the far Cool-ins are
D.S.
1st & 2nd Verses.
3rd Verse.
puttin' love on me, As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles. Its by Isles.
Its the
Fine

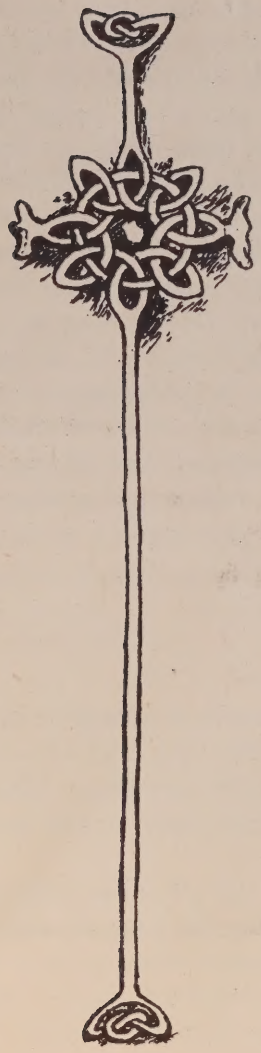
THE PASSING OF BINNEVALE.

* Binnevale, Mouth of Music, had been for long on strangerhood in the Land of Barley, and on a day of days she said it was now meet for her to return homeward to her own sceptre-land, where the sun never sets, nor the wind rises, nor the music ends. In the graying of night she entered the Barge that needed sail nor rudder, but only the wish of her own heart, to make it go, and like a swan she glided out of sight. But on the gentle breeze of the autumntide she left behind her many a farewell, many a benediction:

Fare ye well, O folk of my love;
There is guiding light on skerry that is known to me;
West of it lies my home.
Fare ye well, O folk of my love;
In the ebb, in the flow;
And whoso would follow me,
Let him take to the ferry of those same waves;
And fare ye well, O folk of my love.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

* Binne-Bheul (Gaelic). Pronounced, "Binny-vail."



From a pencil drawing
by Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser
of a Celtic Cross in Iona.

APPRECIATIONS.

"Mrs Kennedy-Fraser holds the highest place among British folk-song collectors. She has laboured hard in the collection and editing of Hebridean song. She has a poet's love of the islands and the peculiar phase of civilisation they represent; but she is also a very skilled musician, and the accompaniments she has arranged for these songs are equal to the best that has been done in any other field. The songs themselves have a strange beauty that grows on us the better we know them. They have a very definite physiognomy and a very definite soul, both of them the result of the constant pressure of a very definite environment upon a people virtually isolated from the general life of Europe. These islands seem to have produced some song-writers to whom it is not at all extravagant to attribute genius. There are melodies among these songs that are as purely perfect as any melody could be. Schubert and Hugo Wolf would have knelt and kissed the hands of the men who conceived them... for sheer beauty of invention, sheer loveliness in the mere fall of the notes, some of these melodies are without their superior, whether in folk-song or in art-song. Schubert himself never wrote a more perfectly satisfying or more haunting melody, for example, than that of the 'Sea-gull of the Land-under-Waves.'

ERNEST NEWMAN,

When the pianoforte is used as a medium of approach to understanding the peculiar idiom of Celtic music, the harmony and rhythm should be most subtly adapted to the mood or atmosphere following it sinuously as the foam-wake whitens around the boat's keel, or the sail is trimmed to a favouring breeze.

As an example of how this result has been achieved, Mrs Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides" takes the foremost place. It is a classic work, unique in its knowledge and expression of the peculiar characteristics of Gaelic Music.

In the "Land-of-the-ever-young," maybe, old age will recapture its lost youth, and the weary heart will find a solace for all its sorrows. But whether the wanderer be musician, singer, Persian poet, or dervish, this new volume of Hebridean Song contains

"a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without"

GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

Fraser, Marjory (Kennedy)
[illegible] of the Hebrides

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